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AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AMAZING MORGANNA:
HER CUPS RUNNETH OVER

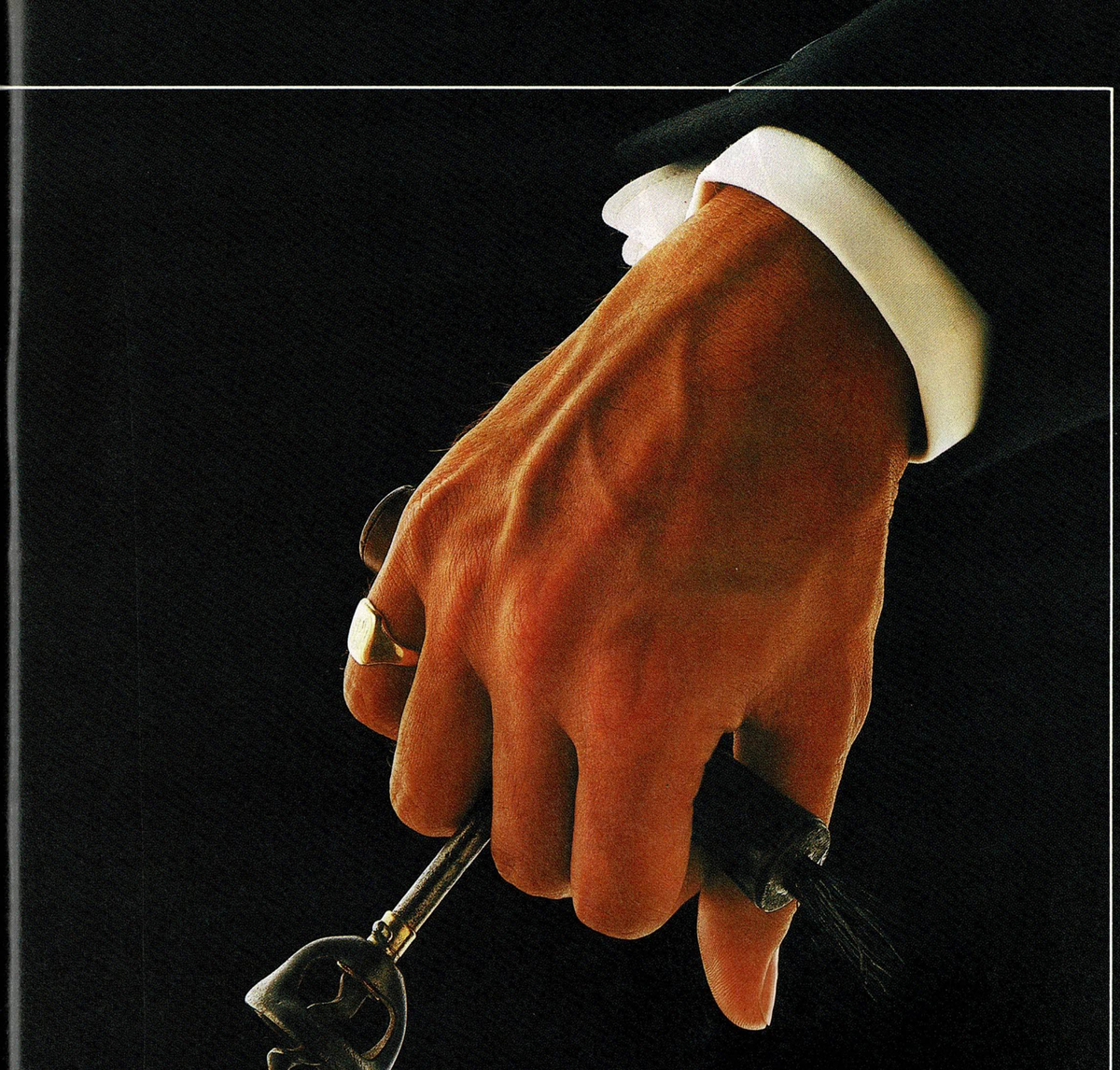
GEORGE BURNS
ON SEX AND THE MATURE MAN

THE REAL COLONEL KURTZ:
APOCALYPTIC INTERVIEW

REDS:
PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO WINTER WINES

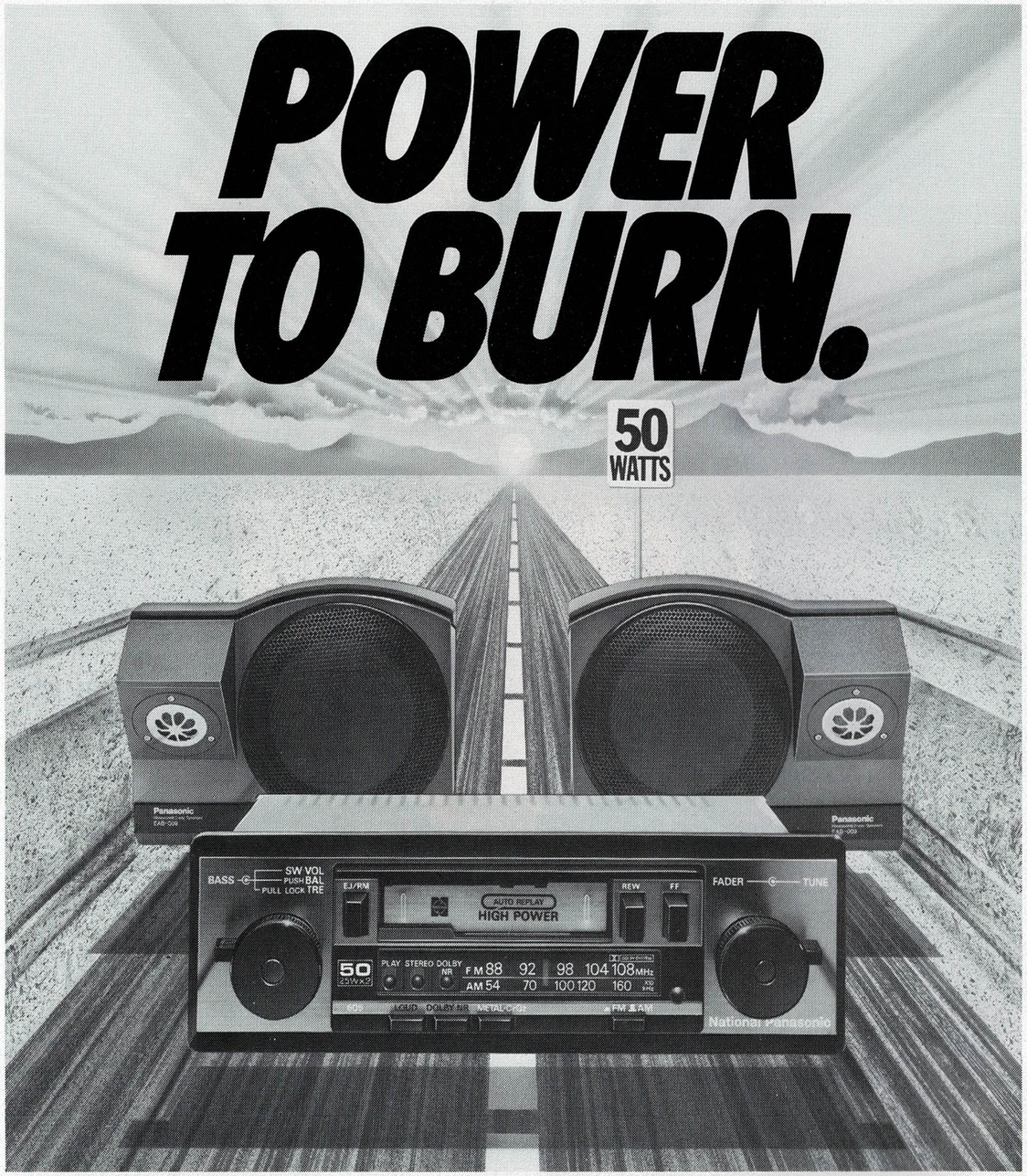
NASTASSIA KINSKI
IN A KINKY PICTORIAL

Grand Opening.



SEAVIEW
All wine should be this good.

AB 2354/83 WYN 0053



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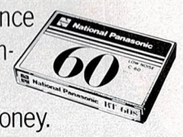

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SUPERSONIC POWER

Dailey/NPA 169

PLAYBILL

WHAT better way to warm the cockles of a frozen July heart than the combination of wine and women. We've got both in generous quantities, starting with that alluring movie beauty Nastassia Kinski, as captured by star photographer **Helmut Newton,** with words by **Bruce Williamson.** Outrageously proportioned Morganna is a girl with the sort of build you would only dream about in your wildest flights of fancy. We'd like to state the metric equivalent of her 60 inch bustline but our tape ran out of centimetres. If you don't believe it, turn to **Arny Freytag's** pictorial and judge for yourself.

Julie Waine is a capital girl, which makes sense, seeing that she calls Canberra her home town. Photographer **Rico Mettbach** presents Julie as our Playmate of the Month.

PLAYBOY's most important date on the calendar is the Playmate of the Year awards. Amongst other delights, it gives us the chance to assemble a collection of the beautiful women who have appeared in preceding issues of the magazine. This year, **Rennie Ellis** took his cameras behind the scenes to capture the candid appeal of our Playmates preparing for the festivities.

Winter is definitely the season for reds. No, not Bolsheviks storming Winter Palaces but rather wines that warm winter palates. To sample the range and varieties of what you could be slurping or cellaring this year, we commissioned **Richard Beckett** to uncork a dozen or two. With nose and taste buds in thoroughbred form, he staggered to the typewriter to file his impressions. Don't miss Australian PLAYBOY's Guide to Winter Wines: Reds.

Colonel David H. Hackworth spent a good part of his military career killing Reds (communists). As a combat soldier in Korea and Vietnam, he killed 9500 enemy soldiers and became the most highly-decorated serviceman in US military history. Yet, Hackworth astounded his hawk admirers by denouncing war and militarism. He became a super dove, and an outspoken advocate for peace. **Stuart Owen Fox** tracked Hackworth to his Northern NSW retreat to record a most amazing PLAYBOY Interview.

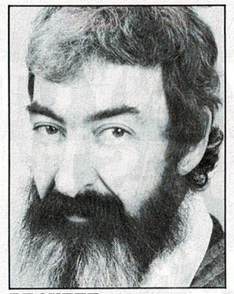
He's afraid, alone, 9000 miles from home and he left his stubby cooler on the bus. It's D.T. (Disgusting Tourist), the tale of a boozing ocker out of his element, as told by humorist **Michael Colman** and illustrated by **Frants Kantor.**

There's one thing about a nice, juicy court case: it always attracts a circus-style press corps. When the Pulitzers of Palm Beach went to battle in a divorce trial armed with charges of incest, lesbianism, adultery and drug taking, there was more than an interested gallery on hand. Writer **Reg Potterton** found things a trifle smelly when he went to Miami to cover the case.

While you're sitting back watching Wimbledon this year, spare a thought for that other supposedly great lawn tennis championship: the Australian Open. **Alex Buzo** dropped in on the Aussie event to find out how it has double-faulted in status value.

Big risk and big profits abound in smuggling dope from Colombia to the US and the evasion and detection war is an increasingly sophisticated conflict. In a superb piece of investigative reporting, **Richard Anderson** has analysed The Colombian Connection and just what it means to the US economy, community and law enforcement agencies. **Miles Parnell** supplied the artwork. **George Burns,** a wordly sex symbol if there ever was one, makes a timely PLAYBOY appearance to discuss Sex and the Mature Man. For more humor, catch cartoonist **Mark David's** tribute to the pickle.

If you're planning a ski sojourn, you might heed **Stafford Sanders'** cautionary words on the perils of the Australian Alps. Instead, you could save your money and buy a Lamborghini Jalpa as tested by motoring editor **Rob Luck.** It's all there, and lots more, from Jokes to Japanese inns (by travel writer **Susan Kurosawa**), dirty weekends to digital discs (by audio man, **Richard Timmins**) in this edition of PLAYBOY.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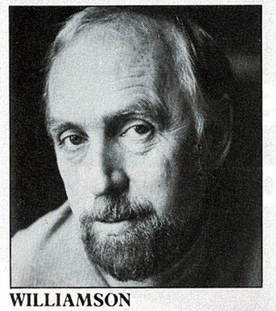
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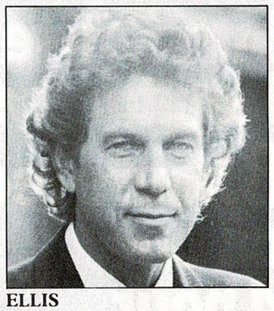
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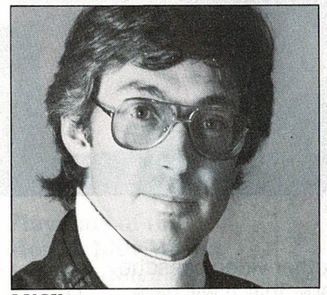
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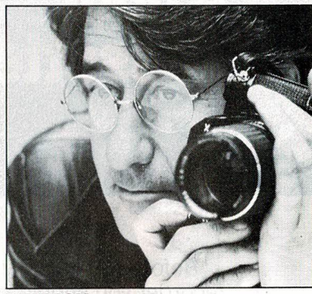
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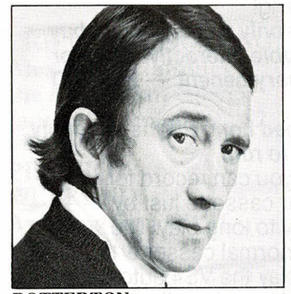
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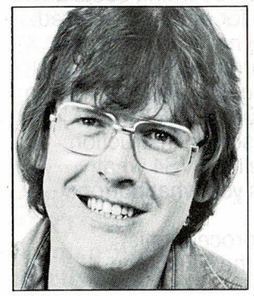
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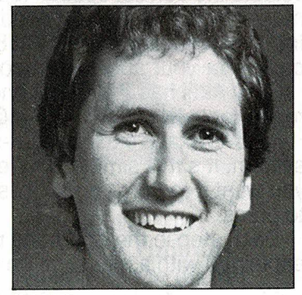
DAVID

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PLAYBOY

AUSTRALIAN ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 1983

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Photo: Helmut Newton

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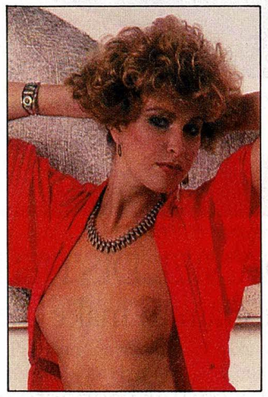

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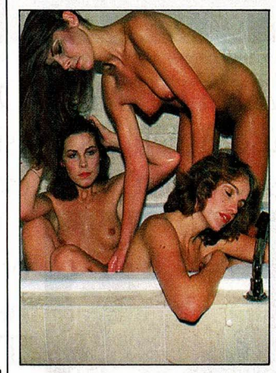

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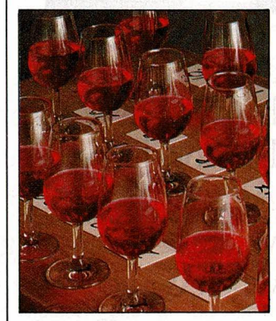

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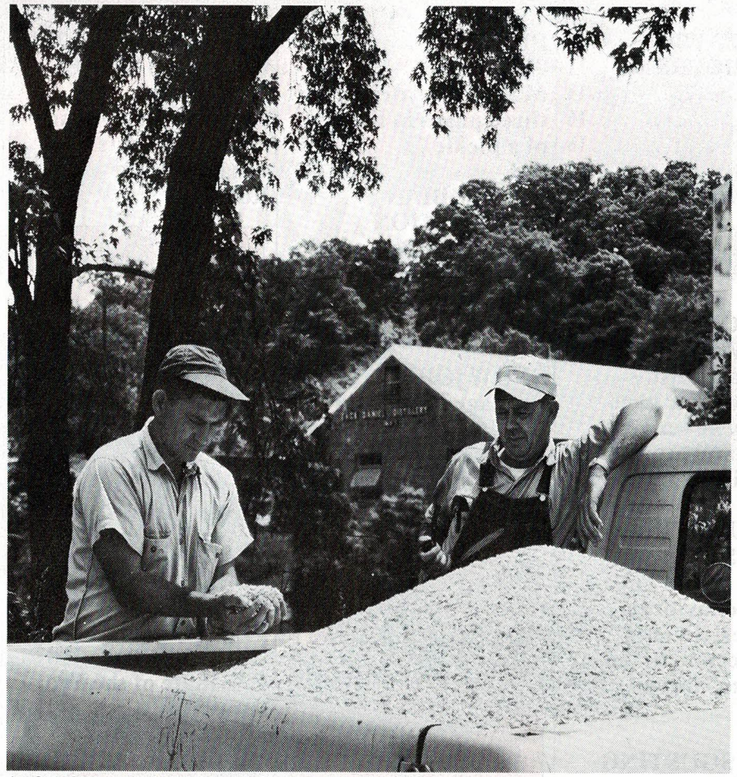

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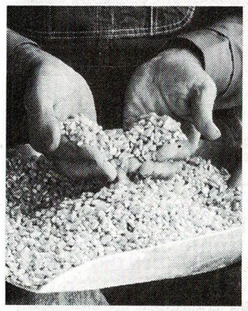

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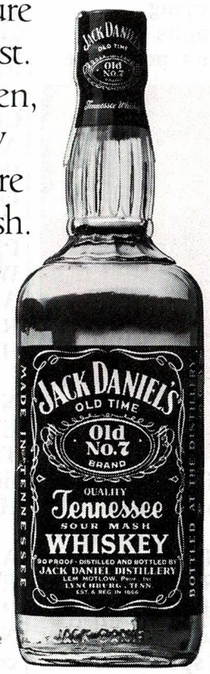

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PLAYBOY

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CREDITS
Julie Waine pictorial: jumpers by Flamingo Park; leg-warmers by Bloch's, red mini-dress by Paper Moon; underwear by Estelle Lingerie; shoes by Raymond Castle. Playmate of the Year party: Lyn Barron dressed by Bozart, Brisbane; bunny suits by Mishy Swimwear, Sydney.

DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

TOP COVER GIRL

I would like to congratulate you on your February 1983 cover featuring Denise Robinson. I work on a cattle station in the Charters Towers area and all the blokes up here reckon it's the best cover picture ever taken. We all read PLAYBOY every month and reckon it's a top magazine.

Tim Blanch,
Clermont, Qld.

Your cover girl for February, Denise Robinson, is the nicest girl I've seen for a long time. She seems to have a lot going for her at the moment. One of the best photos of her is the one where she's eating an apple — note that she's got her clothes *on*, but it's so natural and beautiful. She doesn't look like she's selling herself. Well done, PLAYBOY, for a good pic.

Also, please tell her I'm a musician and I've written a song about her!

J. Jacks,
Frankston, Vic.

After reading your February issue, I must say you've done an excellent job with it. Denise Robinson is one beautiful lady. There is always room on my wall for more pictures of her.

I.W.,
Engadine, NSW.

THE NAKED TRUTH

Regarding your Summer Sex feature in the November 1982 issue of PLAYBOY, I'd like to mention that another well-patronised beach near Melbourne for nude bathing is Sunnyside Beach which is near Frankston.

I am a mildly enthusiastic nude bather as I have found it an excellent cure for shyness. However, I want to put forward two observations for discussion. Firstly, nearly all male nudists have larger than average penises. A quick glance around a locker-room suggests an average of about six inches, with some smaller. At any nudist gathering, eight or nine inches is typical and anything smaller is very rare. Heroic endowments of 12 or more inches are frequent, with their owners usually displaying them to best advantage.

I expect that penises tend to get bigger with mild sexual excitement, when not erect. However, I put forward the idea that most male nudists have a need to display their assets.

Secondly, women with large vaginas do not become nudists. There is a fascinating variety in the shape and size of the female vagina. I do wish that novelists would mention this sometimes. The size and shape difference is far more than many people realise.

Women nudists all have small vaginas, located low down, towards the back. There are many women with high placed or large vaginas. They don't become nudists. I've seen many stallions but no beavers. It's a bit of a contradiction, isn't it?

Name withheld,
St. Kilda, Vic.

FRAULEINS FOREVER

I must congratulate you on your feature of the very pretty Barbara Reimer in the March 1983 issue of PLAYBOY. She would have to be the spunkiest blonde I've seen for a long time. I can see her ambition of being a top fashion model coming true in the very near future.

If she is an example of West Germany's female population, I envy the men there very much. Barbara is definitely 10 out of 10. More please!

"Very Impressed",
Mt. Gambier, SA.

HIGH PRAISE

I would like to congratulate you on the continually high standard of your magazine. As an avid reader of PLAYBOY, I'd like to say I have no criticisms about your excellent and most impressive articles and photographs, and I always look forward to the next edition.

Thank you for the Playmate review in February this year: they're all so lovely, but I'm particularly fond of your September centrefold, Sandi Shepherd. She is too exquisite for words and I hope to see more of her in your magazine.

J. Black,
Sydney, NSW.

For Mr Black and all other readers who'd like to be rounded up by Miss Shepherd. . . here's Sandi — Ed.

UTOPIA

After reading your article on Laurie Hogan's Utopia (March), I completely agree with his ideas, especially after being thrown on the scrap heap at 51 because most employers, including the Commonwealth Government, are of the opinion that you have nothing more to contribute.

I believe that while we all continue to insist on living in coastal towns, little will be accomplished. I maintain that the inland areas of Australia must be developed. Hogan's plan includes, if not depends on, developing the inland of the country. My family is grown up and this plan may not benefit us much, but I certainly hope that my grandchildren have more to look forward to in their early years than a life of unemployment and dole hand-outs.

I always enjoy the articles in your magazine, but this has been the best and most informative so far.

P.K.,
Queanbeyan, NSW.

MARVELLOUS MARIANNE

Congratulations on your centrefold of Marianne Gravatte (December 1982). I think she is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. I would even go as far as to say that she's more beautiful than Raquel Welch.

Would it be possible to see another pictorial of her, please?

D.R.R.,
Paraburdoo, WA.

SOUTHERN BELLES

Is there any chance of doing a PLAYBOY pictorial on the Girls of Melbourne?

There are many attractive girls down here: how about "Charlie" (one of our top models), Isabel Cowan, Judy Green, Celeste Billinge, Christine Jack and the girls on *Sale of the Century* and *The New Price is Right?*

S. Ritter,
Caulfield, Vic.

A pictorial on the Girls of Melbourne is in the planning stages. Stay tuned — Ed.

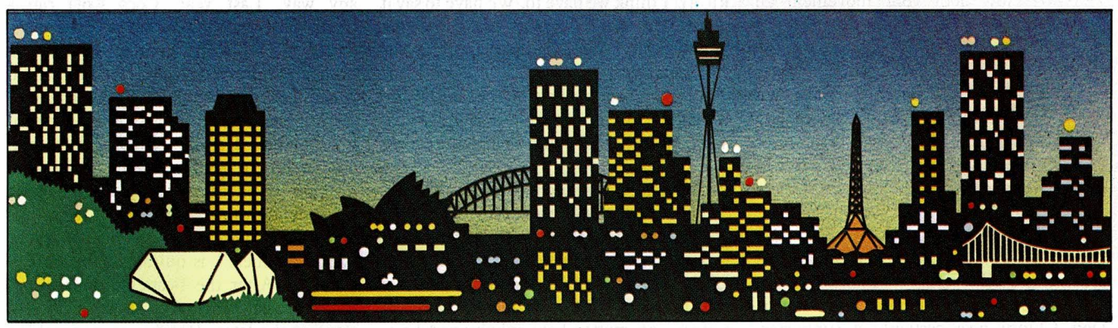
OUT ON A LIMB

I'm a legs man and I've got to thank PLAYBOY for presenting one of the best sets of pins I've yet seen. They belong, of course, to Tania Rose who graced the pages of your March issue. In my book, she stands alone as number one in the limbs department.

Paris, here I come!

L. Skinner,
Deakin, ACT.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



ON THE MAP

Could it have been in praise of the Franklin, that beautiful gorge down south, or was it a new slant on local geography? A student at a Melbourne university discovered next to a copying machine a discarded reproduction of a female's lower torso. The midriff area bore a map of Australia with the navel marked "Alice Springs". South of the Great Australian Bight, the densely-forested triangular patch was appropriately captioned "Tasmania".

DON'T LOSE YOUR HEADS!

We've had mail from readers who swear to losing their heads over certain beautiful Playmates, but until recently we never took them literally. What changed our minds was news from California where a man was found guilty of decapitating his room-mate after an argument over missing PLAYBOY centrefolds. The court learned the guilty party was a devil worshipper and a fugitive from a mental institution. A variation on the heads-I-win-tails-you-lose theme, we figure.

CHECKING IN

The TM movement hasn't been quite the same since John, Paul, George and Ringo decided the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi had, to use Lennon's words, "made a fool of everyone."

For several years after the Fab Four struck the Maharishi's bungalow in India off their visiting list, the group's former spiritual guide continued to openly court the rich and famous. But around the mid '70s, his public utterances ceased and the Hirsute One withdrew to Seelisberg, Switzerland, to orchestrate his plan for the World Government of the Age of Enlightenment. Now, instead of rock singers and film stars, the Maharishi is supposedly championed by academics — scientists, doctors, researchers — one of whom, Dr Byron Rigby, has described his mentor as, "a genius. . . one of the finest minds in the history of modern thought."

Dr Rigby, in his late 30s, is a Sydney-born psychiatrist who heads the Maharishi's TM organisation in Australia. After learning TM while working at Guys Hospital, London, Dr Rigby spent five years further researching the subject at the Maharishi European Research University in Switzerland.

He is now director of TM's World Plan Executive Council of Australia, based in Sydney. Rigby, a bachelor, lives in the Sydney suburb of Cremorne, which has become the centre of a group of "super-meditators" who firmly believe their collective consciousness can change the course of history.

TM people don't like talking about the Maharishi's "Beatle period" — but when pressed, Rigby pulled no punches about who had made a fool of whom. PLAYBOY decided to find out more after failing to understand a word of a newspaper advertisement placed by the TM movement in Australia.

PLAYBOY: What is the invincible defence strategy mentioned in your advertisement?

RIGBY: The mechanics of defence are now dependent on the use of specific natural laws — chemical, electronic and nuclear — so the entire security system is based on technology of a mechanical nature. That technology has become so powerful that it has every capability of destruction and almost zero capability of defence. In the nuclear age, the name "defence" is really a misnomer. So we need to look at methods of defence that go beyond specific use of natural laws to strike at the roots of warfare, averting the danger that hasn't come. The motivation behind the impulse to attack exists in the human mind. So what we propose is a strategy of defence based on destroying the enmity which is the root cause of war.

PLAYBOY: In practical terms, how?

RIGBY: Physiologically and scientifically, we can locate the source of human hostility in stress, building up in huge numbers of people over many years, to then burst out in some kind of violence. It may be internal — such as crime, rebellions, political violence — or it could be international conflict. The stress is quite reversible. . . a long holiday can do it. But the best way we know is TM. It seems to work by allowing individuals to locate the unified field of natural law, the source of all the different laws of nature and science. It is located everywhere in the universe and freely available, everything is

Two of our Playmates — Sandi Shepherd (September, 1982) and Denise Robinson (February, 1983) — were special guests at the 1983 Red and White Ball recently held by the Harlequin Ball Committee in aid of the Paraplegic and Quadriplegic Association of NSW. The venue was the Sydney Opera House, and Sandi and Denise, clad in alluring leopard skin costumes, assisted the cause by selling raffle tickets for holiday prizes. The total proceeds of the night were triple the amount for last year: due in no small way, we suspect, to the charms of the two best-looking ticket vendors anyone's ever likely to encounter. Sandi (left) and Denise (centre) are pictured with Greg Lemon and Neil Lawrence of the Travelabroad Group, donors of one of the raffle holiday prizes.

composed of it. We ourselves have that same origin.

PLAYBOY: How does your movement go about persuading world leaders to use TM?

RIGBY: If a person explores the quieter, less excited states of his consciousness, greater order and coherence develop in his own mind. But we've also found that, in city populations where one percent or more of people practise TM, the same increases in orderliness and decreases in stress start to appear even in the non-meditating population.

PLAYBOY: Are many Australian politicians practising TM?

RIGBY: Quite a few. One that I can name is Don Chipp: he's certainly a supporter. Justice Kirby (Chairman, Australian Law Reform Commission) is another man who doesn't mind us saying he's very interested in the program and would like to publicly support it. Both Mr Fraser and Mr Hawke have given us a fair hearing. . . that's as far as it would be fair to say. I know quite a few people on both sides of Federal Parliament whose interest has been more than a passing one. But it would not be fair at this stage to name them.

PLAYBOY: What do you visualise TM being able to achieve?

RIGBY: Changes in the behavior of governments and of national leaders. We had the experience in the US of being able to plot the rise and fall in the Stock Exchange during the last six months, against the exact number of people practising TM in a large group in that country. In January this year we had a project in Goulburn, NSW. We inaugurated this because it is clear that Australia has an absolutely negligible defence capability and is in the grip of a severe drought: both of which reflect the failure of our management of natural law. We got 400 meditators to Goulburn: the number calculated as necessary to achieve a nationwide effect — the square root of one percent of the population.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

RIGBY: We saw changes in gold prices, changes in interest rates. During January, there were much more positive statements about the economic future of the country. We had substantial falls of rain — in many areas the drought was broken. We saw changes in health statistics — and all this was gauged by recording in detail news reports in all media throughout the month. I also believe the election and the change of leadership in the Labor Party — which happened pretty much out of the blue — were direct results of our TM course. They happened within a week of the course finishing.

PLAYBOY: So Bob Hawke became ALP leader and Fraser called an election because of TM?

RIGBY: Yes. We don't take credit for the results. We say we create the necessary conditions for change. All credit to Joh Bjelke-Petersen who also prayed for rain.

PLAYBOY: And he got hail. Do you take credit for the massive crop damage the hail caused?

RIGBY: I think we have to. We have to say if there are defects, we must assume responsibility. We have to reappraise our own programs.

PLAYBOY: Even if they all became more temperate, isn't it unlikely that individual world leaders alone could change the course of history?

RIGBY: That's right, on its level. But the point is that national leaders are focal points or mirrors of the entire collective consciousness of each nation. If all he has to reflect is great disorder, stress, incoherence and hostility, that will manifest in his policies, no matter how enlightened he is individually.

It is not much use having enlightened leaders unless we also have enlightened followers. We know that governments are not capable of implementing the TM program unless the collective consciousness of the nation is ready for it. The very knowledge of this field shows that it's not really a government that governs a country.

I believe the election and the change of leadership in the Labor Party were direct results of our Transcendental Meditation course.

It is the unified field of natural law — that is, the collective consciousness of the people — that acts as an unseen governor of the government.

PLAYBOY: How does Australia rate internationally in the practice of TM?

RIGBY: Fairly high. The US has more than .5 percent of the population meditating — a sufficiently large group, we estimate, to affect national consciousness. A few smaller countries like New Zealand and Norway are also ahead; Israel, too. After that would come countries like Germany and Australia. We've recently found that group meditation with more advanced techniques — called the TM Sidhi Program — can achieve the same results with much less than one percent of the population meditating. We've been teaching TM for 21 years in Australia and we've got 50,000 people. So to get one percent of the population — 150,000 — could take 40 years. Events everywhere indicate we can't wait for that. But the advanced technique shows that a group of 400 practising under one roof seems to have as much of an effect as a much larger, scattered group, practising basic TM.

PLAYBOY: What role does the Maharishi Yogi have in what you do?

RIGBY: Basically as the founder of the techniques. But the techniques are now so completely standardised all over the world that anyone can take them and use them in any way. Last year, Coca Cola ran a program to teach TM to its executives. Sydney's Parramatta Football Club had a number of players taught. The Maharishi Mahesh Yogi was last in Australia in 1967. . . he prefers to avoid any form of followership. He likes all organisers and teachers to be self-sufficient. Those who meet him, soon learn that he doesn't tolerate dependent attitudes. The use of terms like "guru" or "followers", or "spirituality", or even "members", is quite inappropriate.

PLAYBOY: After the Beatles dropped him, the Maharishi Yogi was seen by many as a giggling charlatan. Has this image anything to do with his low profile?

RIGBY: No, he's quite an extroverted person. The main learning period for TM around the world was 1975 — the year Maharishi inaugurated the dawn of the Age of Enlightenment. That was scarcely the action of someone keeping a low profile. The reason for such massive public interest in TM was the scientific research. The value of the technique is now in almost all medical textbooks. . . there's something like 700 scientific studies on the subject.

PLAYBOY: John Lennon said the Maharishi was making fools of the Beatles.

RIGBY: I came into TM in 1973 while working as a psychiatrist in London, and the effects of TM on my patients were very satisfying. This is the experience of doctors all around the world now. My experience of the Maharishi's seminars and teachings shows that he has one of the finest minds in the history of modern thought. And this is the view, I think, of everyone who has met him personally. If a group of pop singers can't appreciate this fact, I don't think it's all that surprising.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the Beatles approached the Maharishi on a superficial level?

RIGBY: I think that is very likely. Although I think some of the former Beatles continued with TM, and they are the ones who remained successful. On a world-wide level, it's probably true that the Beatles brought Maharishi into the public eye. But now that group has been and gone, and Maharishi is still going strong.

PLAYBOY: What does your own research work involve?

RIGBY: For the past five years, I've been involved with setting up laboratories to study brain physiology or consciousness, using TM as a tool for exploration. In other words, instead of doing research on TM to see whether it works or not, or what it does, we actually *use* TM as a method of creating a brain state in which we can find much more about the brain and its relation to natural law than by other methods. It's become an entire method of scientific exploration into some of the fundamental areas of nature.

— FRANK ROBSON

TRAVEL

A hotel is a plum tree abounding in delicious fruits; its guests are nightingales sheltering in its branches." — *Traditional Japanese ballad.*

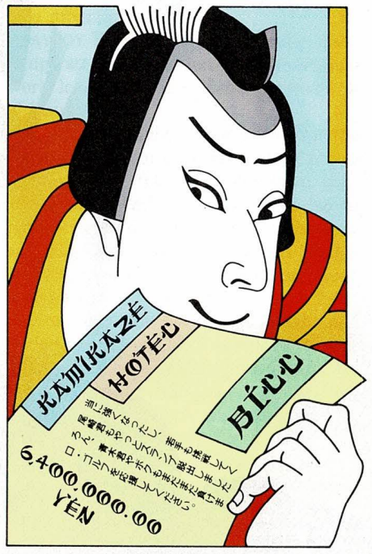
Following Richard Chamberlain's kimono-clad bombardment of Australian living rooms and our exposure to samurai, shoguns, sashimi and the like, it's reasonable to assume that many of us will be turning Japanese in our travel preferences.

It's an option that can be a lot less expensive than rumor would have us believe. Okay, it's not the cheapest place on earth to visit, but a bit of sensible planning, readiness to eat local food and to stay in traditional-style accommodation can result in a relatively economical sojourn.

All those little wooden houses in *Shogun* with their sliding rice-paper screens, thatched roofs, miniature gardens and bowing maidens, may have looked like a Japanese Legoland fantasy, but they still exist in villages and city outskirts. Many function as *ryokan* (Japanese-style inns) or *minshiku* (private homes with guest rooms available). Both styles of accommodation embody the indulgences suggested by the quoted ballad. You may not spend your stay pecking at plums and happily twittering like a jolly, well-fed bird, but you will experience the ineffable pleasures and pampering of Japanese hospitality.

Establishments in the former category operate as full-scale hostelries, usually accepting credit cards and providing most of the facilities of a Western-style hotel. The surrounds and service, however, are immutably Japanese, and all the age-old etiquette and ritual idiosyncrasies are solemnly observed at *ryokan.* Your shoes are shed upon arrival, scuff-style slippers donned to walk on the highly-polished wooden floors (but not on the *tatami* straw matting in guest rooms), a loose cotton *yukata* (kimono-like outer garment) replaces Western clothing, and, after a cup or two of fragrant green tea, the *gaijin,* (foreigner) soon settles into an atmosphere of total serenity.

Ryokan guest rooms usually face a small landscaped garden with tweezered lawn, grave stone lanterns and stiff little *bonsai* trees. Sliding *shoji* screens replace conventional doors, and the only decoration is likely to be the *tokonoma* — an alcove ornamented with a scroll of calligraphy and an *ikebana* floral arrangement. The area is used as a living room by day with a low table and *zabuton* (large, flat pillows) in the centre, and transformed for sleeping by the laying out of a *futon* mattress on the sweet-smelling *tatami.* Those *Shogun*-style wooden head-rests have been replaced by regular stuffed pillows; warm quilts are layered on top of the mattress.



slip off your shoes and relax in shogun territory

The more expensive *ryokan* have private bathrooms but in many you'll find a communal bathing area for guests. Inns located at hot springs resorts often have spa water fed into their baths, which is an added bonus. Always soap up and rinse *outside* the bath; soak in the steaming-hot bath water (average temperature is 40 degrees C) only after you're thoroughly scrubbed. *Ryokan* provide soap, skimpy towel, even razors, toothbrush and paste, plus cologne. Communal bathtime (always before dinner, usually around 6pm) provides the perfect occasion to check out fellow-guests taking a public plunge.

Meals generally are included in the *ryokan* daily tariff and these are served in guest rooms. *Sashimi* (slivers of raw fish), *tempura* (seafood and vegetables in feathery batter), *yaki-tori* (skewered morsels accompanied by a piquant sauce) and *miso* (broth with bean curd) are common offerings. It's a mistake to specify Western food (as I once did, after a night spent dreaming of toast and T-bones), as you're likely to be served bacon and eggs demurely presented on slippery porcelain. The maid will then politely kneel and watch you rape and pillage your breakfast with long, lacquered chopsticks. Like me, you'll wind up still hungry and painfully conscious that the literal translation of *gaijin* is really "foreign barbarian devil".

Ryokan charges vary wildly according to standard and location. Tariff is calculated on a bed and two meal basis and tax and service charges are added. The Japan National Tourist Organization (JNTO) produces a complete guide which lists addresses, charges and methods of access; this listing is regularly updated. Two outstanding (although pricey) examples are: Fukudaya in Tokyo (the *real* thing; few concessions to the 20th Century; Nobel Prize-winning novelist, Yasunari Kawabata, wrote several of his novels tucked away here; all yours for about 24,000 yen or $117 a night) and Kyoto's Yachiyo (located in the old capital which is now a reliquary city for Japan's feudal past; expensive; worth it; *Shogun* was definitely like this). I've sampled both, survived without letting the side down *too* much, and found the historical overtones so intriguing and palpable that the cost became irrelevant.

There *are* less expensive *ryokan* — particularly in prime holiday spots such as Atami, Ibusuki, Beppu and Nikko — and JNTO has an ancillary publication on the more economical Japanese inns. Tariffs at these *ryokan* average out at 6000 yen or about $29 for a double room including taxes but excluding meals.

The best accommodation alternative, however, for the budget-conscious traveller is *minshiku.* Prices at these establishments are usually around 4000 yen or $20 per night per person including all meals and taxes. As *minshiku* are basically private homes, they generally are located in residential areas and guests have ample opportunity to observe daily Japanese goings-on. The operators of *minshiku* are often well-established families with good local knowledge and will assist guests with travel information, sightseeing and suchlike. Most speak sufficient English for successful communication with foreign guests.

There are half-a-dozen or so *minshiku* in Tokyo: there's one named Love Light at Hachijo-jima that could bear some checking out. Other large cities such as Osaka, Nagoya and Kyoto have a good selection and *minshiku* also abound in hot springs resorts and rural centres. The meals at *minshiku* are standard Japanese, served informally with the family group; bedding and bathing are Japanese style. I can't imagine going all the way to somewhere as steeped in rites, customs and mystic observations as Japan and then being cocooned in a high-rise Hotel Caterpillar. If there's any one country in which to really flutter your traveller's wings, this, dammit, is it.

For information on *ryokan* and *minshiku* and general travel data, contact: JNTO, 115 Pitt Street, Sydney, NSW. Tel: (02) 232 4522.

— SUSAN KUROSAWA

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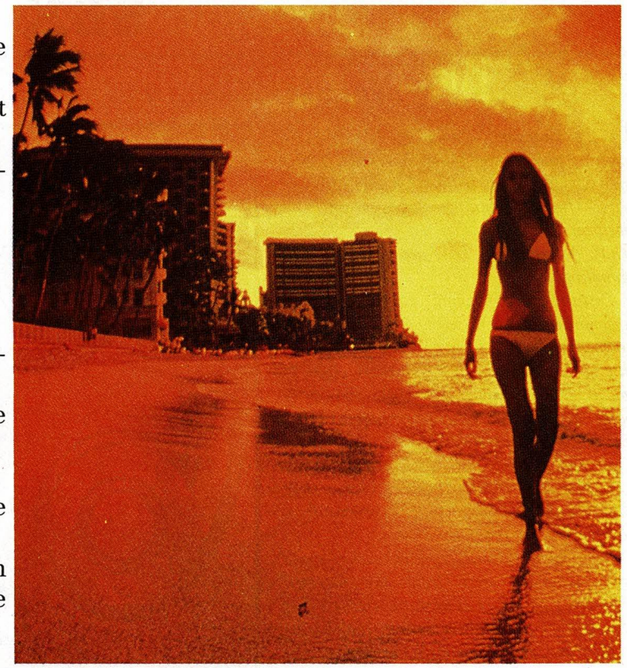

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PKBCON8162

SEX

australia's leading sexologist answers your questions

In the February edition of PLAYBOY, a question was directed to Bettina Arndt from a man who likes being fellated but who, try as he may, finds cunnilingus unappealing to perform. The man does not specify exactly what feelings he has about performing cunnilingus.

Distaste at performing oral sex is not an uncommon problem with either sex, and commonly includes issues such as fear of disease, strongly ingrained taboos, fear of mucus and secretions, fear of intimate body odors, general ignorance concerning sexuality and emotional withholding.

Bettina Arndt's answer seems moralising, unhelpful and frankly hostile. Worse than that, she implies that oral sex is essentially a self-sacrifice in the name of love.

From my work as an experienced doctor and sex counsellor, and from my personal experience of sex, I believe most people can thoroughly enjoy oral sex — both as a sharing of love and, in its own right, as an exquisite experience.

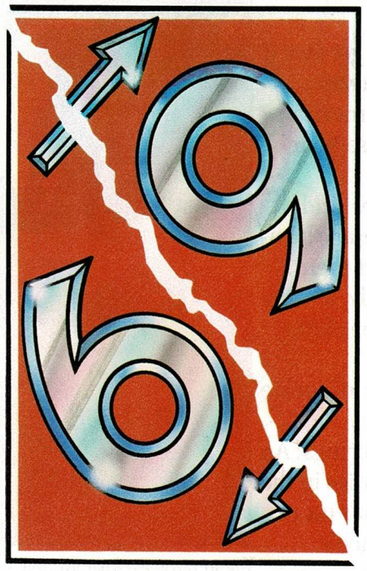
— Dr L.M., NSW.

I agree with you that there *are* many good reasons why people have difficulty performing oral sex. Fears, inhibitions and taboos certainly can make this love-making technique quite impossible, even for someone who desperately wants to perform it.

Yes, I was rather angry with Mr F.D. His statement that he hadn't realised oral sex was a two-way street was a red rag to a bull. It was hard not to be hostile to his announcement that "receiving is so much nicer than giving". I'm afraid I do object to this idea of sex as a barter system in which you do things simply to buy pleasure in return. In my answer, I pointed out that the actual physical act of performing oral sex *can* be quite uncomfortable for both men and women.

As you say, some find it an exquisite experience but I feel many others gain most pleasure from being able to use their skills to excite their partners. The real joy, for most people, lies in watching their partners become aroused and in the satisfaction of giving.

I don't regard this as a huge self-sacrifice — what's an aching jaw or sore tongue between friends or lovers? I suspect what you really objected to was the rather flip tone of my answer. Recently it has been fashionable to treat discussions of sex with extreme seriousness, with kid gloves being an essential ingredient. Well, that is important if the problem is a serious one requiring a delicate touch. But from the tone of that reader's letter, I suspect he was egging me on a little — and so I did give him a small serve. I think you'd find most females would agree he deserved it.



oral sex: a question of taste; to swing or not to swing?

My husband has been married before. The first time he had what's known as an "open marriage". He had several women in his life and his ex-wife had several men. They also engaged in threesomes. I am much more conservative about these things and have had much less sexual experience. I have only had a few sexual relationships, which were all quite conventional. So naturally my husband and I have quite different ideas about what we should do in our marriage and particularly about swinging. He does not insist that I change my attitudes and we have discussed the pros and cons of it all a lot. I know if I were to agree to begin swinging, he would be all for it.

But I do not really want to, at least not yet.

What really worries me is this: can a man who has had so many different experiences and so much sexual freedom really be satisfied with loving only one woman? If I continue to say no to swinging, am I risking his resentment and eventual rejection?

— M.A., NSW.

You raise some very difficult questions. It is very hard to predict how your husband will react if you stick to your guns and retain the same attitudes towards swinging. I know many people who did swing at some stage in their lives, but then found they were no longer interested or their relationship changed in some way and it no longer held the same appeal. There are also men and women who lead very adventurous sexual lives with many different partners but who then settle very happily into monogamous relationships. The sexual freedom which was so important to your husband in his previous relationship may well be much less important to him now, and presumably your relationship could well offer him all sorts of other satisfactions that were not there before. Yet, as you obviously realise, it is quite unpredictable and it may well be that your husband may at some time in the future find it difficult to stay faithful. So the answer to your first question is "yes", it is possible that he will be satisfied with just you, but there are no guarantees.

Having said that, I find it very encouraging that you and your husband are able to have such honest discussions, freely sharing your views on this very difficult area of marriage. While you keep doing this, I feel you should be able to weather whatever storms and changes you may encounter in your future relationship.

It sounds as if your husband respects your opinions and understands why you feel the way you do.

Provided you continue this openness and mutual concern, I don't think you should worry that your husband will reject you if you find you do not wish to change your views about swinging. Part of loving someone is respecting *their* views, particularly on such intimate issues.

You and your husband may care to consider and discuss other alternatives to a totally monogamous relationship. There are many relationships in which couples have agreements permitting *some* extramarital activity, provided it doesn't threaten the marriage. Sometimes these agreements are unspoken — for instance, the male (yes, it is usually the male!) may have the odd fling when he travels. She knows and he knows that she knows, but they prefer not to talk about it. I feel the greatest danger from these situations comes when the topic has never been discussed honestly. Then the couple may have quite different assumptions about what their unspoken agreement actually entails. When one person is discovered breaking the rules, the other feels betrayed, and pride, ego and loss of trust all enter the fray to make a complicated situation even more messy. So sort out your rules and keep talking about them from time to time as your relationship progresses.

People change, attitudes change and open lines of communication can at least avoid some of the worst pitfalls of this potential marital time bomb.

— BETTINA ARNDT

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

NOW LISTEN HERE, AL

I can't recall ever having read so much rubbish as the Al Grassby interview in March PLAYBOY.

He states, in regard to Vietnamese, "Refugee policy has to be determined by the people of Australia." Well, Al, when have we ever had a referendum on it? He goes on to state that the Vietnamese have received the best reception of all refugees. Well, the area I live in is a housing commission area, and as soon as a home becomes vacant, a Viet family moves in. They all have late-model cars and an air-conditioner in the house after only a week's occupancy.

Believe me, Al, all the long-term residents of this area are really pissed off, as they have friends who've had their names on the housing waiting list for years and can't get a place because the homes are given to the Viets who have top priority.

If, as Al suggests, they're so welcome here, why don't they spread out more evenly throughout all the suburbs and not just around this area?

One last point: as Al was a former Whitlam minister, he must be fully aware that, by and large, refugees from communist countries, once they have voting rights, support the Liberal Party at elections. So, with 100,000 Viets expected here by 1986, that's a lot of extra Liberal votes.

So, whose side are you really on, Al?

M.C.,
Athol Park, SA.

SAILBOARDING LIVES!

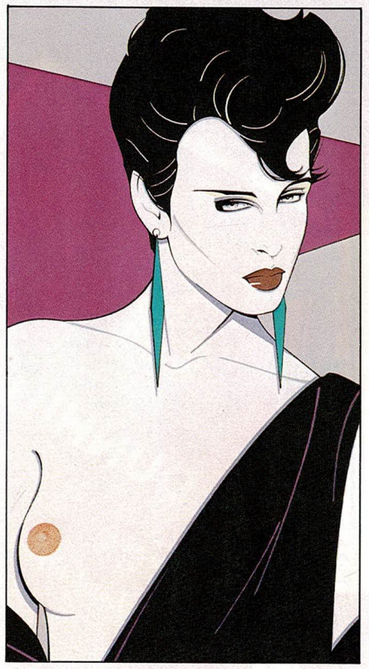
In Clyde Strange's article, Sailboarding Away (March), this writer states: "At a trade show in Melbourne late last year, several sailboard manufacturers withdrew their exhibits when a Schweitzer licence raid was rumored."

I assume that the show mentioned was Sailboard '82, held in October at the Palais St Kilda.

Only one company backed out of the show and that was in the early organising stages and due to financial trouble. All those who took part have shown willingness to take stands at our Melbourne show from November 11 to 13 this year, and at our Sydney show, from October 28 to 30. We also have a list of numerous other companies who want space.

The Schweitzer licence thing was to have been settled in court on February 14, but it is still proceeding and always will be a matter of contention among windsurfers, er, sailboarders.

Ted Bainbridge,
Sailboard Show Promotions,
Camberwell, Vic.



CALLING ALL COLLECTORS

Although my enthusiasm for your excellent magazine has not waned, space alone prevents me from saving every copy forever. I have every issue of Australian PLAYBOY and am contemplating selling. Do any of the early issues have any great value as collector's items and what sort of price should I put on the complete set?

G.S.,
Merbein, Vic.

In Australia, I have a large collection of PLAYBOY magazines (mostly the US edition) covering more than 10 years. I would like to dispose of these, one way or another, before the magazines are dumped on to the tip. Do you know of any dealers in Australia who would buy these magazines, or, failing that, do you know of any collector who wants to complete a collection?

J. Holmes,
Canterbury, NZ.

Our spies tell us that the first issue of Australian PLAYBOY (February 1979) sells for anything up to $60 at second-hand book stores (and that "anything" ranges from $3). Subsequent issues vary considerably in price according to their rarity. The May 1982 issue with Lynda Stoner on the cover, for example, is difficult to obtain and would therefore command a higher price. We will pass on letters from any readers who indicate an interest in purchasing part or all of your collections. — Ed.

TABLE TENNIS TAKES OFF

The comments of Fritz Beuhler (March Forum) concerning the lack of publicity of Australian table tennis are very disturbing, not only to me but to the 27,500 players registered with the Australian Table Tennis Association (ATTA).

Unfortunately, table tennis does not have the attraction of the "big money" sports such as tennis, football, cricket or golf, and therefore must rely on local advertising for specific events such as State or National open tournaments or international tours.

This year the situation is about to change. As administrative secretary of the newly-formed National Table Tennis League, I, as well as other committee members, will be pushing table tennis under everyone's noses.

An Australian team is to compete in Kuala Lumpur and Tokyo this year and team members will attend a coaching camp in China for two weeks prior to the world championships. It is hoped that this will improve Australia's rating from 16th in the world (second division) to a ranking that will put us back into the first division so that we can fight it out with the superpowers of world table tennis — China, Japan, Hungary, England and Czechoslovakia.

Two international tours will take place in Australia this year — a top team from the US (ranked 15th) and top players from China (ranked number one) will compete here.

There are many things happening on the table tennis scene this year and we hope that millions of Australians will learn more about our sport and support it in the future.

Peter Nedeljkovic,
St Kilda Sth, Vic.

FALSE PASSPORTS

One of the most informative and revealing articles you have published in recent issues would have to be the feature on passports in the February edition of PLAYBOY.

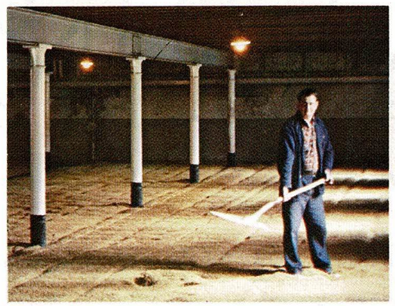
I have long suspected that the passport system would be unmasked as the outdated and inadequate vehicle that it unfortunately is. Perhaps the new Federal Government can take some measures to ensure that the blatant practices of fraud and deception are stopped and the whole process is more carefully monitored and policed?

As for Terrence John Clarke, apart from thinking of him as a devious criminal on the run, one can't blame him for defrauding an immigration system that could be so easily outwitted.

L. Moxey,
Zetland, NSW.

The Pure Malt Story.

The story of Malt is as old as the story of Whisky itself.

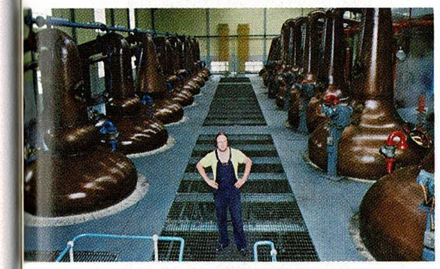


The barley is laid out to malt – and turned by men using wooden shovels or "shiels". After germination, it is dried over burning peat, a natural process which lends to Malt its distinctive aroma.

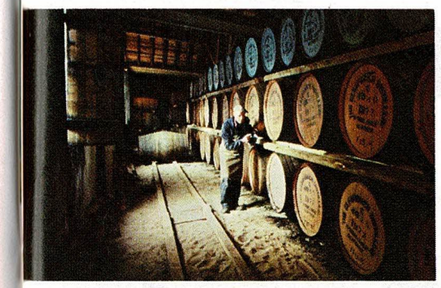
When you drink Scotch today, you're probably enjoying a blend of thirty to forty different Scotch Whiskies. Yet for many centuries before the art of blending was developed, the Scots drank only Malt Whisky – the "Water of Life", first mentioned in the Scottish Exchequer Rolls of 1494.

Such a Scotch is Glenfiddich Pure Malt Whisky. Its pure taste comes from the fact that it is 100% Pure Malt. And from the fact that it is still made the traditional Highland way, under the care and supervision of the fourth generation of the Grant family. Right now, people are rediscovering a taste for Scotch Whisky as it used to be.

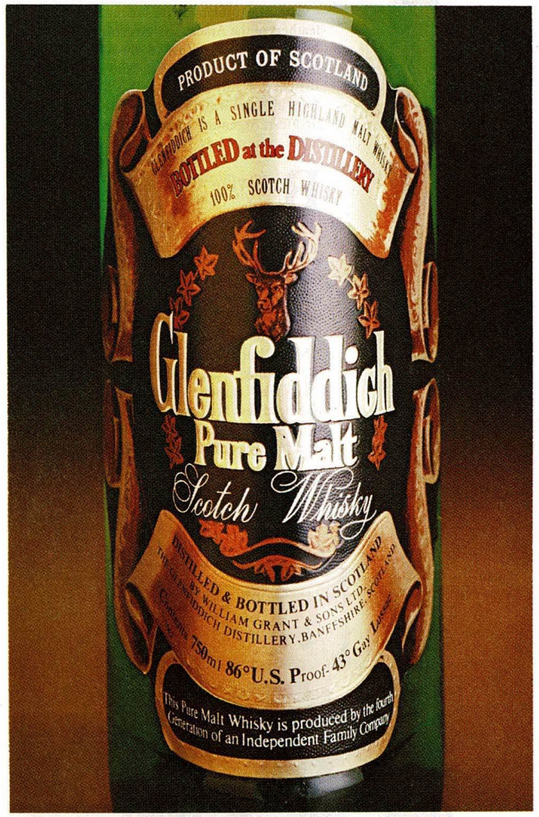
And Glenfiddich, made the traditional way, is perhaps the finest single Malt that the Highlands have to offer. It may cost a little more. But it is authentic. It is Glenfiddich – the Pure Malt Whisky.



Distinctive hand-beaten copper pots used for distilling. This adds to the unique character of Malt.



To develop the full flavour, the young spirit is matured in hand-made oak casks – yet another traditional skill.



The Glenfiddich Distillery beside the pure "burn" water of the "Robbie Dubh". Glenfiddich is the only Highland Malt to be distilled, matured and bottled at the same distillery.

The Pure Malt Whisky.

AB1094·81 GRNT0072

CAMEL

Where Eagles Dare: The US Rugby Union team, the American Eagles, continues its Australian tour in July. They play Queensland in Brisbane on July 3, the NSW country team in Dubbo, NSW, on July 6 and the Australian team in Sydney on July 9.

The Argentinians arrive hot on the tail feathers of the Americans. Argentina plays NSW in Sydney on July 16, the ACT in Canberra on July 20, Queensland in Brisbane on July 24, and the NSW country team in Narrabri, NSW, on July 27. The first test, Argentina vs Australia, takes place in Brisbane on July 31.

Bulk Wine Auction: Go the whole hogshead and buy wine in 10-gallon lots at the Rothbury Estate Annual Hogshead Auction on June 18. One 10-gallon lot equals about five dozen bottles. Once you've bought your wine, you can have it bottled on the spot, with your label or theirs, or take it home and bottle it yourself. The Rothbury Estate is in the Hunter Valley, NSW. A buffet luncheon will be available as well as a huge banquet afterwards. The name "hogshead" is used to indicate bulk wine. A hogshead cask holds about 265 gallons of wine — a bit large for the boot of the car. For meal bookings phone (049) 98 7555.

Canoe Polo: If you enjoy a free-for-all, fast action game, don't miss the Australian Canoe Polo Championships from July 8 to 10 at the Clarence Pool in Hobart. Each of 10 players sits in a six-foot canoe, bats hell out of the ball and anything else in sight, and does the occasional Eskimo roll.

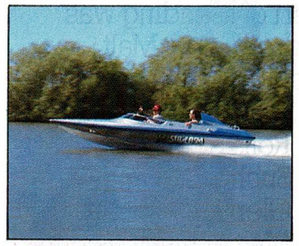
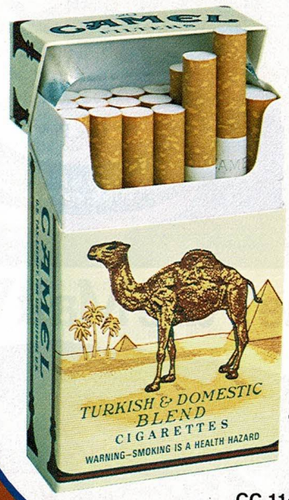


Table Tennis: Victorians will try their hands at China's favorite sport — table tennis. The Victorian Open Table Tennis Championships begin on July 19 at the Albert Park Table Tennis Centre, Albert Drive, Albert Park in Melbourne. Got a fast hand with a paddle? Anyone can enter. Graded events will be held on July 19 and 20. Special events for juniors (under 17) will be held on July 23 and for seniors on July 24.

The Little Foxes: Regina Giddens wants control of the family cotton mills and will do anything to get what she wants — flirt with the prospective buyer, blackmail her brother, even allow her husband to die. Lillian Hellman's play rips apart any illusions you might have about the typical American family. See it at the SGIO Theatre in Brisbane from June 28 to July 16.

Adelaide Boat Show: "The Wonderful World of Fishing" is a feature of the Adelaide Boat Show where you can find out how to set up lines, what gear to take and even how to cook a fish. You'll also see all types of boats from the smallest dinghy to the largest yacht and power boat. It's on at Wayville Showgrounds from July 22 to 26.

Street Photography: The photo show "Human Interest: French Photography from J.H. Lartigue to Cartier-Bresson" concentrates on everyday street scenes. Compare this with the smaller show, "Australian Street Photography: the 1970s". They will be at the Australian National Gallery in Canberra until July 17 and July 12, respectively. Australian photographers include Jean-Marc le Pechoux, Roger Scott and Philip Quirk.



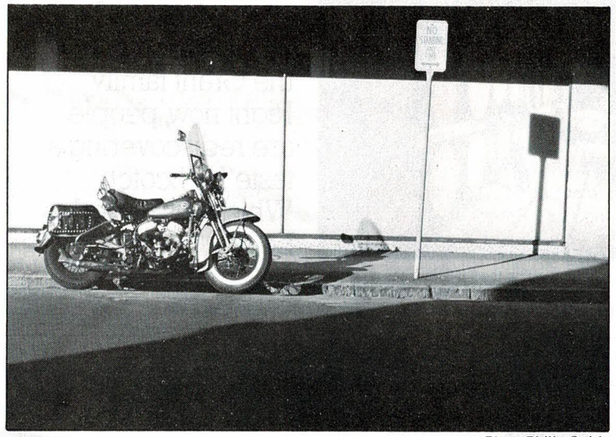
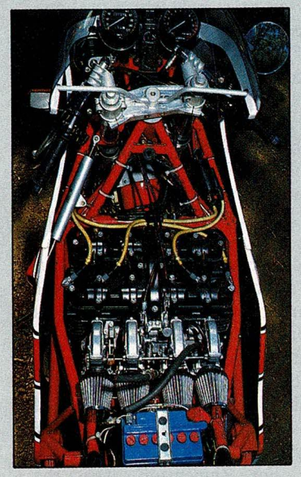


Photo Philip Quirk.

Where a man belongs.

CC 1146/83 In S.A. and W.A. Camel Virginia 25's is available in place of Camel Filter 20's.

CALENDAR



Motorcycle Show: Trophies for the best custom paint job, the most eye-catching three wheeler and the rattiest rat bike will be awarded at the Motorcycle Show at Sydney Showgrounds from July 1 to 3. The smallest trophy is waist high. Hundreds of custom bikes, both new and vintage, will be on display. Meanwhile, you can pick up on the latest leather gear, have an arm or a leg tattooed or buy custom parts and accessories.

The King Lives: The legendary King of Rock and Roll dominates the hearts and minds of mum and the kids in the play *Are You Lonesome Tonight?* The house is infested with his music, his gear and his gyrating presence — a sort of Presley poltergeist. See it at the Brisbane Playhouse, 112 Brookes Street, Fortitude Valley, from June 16 to July 10. Brought to you by the TN Theatre Company.

Winemakers Exhibition: Sample hundreds of wines, enjoy a feed and discuss the finer points of the grape with the local winemakers at the Winemakers Exhibition from July 25 to 29. It's on at the Victoria Hotel, 215 Little Collins Street, Melbourne. Luncheon sessions cost around $10, dinner sessions around $20, and the cost to your head is indeterminate. From 35 to 40 winemakers will be on hand to urge you on. For bookings and a brochure, phone (03) 63 0441 after June 20.

Motor Sport: For fast and furious racing, see a round of the GT Championship and Formula One Championship in Adelaide on July 3. In Queensland, rounds of the Australian Sports Car Championship and Formula One are on at the Lakeside International Raceway, Gold Coast, on July 24. A round of the GT Championship gets under way at Calder in Victoria on July 31.

Round two of the Australian Motorcycle Road Racing Championships is on at Surfers Paradise Raceway on June 26. Round three is at Sydney's Oran Park on July 17.

The Herald National Boat Show: In the market for a power boat, water skis or a windsurfer? Go along to the National Boat Show at the Royal Exhibition Buildings in Melbourne from July 7 to 13. Every boat imaginable, plus all boating accessories, will be on show.

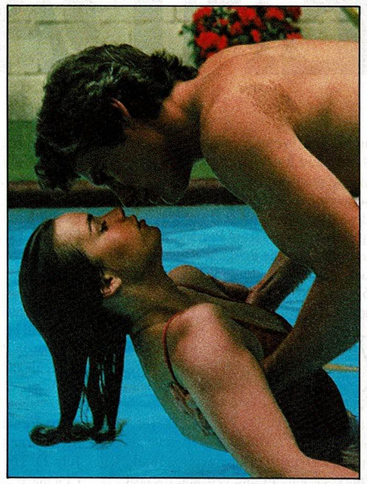
Polo: The NSW State Polo Championships, the Countess of Dudley Cup, will be held at Warwick Farm in Sydney on July 2 and 3. The tournament is to decide the premier polo club in NSW for 1983.

Film Festival: Don't forget the Melbourne Film Festival, on from June 22 to July 23. The main venue is the Metro Cinema at Malvern. As well as films, there will be seminars and discussions. Both day and evening sessions are shown. Take your eye drops.

Women's Tennis: Major tournaments are on at the Sydney Entertainment Centre from July 18 to 24 and at the Sydney Hordern Pavilion from July 28 to 31.

MOVIES

breath-taking action from gere; flying even higher



Gere and Kaprisky generate a little body heat in Breathless.

Flying High II: The Sequel *reaches new heights of lunacy.*

Breathless, directed by Jim McBride, a graduate of the New York underground cinema scene, has been described as "Body Heat Plus". . . which is probably fair enough. It's a film that alerts the senses early to the possibility that anything could happen; a production crackling with the chemistry that incites people to abandon better judgement.

In this case, the chemistry ignites spontaneous combustion in the libidos of Jesse Lujack (Richard Gere) and Monica Poiccard (Valerie Kaprisky). Lujack, who wears the shrug of rebellion the way James Dean used to, is a street corner opportunist whose wits are always going to be working overtime to save him from his bravado. He comes to the gorgeous Monica while on the run from a senseless shooting. For Lujack, life is reflex reaction to gut feeling. For Monica, there is the intensity of plotting the course of her destiny. Together, however, the sensuality of danger engulfs them both, vulcanising a bond that ignores logic and reason.

The sex scenes in *Breathless* are torrid indeed, but McBride insists there's nothing gratuitous about them. His film is a restatement rather than adaptation of Jean-Luc Godard's *A Bout de Souffle* (1959). The spontaneity of the human emotions between his youngsters has its flashpoint in the fact that they belong to a generation lacking any form of communication with identifiable society.

Gere, fresh from *An Officer And A Gentleman,* deftly taps into the flickering shadows of nuance in this complex character. Inevitably, Valerie Kaprisky will be hailed for her stunning beauty but she also scores conspicuously as a lost generation product capable of a sensitive appreciation of the multiple tiers of society around her.

Director McBride's feeling for the human condition is magnified by his ability to observe the environment that affects it, and his whacky spectrum of Los Angeles insanity ties it all together.

Voyeur or sociologist, McBride's *Breathless* is breath-taking.

●

If you can get away with calling *Flying High* an imperially funny take-off, *Flying High II: The Sequel* is an imperially funny send-up. This time, it's the same team in tenuous control of the first Lunar Shuttle with the turn-of-the-century time frame allowing such gags as discussing the merits of Rocky XXXVIII.

The title, *Flying High II: The Sequel,* is itself the first of a shower of outrageous puns, sight gags, slapstick and laugh lines that bombards the audience like an avalanche of galactic asteroids. Survivors of the original *Flying High* will be reassured that Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty are back as Ted Striker and Elaine Dickinson, the star-crossed lovers who find a common interest in landing crewless aircraft. Ted's lucky to be along on this mission because his efforts to expose the use of shoddy materials in the spacecraft have resulted in his involuntary committal to the Ronald Reagan Hospital for the Mentally Ill (motto: "We Treat People The Old Fashioned Way").

The flight deck still features Oveur, Unger and Dunn and all the possibilities that entails, with Oveur (Peter Graves) still displaying his perverse attraction for little boys and gladiator movies. And former ace air controller Steve McCrosky (Lloyd Bridges), even more dishevelled by the booze, is there to talk them down again.

Original writers/directors David and Jerry Zuker and Jim Abrahams declined the invitation to ride along on this mission but stand-in Ken Finkleman has stuck closely to their formula and proved himself a fine metronome of madness and comic timing.

Sustained lunacy has to be a greater challenge than sustained lunar missions, but this is the team to pull it off. The passengers' po-faced dissatisfaction with the slow coffee service after the crew has been sucked out through the airlock and the craft is careening to certain destruction, is situation comedy taken to the very precipice of its possibilities.

Hollywood won't dare attempt another crisis epic after this one.

●

Fred Zinnemann's *Five Days One Summer* is a quaintly vintage treatment of a totally vintage piece of cinema. . . a suspense drama set in the Swiss Alps in the 1930s. Neither plot nor dialogue contrive to inject any element of post-television drama technique into what is essentially a piece of *film noir* suspense that moves with the painstaking premeditation of a climber on a cliff face. For Zinnemann, it is the restoration of style and structure as potent elements in a story that becomes totally compelling to all who ponder its quirks.

Douglas (Sean Connery) arrives in the Alps in the company of Kate (Betsy Brantley), whom he introduces as his wife. But some deft flashback sequences unravel that Kate is, in fact, Douglas' niece and that the infatuation that exists between them can never be satisfied by marriage.

The use of the flashback device has never been more effective and author Michael Austin compounds the impact when he reunites the perfectly-preserved still-young body of a climber buried for years in ice with a now-old woman who was once his lover.

This is heartstring-tugging stuff, and the sombre intensity of the script, plus the subtlety of the performances by Connery and Brantley, bestow a rare dignity on a movie that inevitably ends with a dangerous high altitude scale by bitter antagonists which has the audience betting Jaffas that only one will return.

Five Days One Summer is a prime example of fine direction of fine acting overcoming commercially unfashionable property. The last prime example of this phenomenon was *Chariots Of Fire* — and look what happened to that!

— ROBIN INGRAM

"Beautifully thin, classically elegant.
For you, for her."

Alan Jones

SEIKO
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Left to right
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BOOKS

Now, as we enter another winter of only-partial discontent, the stern Scottish features of Malcolm ("life wasn't meant to be easy") Fraser are fast becoming distant memories. But the political carcass of the former PM has not yet rotted away. Even as we speak, the vultures — disguised as historians and sociologists — are swooping.

First vulture off the mark is sometime PLAYBOY contributor Craig McGregor (Ten Years After, December 82) whose election quickie, *Time of Testing* (Penguin) was launched just 13 days after Hawke swept to victory. And although there is considerable padding in the 260-page paperback (policy speeches and so on), it is still an informative and highly readable account of an election which must rank as one of the most bizarre in our history.

McGregor, whose profile in *The National Times* of Hawke the boozer is the finest piece of Australian journalism I have read, fails to reach the same heights of perception with Hawke the sober.

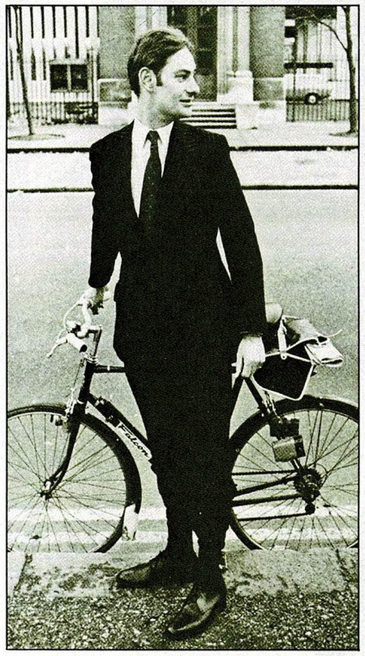
However, McGregor is at his very best as he follows Malcolm Fraser down Bourke Street, kissing babies and jumping onto trams. At a time when the nation's press was going for the jugular, Craig, despite his quite obvious Labor leanings, was big enough to look for traces of humanity in The Big Bastard. He finds in Fraser "a sense of humor, sometimes quite self-deprecatory, and often delivered like a Palladium funnyman with a perfectly straight face. Yet he more commonly displays, especially at times of stress, the stern and rigorous persona we are all familiar with, and seems to labor under a terrible burden of self-control. . . He is, it seems to me, essentially a lonely man.

"We shall not see his like again," McGregor concludes, not altogether originally, and some, I'm sure, would add: amen.

●

Also from Penguin, and in equally hideous post-election haste, is *The World According To Hawke,* in which writers Tom Thompson and Elizabeth Butel have lashed together the many wise and equally many ridiculous things which have fallen out of Bob Hawke's mouth over the years, while dribbling drunk and stony sober. While the editors have included such outbursts as his recent Richard Carleton tongue-lashing and the dramatically televised exhortation during the Telecom dispute to reporters to "fuck off", they have left out his famous description of Bill Hayden, "a lying cunt with a limited future".

Presumably we won't be hearing that sort of language now that Hawke is PM and OTP (off the piss), so this slim volume, with excellent cartoons by Patrick Cook, is a kind of collector's item. . . kind of.



Sloanes: "The right suits are dateless. . . better be rumpled than Flash Harry."

aussie pollies and science fiction on review

●

With East-West's Mr Bryan Grey currently trying to emulate him, it would seem an appropriate time to publish a book on the Father of No Frills Flying, Sir Freddie Laker. What a pity, then, that *The Rise and Fall of Freddie Laker* (Faber) is such a bloody bore. I've long been fascinated by the way in which the jovial Laker took on the governments of Britain and the US, the biggest airlines in the world, the unions and the entire airline bureaucracy to launch Skytrain, and put transatlantic travel within the financial grasp of the working class.

I've been equally fascinated by the way in which the whole shebang blew up in his face, sending Sir Freddie and his fleet of Rollers running for cover and leaving tuppenny tourists stranded all over the globe. I'm deeply interested in all of this and I can't get past page 29 of Howard Banks' stupefyingly boring book. Mr Banks is apparently a financial correspondent of some note, which is just as well. A storyteller he ain't.

●

If there are any antipodean Sloane Rangers in our midst — and I know there are, baggy tweeds and all — then they must have been warmed that Angus and Robertson chose the wake of the Royal Tour to foist upon us *The Official Sloane Ranger Handbook*, by Ann Barr and Peter York. HRH The Princess of Wales, you see, sillies, is the last word in Sloanism — Supersloane. According to *The Handbook,* subtitled The First Guide To What Really Matters In Life, Lady Diana embodies all the qualities that make a true Sloane: sexual ignorance, love of jokes, only tells teddy, ambles like a thoroughbred, no long words, eager to please.

The patron saint of Sloanes in Australia is that wonderful bon vivant Captain Peter Janson, whose sprawling apartment at the Windsor Hotel in Melbourne used to house dozens at a time. But Janson was never one to take any nonsense from even the best-connected Sloanes. I recall an evening chez Janson at which many toasts were being taken in honor of leading Sloane Mark Thatcher, son of the Iron Lady. Clustered around young Thatcher, laughing at nothing, were some of the weediest tweeded sycophants I'd ever seen.

When I remarked on this to Janson, he suddenly became very excited, climbed on a chair, raised his glass and addressed the group. "Look at you," he shouted, "not an honest bob or a chin between the fucking lot." I rather think Janson will enjoy this book. — PHIL JARRATT

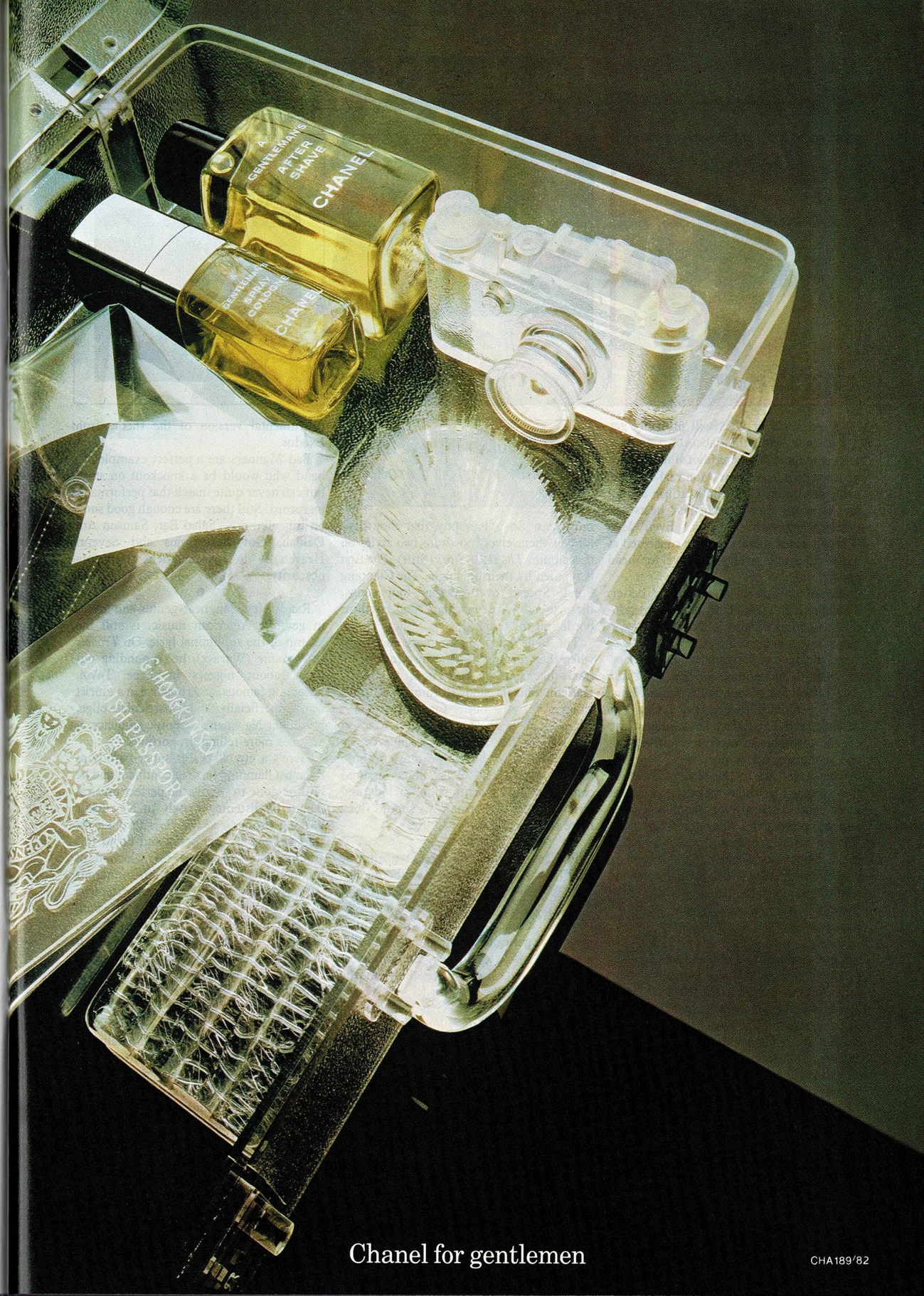
●

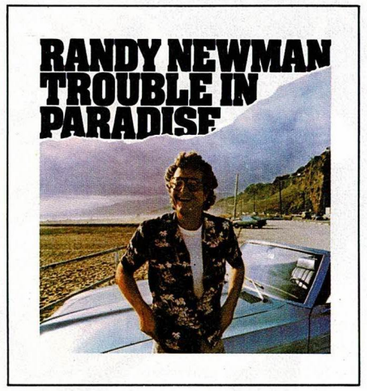
The first question editor Van Ikin asks in his introduction to *Portable Australian Science Fiction* (University of Queensland Press) is, "Why write science fiction in Australia?" Whatever the reasons — and there apparently are many — the question with which this anthology leaves the reader is, "Does any of what I've just read qualify as science fiction?"

Although sci-fi purists might prefer to think of this simply as a collection of imaginative writing, it remains in any case a singular and worthwhile work.

Spanning the years from 1845 to 1979, Ikin has reprinted stories and book excerpts by authors both anonymous and famous, from publishers as diverse as Angus and Robertson and *The South Australian Odd Fellows Magazine.* The result is a chronology in fiction of the country's changing values and attitudes over 135 years.

Most of the tales are set in Australia, a few take place in outer space, some are moralistic treatises, some are pure adventure, many are badly written, a few are absolute gems. The scholarship that obviously went into assembling this anthology makes it all the more impressive. Despite some really crummy writing, the book is fun to read. — STEVE BUNK





bad manners fail the test; newman's perfect parodies

Men Without Hats will probably get stuck with the label of Canada's answer to Devo. There are a lot of similarities between this trio from Montreal and the pride of Akron, Ohio. Both utilise a front line of synthesisers, mechanical beats and quirky, light-hearted lyrics. Even Men Without Hats' name could be construed as a sly comment on Devo's love for head apparel.

But Men Without Hats deserve better. Though their reliance on electronics produces a sound which is almost outdated in these fast-moving times, they do have a large degree of originality as revealed on their debut album, *Rhythm Of Youth* (Big Time). Songs such as Living In China, The Great Ones Remember, I Got The Message and The Safety Dance, fairly leap off the turntable to captivate you, regardless of musical preferences.

The secret lies in the sense of urgency they impart to their melodies. Whereas most synthesiser groups adopt a languid tempo, verging on the pompous, Men Without Hats scorch and stutter through their compositions over a madcap beat. In concert with Ivan's deadpan vocals and schizophrenic lyrics, Men Without Hats present a very accessible and satisfying picture of musical derangement.

●

Cute girls sell records (and lots of other products besides). Record companies have seized on this maxim in the '80s with all the zeal of a drowning man. At first there were just solo singers, like Kim Wilde, and front women for male bands, such as Altered Images. Then came the crowning glory, an all-girl group, The Go-Go's. But why stop at only five females? The sky's the limit. Hence The Belle Stars. There are seven — count 'em — appealing faces gazing at you from the cover of their debut album.

Formed from the remnants of The Bodysnatchers — an all-girl English ska band — The Belle Stars have the upper hand on many of their competitors in that they are more than just competent musicians. So it is a pity that they have limited themselves mostly to two styles on this album, *The Belle Stars* (Stiff). The first is typified by their hit single, The Clapping Song. Spread over another four songs, these pseudo-African chants and rhythms border on the tedious.

The Belle Stars are far more successful when they turn to disco for inspiration. On tracks like Sign Of The Times, Ci Ya Ya, Harlem Shuffle and Burning, the girls attain a versatile outlet for their seamless approach to pop. The smoothest song on the LP, Indian Summer, is in fact the composition that holds the most promise for the girls. The Belle Stars' assured control of such a sentimental melody and lyric indicates their true class should shine more consistently in the future.

●

Bad Manners rose to prominence in the late '70s through the English ska boom. But their career has lain in the shadow of Madness, somehow failing to scale the heights. While their illustrious counterparts have gone on to fame and fortune with a similar brand of lunacy, Bad Manners have been left behind, revelling in the rhythm, but suspect in spirit.

Any musicians who boast a frontman called "Fatty" Buster Bloodvessel should have a lot going for them. Bad Manners do, though unfortunately not enough to make them really memorable. *Forging Ahead* (Magnet) is another good album from this bunch of genial skinheads. But the crux of their dilemma is that they are journeymen rather than artisans. Lacking the songwriting skills to cull hits, Bad Manners are reduced to working with cliches which they try their hardest to dress up with superb playing. The worst examples on this album are a retread of My Boy Lollipop and an instrumental version of the theme from Exodus.

Bad Manners are a perfect example of a band who would be a knockout on stage, but can never quite match that performance on record. Still there are enough good songs on this album — Salad Bar, Samson And Delilah, Got No Brains and Seventh Heaven — to redeem them from total obscurity.

— KENT GODDARD

●

Randy Newman, near-genius and dealer in genuine American music, is still the champ of the subliminal lyric. On *Trouble In Paradise* (Warner), he's pounding out songs about niggers in Cape Town, becoming famous, and romance in a tourist trap. Superficially, it's all inarticulate bilge, but under Newman's sardonic guidance, it assumes more telling proportions.

Here's a guy who sees super-parody as the most damning form of comment and he has the guile to supply the perfect musical mood. By listening closely to Newman's backing (from *Good Old Boys* through the *Ragtime* movie soundtrack and up to this album) you can detect his selection of original American styles from numerous periods and the manner in which he deploys them. With guest appearances by Paul Simon, Linda Ronstadt, Bob Seger, Lindsey Buckingham and Don Henley, it makes for quality and authenticity. And that's reason enough to try this one on for size.

●

Vocalist Jeffrey Osborne has stepped away from a band called LTD to deliver a self-titled album (A&M) of 10 refreshingly crisp songs. This man is not a Smokey Robinson or Marvin Gaye, but he does sing R&B with enough funk and personality to win a few rounds in the solo domain. Luxuriously played, recorded and produced, the backing comfortably supports Osborne's relaxed delivery.

— NEIL JAMESON

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New Drum Mild.

The flavour and satisfaction of Drum, now in a mild version too.

BDP(S)DRM19

MONEY

Food processors, digital watches, talking clocks, a vacuum cleaner that never needs emptying: manufacturing thrives on new products. Finance is no different. In recent years, marketers have dreamed up all sorts of new investments: financial futures, cash management trusts, real estate investment funds. One of the newest and most profitable is time-sharing.

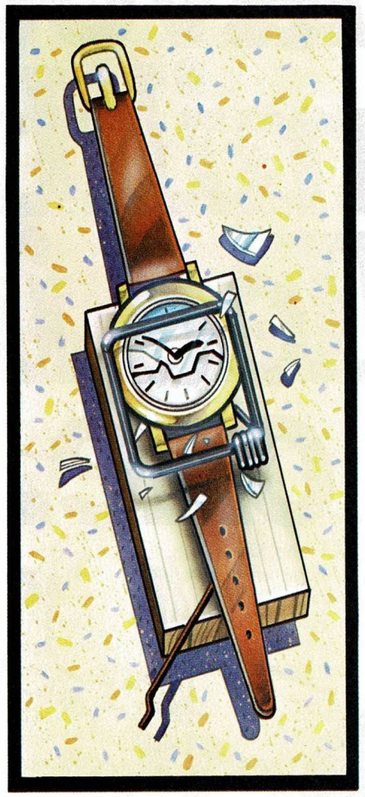
Time-sharing began in Europe and spread to America in the 1970s when overbuilding left developers from Florida to Honolulu with thousands of unsold condominium units on their hands. Necessity (not to mention desperation) led to the invention of deals which gave those who couldn't afford to buy a vacation home the use of a unit for one or more weeks per year.

The scheme was an instant success. In 1975, $50 million worth of time-shares were sold in the USA; by 1980, sales were exceeding $700 million yearly. There are now more than 400 time-sharing projects in America and 300 more operating in 30 countries. Time-shares have been sold in houseboats, yachts, apartments, motels and caravan parks ("recreational vehicle resorts" in California).

Given the glut of accommodation in our tourist areas, it was inevitable that time-sharing would come to Australia. We now have time-share resorts operating in several States, but the majority are found in Queensland. So far, most purchasers have been satisfied but there have been complaints about salesmen who exaggerate values, unfulfilled promises and even outright fraud. It's not surprising that fast buck artists have been attracted to time-sharing. The field is new, poorly understood, easily misrepresented and legally complicated. The traps for unwary buyers can be subtle and costly.

The basic idea behind time-sharing is straightforward enough. Buyers purchase the right to use a holiday home (typically a unit) for one or more weeks each year. But this is where simplicity ends. You see, some time-sharing schemes actually involve buying part of a resort whereas others merely sell a long-term leasehold. There are many variations combining aspects of both buying and leasing. In some projects, buyers get shares in a company that owns the resort. The bottom line: a time-share in one resort is not necessarily the same as a share in another.

In most cases, ownership is preferable. Like any other property, an owned share can be sold, used as collateral for loans or left to one's heirs. Prices, of course, vary from project to project. In some time-share developments, prices depend on the week (or weeks) you buy. Low season shares are cheaper than mid-summer weeks. The average price is about $4000 per week. In addition, owners pay an annual fee of $50 to $150 per weekly share to cover maintenance, management, rates and insurance.



time-sharing accommodation could be twice the fun but double the worry

Leasehold deals are generally cheaper than ownership but after the lease period (usually 25 years), the property still belongs to the developer. The worst arrangement is based on company (sometimes called club) ownership. In these schemes, a company is formed to own and manage the resort. Instead of paying $4000 to own part of the project, the buyer is given $400 worth of shares in the company. Not only do purchasers have no ownership rights to a specific unit, but should the company default on its debts (and the directors take off for Brazil), the resort can be sold and the "owners" left with nothing. This may sound far-fetched but it has already happened.

Time-sharing schemes offer purchasers a yearly vacation for a fixed outlay of money. If you pay $4000 for a one-week share, then you can vacation every year for only the maintenance fee. Whether this is a bargain depends on what equivalent accommodation costs. Over 10 years, a $4000 share with $50 per year maintenance fee would cost $4500 or $450 per year. Most resorts would cost more. However, if you borrowed the $4000 in the first place, interest payments (and rising maintenance fees) may actually make it cheaper to pay a hotel.

Whatever time shares represent, they are not real estate investments. In fact, in the USA, it is illegal to use the word "investment" in time-share ads. The reason is obvious. Even a $20,000 increase in a unit's value translates to $384.62 for a one-week share.

Not exactly a killing. Besides, at $4000 per week, or $208,000, most units are overvalued in the first place.

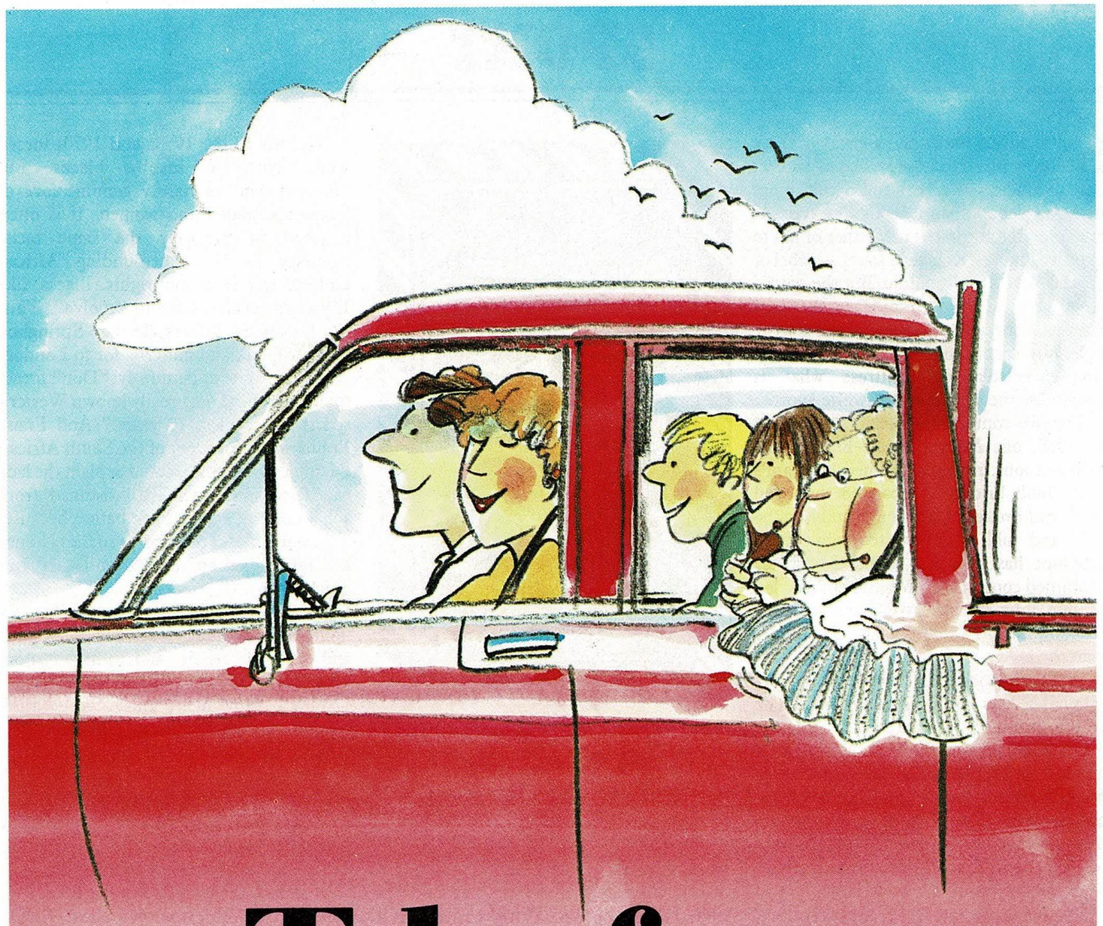
An obvious problem with time-sharing is that people get bored holidaying in the same place each year. To counter this problem, exchange networks have been developed to facilitate swapping with time-share owners in other States and overseas. The networks charge a yearly fee of $25 to $35 and another fee for each exchange they arrange. Although successful exchanges have been arranged, there is no guarantee that the networks will find someone willing to swap with you or an opening where you want to go.

Actually, the main purpose of these networks is their use as a sales tool. I have a brochure for a Gold Coast time-sharing resort that devotes more space to exchanges than to the resort itself. This is because the resort doesn't actually exist. It is being sold "off the plan" before it is built. More people have lost money buying off the plan than in any other real estate transaction — don't do it.

If all this hasn't turned you off and you are still interested in time-sharing, then at least try to be a careful buyer. Time-share resorts are known to attract high-pressure salesmen who don't always give potential customers sufficient information about exactly what they are getting into. You can learn a lot by asking for a copy of the time-share agreement for your solicitor to examine. If the salesman is reluctant to give you one, you know all you need to know about the resort.

Don't be dazzled by prizes and give-aways, you can be sure their value is included in the cost of your share.

Finally, try to think about all the other things you could do with $4000 and ask yourself whether you really want to share a resort with a lot of people who fall for deals like these. — SETH GREGORY



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SPORT

South Africa, sport and apartheid: these four words together make a subject that produces more heat and deceit, more hate and debate than it really deserves. At one level, the argument is whether or not to approve, or even engage in tours — rebel or official — to that Republic. But the crucial issue is this: do tours "bring down the racial barriers", make for change and allow some light into that gloomy society, or do they simply bolster and buttress what is essentially the selfishness of white sport?

The pro-contact lobby looks impressive. In 1980, one Mickey Steele-Bodger, the British Lions manager, claimed his team's visit "built bridges", "spanned the racial gulf" and brought blacks on to and into the field and fold of lily-white rugby. Lord Chalfont has appealed to the Lords for continued contact. Key MCC members, led by one John Carlisle MP, have sought a referendum of 18,000 members on the matter.

Our own cricketing Bruce Francis has campaigned for an Aussie tour. Contact, he argues, produces integration and progress in a country now on the slow path to racial justice. Sydney's radio 2GB pushes a bridge-building (and a two-sides-to-every-question) line. Even Mr H. Blofeld isn't all that opposed to "brave" West Indians seeking, hardly fame, but at least fortune from the coffers of SA Breweries.

Opinion is just fine. Each of us is entitled to like this or that, to dispute God, Packer's cricket or the TV ratings. But five realities loom so large as to put the subject of sport with South Africa beyond opinion, belief, dispute or wishing it were otherwise.

"No normal sport in an abnormal society." That is the philosophy of the South African Council on Sport (SACOS), the Republic's largest sports association, the one which best mirrors that hellish stratification of 4.5 million whites, 2.5 million Cape Coloreds, 1.5 million Indians and 16 million black Africans. True merit selection, says its president Hassan Howa, requires equal opportunity to develop talent: "This cannot happen in South African society."

Hardly an opinion. It is a stark, tangible, painful reality by which zealously administered law makes gross distinctions between the racial groups in parliament, in the courts, in political, social and economic life, in housing, wages, health, education, pensions, in areas of domicile, in houses of prayer, in sex, love and marriage, in the factories, on the beaches and, of course, on the sports fields.

Ninety-nine percent of the time, apartheid laws are fixed, rigid, tightly, roughly enforced. Ministerial permits exempting sports people may be a sign of "change" but often they're a sick joke. A

south africa: white is still the sporting right

black cricketer, Omar Henry, attended a provincial cricket match at Newlands in Cape Town with some British visitors. The Newlands restaurant refused to serve him lunch. Following an outcry, the Liquor Board said the restaurant should have phoned Pretoria — some 1800km away — for a permit!

Reality number two is that boycotts, not tours, have proven to be the major — and some say the only — influence for change on the part of the white sports establishment. This is admitted by even those vigorously opposed to bans. Never mind the old hypocritical cry about boycotting trade as well as sports contact. The answer is that the one form works and the other doesn't. South Africa can buy and sell elsewhere, and does so.

The third reality is that organised, competitive sport in South Africa has always been white sport. All administrations were white, until the boycotts began. All Olympic and Empire Games teams were white. Because of boycotts, SACOS has emerged as the major sports body, with 26 sports now affiliated and recognised nationally, sometimes internationally. But rugby and cricket remain white. The South African Cricket Union, presided over by that masterly rebel raiser, Joseph Pamensky, is simply not representative of the majority: only 15 per cent of SACU players are black and no Africans sit on the 10-man executive committee.

Boycotts in the 1960s and 1970s forced white sport to involve blacks. But "involvement" is hardly genuine love of fellow sportsmen and women. It is often couched in precisely the same racist language as that surrounding African political and economic rights. Blacks, like Darwin's species, have to "evolve". Thus Dr Dawie de Villiers, former Springbok rugby captain and ambassador to London, could say, quite untruthfully: "Don't forget that blacks have only really known Western sports for the last 10 years." And Frank Braun, once president of the South African Olympic Committee, could explain the lack of African swimmers (still banned from Johannesburg's Ellis Park baths) because, "the water closes their pores so they cannot get rid of carbon dioxide and they tire quickly."

Fourthly, sport is not integrated, truly multi-racial or in any way equal, the claims and PR of rebels and other visitors notwithstanding. The "I've-been-there-so-I-know" gentlemen know very little. Always cocooned, screened off from ugly reality, they see what their hosts want them to see.

The most popular and prominent sport in the Republic is black soccer; yet they can't get a game in the big white stadiums. Pools are often closed to non-white swimmers. Old Parktonians Cricket Club, Mr Pamensky's club, wouldn't allow Indian supporters the use of their facilities when their team played Old Parks. Most grade cricket is based on school clubs, such as Old Parktonians (Parktown Boys High) and Old Edwardians (King Edward's, my great place of unlearning). By law, non-whites can't go to these schools — and believe them (rather than me), these clubs are not about to become open and multi-racial.

Finally, one has to bury the great white lie that tours help the blacks, by entertaining them, encouraging them or even spasmodically coaching them. The overwhelming black view is that the only avenue to change, to a place in the sun, is to force whites to make concessions — through ban and boycott. And each tour causes the white establishment to believe it can still play internationally without having to make local concessions to blacks, especially social concessions in their clubs.

For the likes of Carlisle, Chalfont and Francis to ignore black feeling, to disregard bodies like SACOS, to denigrate them as radical, to listen only to the Joseph Pamenskys of this world, is to do exactly what white racists have been doing to blacks so ruthlessly, efficiently and so unashamedly these past couple of centuries.

— COLIN TATZ

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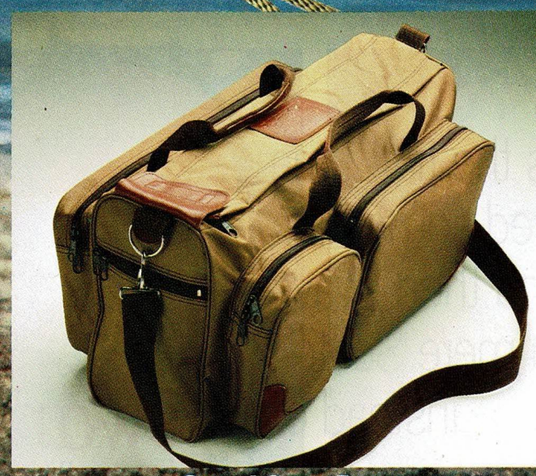

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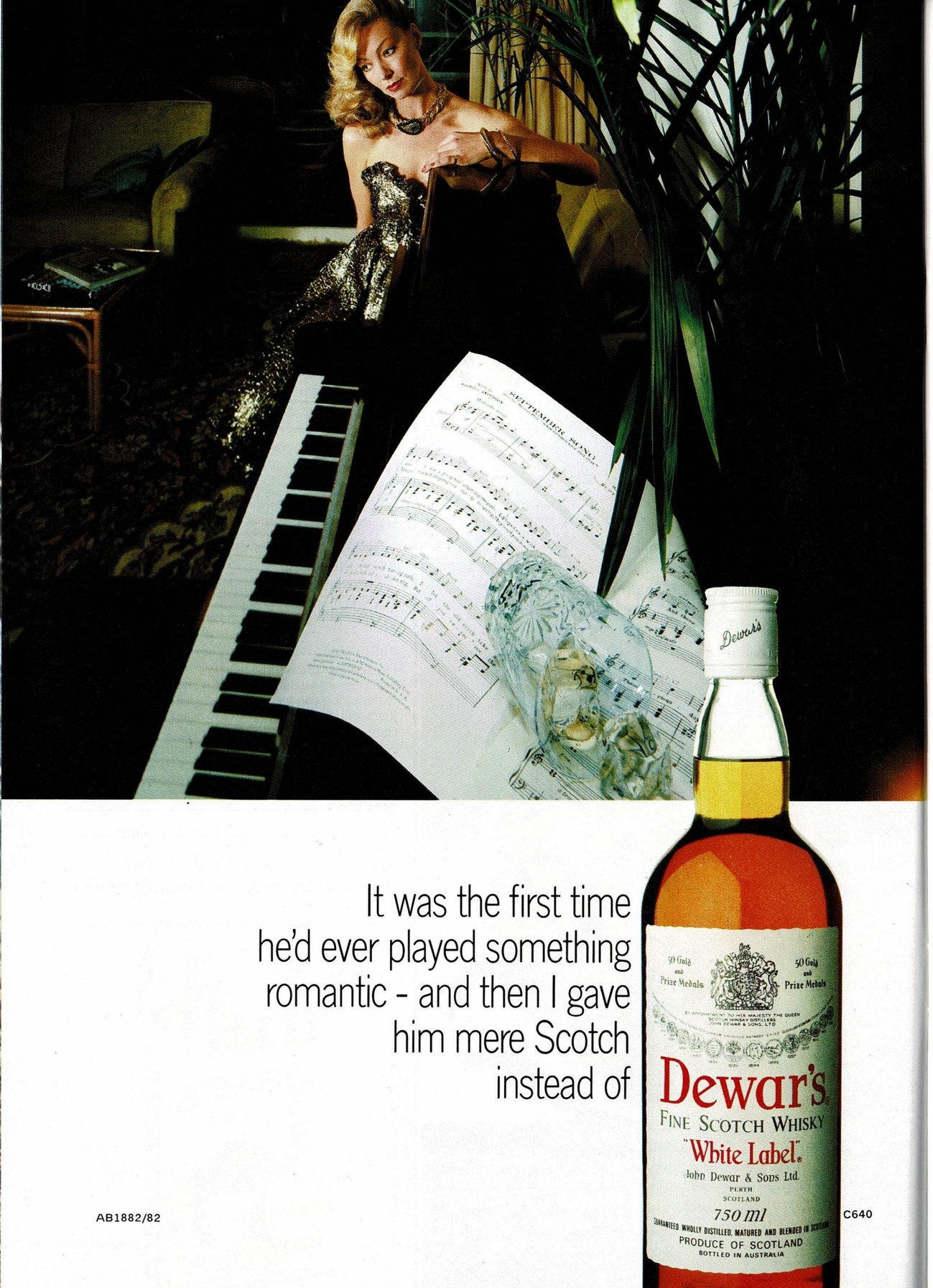

It was the first time
he'd ever played something
romantic - and then I gave
him mere Scotch
instead of

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DAVID H. HACKWORTH

a candid conversation with america's most decorated war hero, who tells how he ended up a peacenik in new south wales

NO SOLDIER in US combat history (Audie Murphy included) has been as highly decorated as Colonel David H. Hackworth. The man's military deeds almost exceed the imagination of Hollywood script writers: over a 25-year career, Hackworth amassed 110 medals and a personal body count of 9500 enemy soldiers, many of them killed in hand-to-hand combat. Here was the super-soldier, super-patriot and a man prepared to give his life for the "Land of the Free, Home of the Brave". Ultimately, here was a man who denounced soldiering and killing to become an "ex-patriot" and confirmed critic of international militarism.

In keeping with his new-found commitment, Hackworth pursued the nuclear scenario to its obvious conclusion: another world war would obliterate most or all of civilisation. Australia, or parts of the continent, might survive the holocaust. It was such reasoning that caused Hackworth to flee the US and set up home and business near the NSW-Queensland border, in much the same way his forefathers had fled the tyranny of King George III and helped settle the American West. One of his forebears was Andrew Jackson's deputy in the War of Independence, starting a tradition that has seen a Hackworth participate in every US war since Washington defeated Cornwallis.

David Hackworth was 14 when he first tried to join the army in 1944. An orphan before he was five months old, he found a surrogate father figure in the army, which accepted his enlistment when he was only 15.

When the Korean War flared in 1950, he was sent as a sergeant of a Ranger company to fight Chinese and North Korean troops. During one action, he was shot in the head but refused to stop fighting. For that deed he was rewarded with a battlefield commission to second lieutenant and was also recommended for the Medal of Honor. During the fight, he personally killed more than 100 Chinese soldiers, converting a disaster into victory. He was also credited with saving numerous fellow soldiers from dying of their wounds in the sub-zero temperatures. In three years in Korea, he collected three Purple Hearts, killed many communists and reinforced a belief that it was his God-inspired duty to stop communism. "My Country, Right or Wrong", was the creed by which Hackworth operated.

Although his formal learning did not go beyond the age of 14, the army gave Hackworth a different education. Not short on intellect, he studied everything relating to militarism he could lay his hands on, and gleaned additional knowledge from practical and battlefield experience. By August, 1961, he had reached the rank of major and was sent as part of an elite reinforcement battle group to Berlin, where the Wall had become the most obvious symbol of Cold War belligerence.

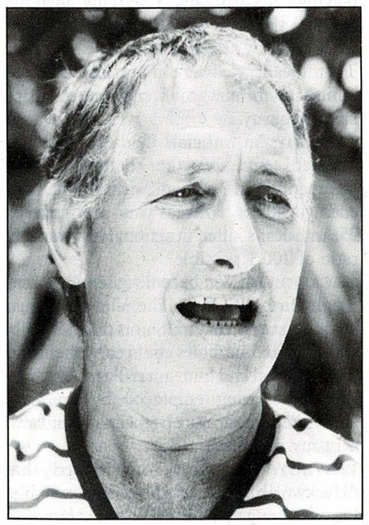
Hackworth's first Vietnam encounter was with the Special Forces in secret wars deep in the jungles, long before America's first major commitment was made. In April, 1965, when the war went public, Hackworth was back to lead the first US-based paratroopers into Vietnam.

In Indochina he collected his eighth Purple Heart and wrote a classic Western military work on guerrilla warfare called The Vietnam Primer. *It is still in use today. He read the books of Mao, Che Guevara and General Giap, plus Soviet, French and German guerrilla manuals. As a combat commander, he earned a reputation for never staying in hospital a minute longer than necessary. When commanding a battalion of the Ninth Division in the Mekong Delta, he led his men while on crutches and with a leg wire-stitched, still recovering from a machine-gun wound.*

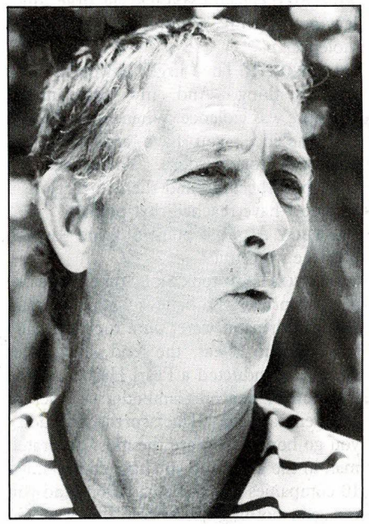
He refused to attend the prestigious War College in the US to be groomed for generalship on the grounds that there was no point in going to War College in the middle of a war. He was promoted to full colonel but chose to stay in the frontline, leading his men. His attitude prompted General Marshall to write: "Hackworth is an inspired leader of troops under fire. Men follow him and think they are lucky because he leads them. Hackworth is of the same mould as Alvin York, Sam Dreham and Audie Murphy."

But there were anomalies. In 1970 Hackworth was a junior on the inner executive of commanders in Vietnam. Working with men like Generals Abraham and Haig, he had a front-row seat on the secret plot to invade Cambodia.

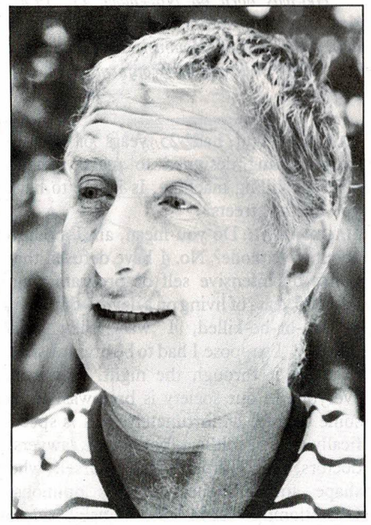
"Cambodia," he announced for everyone in the war planning room, "is a neutral country. If we attack without declaring war, it will be just as bad as the Japanese attack on Pearl



"War accomplishes nothing. War is an insane garbage disposal that churns out little white crosses. Nobody wins today."



The Cuban Crisis was the scariest period of my army career. That would have given the universe a new word: holicide."



"She thought she was doing me a favor when she said, 'I never sleep under his bed. Only in his bed.'"

Harbor or the Nazi's attack on Poland. It's just not the American way."

Haig glared at the man who was to lead the airborne attack. "Colonel, shut up and sit down!" the general ordered, livid with anger.

The incident set Colonel David "Hack" Hackworth on the course of revolt and by May 1, 1970, when the US launched the attack, he had decided to quit the army and leave the country he had repeatedly risked his life to defend. Hackworth went public against the Vietnam War, writing articles and appearing on TV, despite army claims that he was "battle-weary" and "shell-shocked". But as he continued his one-man campaign against his superiors and the administration, the CIA decided stronger action was needed. Hackworth believes the agency intended to eliminate him.

In 1971, he obtained an Australian immigration passport, and, no longer in love with America, he left it. He worked at various jobs, including a small take-away restaurant, and finally made a down payment on a northern NSW property which he is turning into a self-sufficient farm. He married an Australian woman, who is also a gourmet chef and restaurateur. They have a son and share a total of six children from other marriages.

***Stuart Owen Fox** visited Hackworth at his self-constructed timber home and filed the following observations:*

"He's a big, broad-shouldered man and the loose-fitting kaftan made it clear he could no longer fit into his uniform, even if he wanted to. For the years of battlefield horror and carnage, there are surprisingly few wrinkles, although the hair is now silvery-white and beyond 'regulation' length. His house and surrounds reflect his stated commitment to peace. Tropical fruit trees, vegetables, fields and forest dominate the scene, with the sounds of birdlife regularly breaking the silence. It is hard to reconcile this scene of tranquillity with Hackworth's reputation as a killing machine.

"He was born on November 11, 1930, Armistice Day and General Patton's birthday. Like Patton, Rommel, De Gaulle and many other military non-conformists, he is a Scorpio."

PLAYBOY: You had 25 years of intense programming designed to make you an efficient killing machine. Is it safe to have you on the streets?

HACKWORTH: Do you mean, am I a bomb about to explode? No. I have defused that bomb by intensive self de-programming. After 25 years of living on a day-to-day basis of kill-or-be-killed, I was really conditioned. I suppose I had to be brainwashed to make it through the night. However, everyone in our society is brainwashed to some degree. Unfortunately, this is specifically true of soldiers, politicians, lawyers, doctors, even journalists like yourself, who shape and influence people's opinions. Conditioning begins as a baby when mothers start their programming and ends at death when your plug is pulled.

So, I did a 180-degree turn. I dug a neat hole, and dropped my past into it, and buried it. I burned all the uniforms, and gave everything away that reminded me of the military — a library, medals, memoranda, having-been-there plaques and so on. And then I set upon a new course with the help of a good lady, lots of friends, study and self-evaluation, and started getting my trip together.

I blanked out the old cassette, and started with a new one. I started recording new values of things I found to be real and true myself, which came from study, understanding, compassion, love and experience. It must have worked, because I like myself much better today.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any regrets about your military past?

HACKWORTH: I feel sad about what happened to the countries where we fought. Especially Indochina, where the general devastation, mass genocide, and suffering by the people was, and still is, horrible. The poor people were caught in the destructive vice of the superpowers.

Yes, I feel guilty about being a part of that holocaust. I am sure that my guilt, compounded by battlefield experience, has caused me to realise the futility of war and reach the conclusion that all nations *must* seek peace.

I am sure that my guilt has caused me to realise the futility of war and reach the conclusion that all nations must *seek peace.*

PLAYBOY: Haven't you had the urge, since leaving the army, of settling a dispute with violence?

HACKWORTH: The "urge" as you say, is a natural thing. And my programmed response was violence. When you can check that violence, you have arrived at the beginning of wisdom. You've got to challenge the urge and then turn it off. I believe I have reached that point.

PLAYBOY: At what point did you "switch off" the war ethic?

HACKWORTH: It took a long time. I was like a Jesuit priest who believed in the system. But like drips of water on a rock, I finally wore down. Near the end, just after America conducted a Pearl Harbor — the invasion of neutral Cambodia — a senior US general said, "Hackworth, why don't you go home? You are the most decorated man in the army and you have commanded 10 companies and three battalions and you can gain nothing more from this war. Go back to the States. Attend war college. Make general and move upwards and onwards. Staying here you can only jeopardise your career. You might get killed or wounded badly or have bad luck and blow your whole career."

I thought: "Christ, this general doesn't care about the war or the soldiers or our purpose here in Vietnam. Only his career and only advancing up the glory ladder." The Cambodian invasion and General Smith's comments clicked the switch OFF.

PLAYBOY: Surely this transformation couldn't have happened overnight?

HACKWORTH: You're right. Smith's proposal for me to join the ranks of the ticket punchers was the final straw. It took about three months of hard deliberation to decide to quit.

PLAYBOY: You were wounded eight separate times in action. Why did you keep going back into battle?

HACKWORTH: I completely believed in my country. The early American patriot, Patrick Henry, summed up my feelings when he said: "Give me liberty or give me death." My belief was so strong and so pure that, had I been asked to die for America, I would have without a question. I was 100 percent programmed with the spirit of duty, honor and country. I kept returning to battle after being wounded because of this feeling and because I *believed* that the welfare of my soldiers was a sacred trust.

PLAYBOY: Ward Just, the famous Vietnam War correspondent, wrote that your skill saved your soldiers' lives and he called you "the American field marshal of guerrilla tactics". Did that sort of press affect your thinking?

HACKWORTH: I had spent years poking around battlefields and knew the score. I knew by then that most popular beliefs of war were just extensions of Hollywood movies starring John Wayne, showing him charging up a hill, firing blank ammo and saying cute, brave things. War for me held no illusions of romance, gallantry and game playing. Accordingly, I led my men by being in the thick of battle and only fought when I knew the odds were on our side. That meant we were a terribly efficient killing team and took minimum lumps along the way.

PLAYBOY: An official US Army report credited one of the battalions you commanded in Vietnam with killing 2600 enemy soldiers, whereas your unit suffered 25 Americans killed in action. How was that ratio of 100:1 possible?

HACKWORTH: We became guerrillas, and fought fire with fire. The Viet Cong just couldn't accept that a US unit that normally stumbles and bumbles could copy them and their tactics and out-guerrilla them. The skill and daring employed by my men always kept them one up on Charlie and also kept my men alive.

PLAYBOY: Ward Just romanticised that "Hackworth quitting the army was like Picasso giving up painting". Is that how you feel about this transformation period in your life?

HACKWORTH: I had seen too many atrocities. I had seen truth serum (sodium pentathol) injected into VC POWs, or other prisoners being wired around the testicles while electrical charges were given to induce them to talk. I had seen too many tiger cages and too much torture. I had seen too many people murdered because they opposed a fascist regime in their quest for freedom, equality and basic human rights. I had seen too many children who were scarred by American napalm. I had explained to too many American mothers how their sons had died, and could no longer justify their deaths.

PLAYBOY: Who was the bravest man you met in Vietnam?

HACKWORTH: There were a lot of brave guys. Harry the Horse was a real stud. Lt Harry Godwin was a regular officer. He was a distinguished graduate of Arkansas' Henderson State College, where he was a top football player. Harry was tall and thin and possessed rare leadership ability. His troops loved him because of his quiet, unassuming nature and his strong manner of looking after them. Harry played decoy with Viet Cong machine guns. He'd expose himself to fire while his troops knocked out the machine guns. Harry died in a fire-fight.

PLAYBOY: What does courage mean to you?

HACKWORTH: Standing tall, and being counted. I guess Davy Crockett came up with the perfect answer: "Make sure you're right — then go ahead." And that worked fine for him, till the Alamo.

PLAYBOY: Some would say that's insane reasoning. Where does fear come into it?

HACKWORTH: In battle, fear is a constant companion. It wouldn't be normal if you didn't have a tremendous and deep churning in the gut. But it also gives you the energy to do the impossible. And in combat, it's mostly impossible stuff.

PLAYBOY: Who were your heroes when you were a boy?

HACKWORTH: Gary Cooper, in *The Alvin York Story*, Jimmy Cagney in *The Fighting 69th,* and Errol Flynn in *Dawn Patrol.* You see, I grew up in the 1930s, and the movie scene then was glorifying World War One. I believed all that crap. I was programmed and brainwashed for war, just like the average person in the cornfields of Iowa and the sugar beet fields of the Ukraine is being conditioned today. You know, "The Russians are coming," and "We will nuke the pukes."

PLAYBOY: Army legend has it that you were the "enfant terrible", a non-conforming rebel. How did you manage to survive in a system that represses individuals?

HACKWORTH: I was good at what I did and my seniors looked the other way — and hummed. My experience has shown that all the really good combat men were basically non-conformists.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever get into big trouble in the military?

HACKWORTH: Yes. Frequently. [*Grinning*]

PLAYBOY: For your non-conformity?

HACKWORTH: If I knew that a treeline was mined and the VC were in there I didn't send in my troops. Those legs were meant for walking, not for being amputated and floating in a rice paddy. I'd tell higher command that there was no enemy and go play somewhere else. I knew I'd fight Charlie another day, but on *my* terms. When my troops were hungry, cold or needed some sunshine, I'd move heaven and earth to get it for them. I knew that when the morrow came, I'd ask these brave soldiers to risk their lives and limbs.

Daily, they endured the unthinkable. Death and horror were their constant companions. So I guess there is no regulation that I haven't broken, or at least bent the shit out of. I'd swap captured enemy rifles for good quality French paratroop camouflage suits for my troops in Vietnam.

PLAYBOY: Did the army hammer fall on you before or after you told the American people that Vietnam was a bad war?

HACKWORTH: On the very day that my statement went public.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

HACKWORTH: I had left Vietnam and was on leave in Sydney. It was the same day that the ABC-TV (American) *Issues and Answers* program went to air in the USA. It had been filmed a few weeks earlier in Vietnam. During the program, I blew the whistle on the whole stinking Indochina charade. The next thing I knew, some Navy dude, packing a mean hog leg, came to my Sydney flat and told me to report back to Vietnam ASAP. I "voluntarily" boarded the next flight back to Saigon. As I came down the ramp, one of my Green Beret old pro sergeants, Don Linton, whispered to go directly to our jeep. "What's up?" I asked him. "Man, the world has fallen in," he said.

PLAYBOY: What did that warning mean: the world has fallen in?

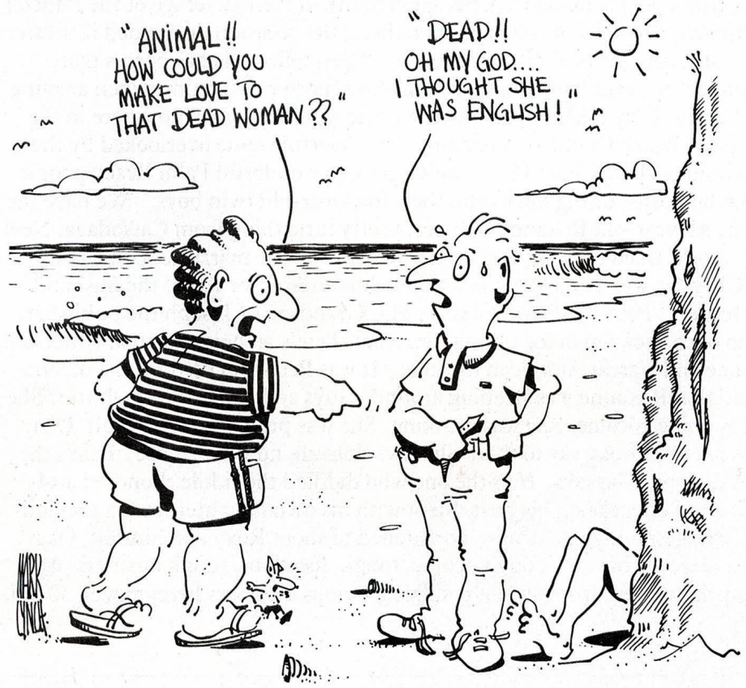
HACKWORTH: Well, a minute after ABC was informing the American public about the truth concerning the sad conduct of the war, the US Army's branch of slick pretenders began their counter-attack. My former Special Zone unit was immediately ransacked. All the non-regulation illegal activities that we'd buried in a shallow grave were dug up. And *my* arse was in *deep* trouble.

PLAYBOY: What illegal activities?

HACKWORTH: [*Amused*] Well. . . we had a special VD-proof whorehouse with the prettiest madam in the East and it was uncovered. As was my team's underground amnesty program which brought guys down from smack without a mark on their record. Syphilis and heroin were endemic problems of plague proportions in Vietnam.

And there was some big-time gambling, where a hundred grand would sometimes change hands in a single night. And small-time Las Vegas fun gambling for the troops, that made money to support even more illegal activities — like flying in steak and other goodies from Saigon in our recon aircraft, which was supposed to be drilling holes in the sky looking for Charles. We needed all these good things in our illegal bars: movies, whorehouse, massage parlor, radio stations, we had a well-stocked but illegal library. Why shouldn't the guys who

(continued on page 148)



take this for what it's worth: when our reporter sat in on the celebrated divorce trial, the most rational thing he saw and heard was hunter s. thompson

THE PULITZER PAPERS

THE DREAMS started soon after I arrived in Palm Beach to attend the closing weeks of the Pulitzer divorce trial. The Queen of England was in one of them, giggling on an outside balcony, throwing grenades at swans in an ornamental pond. For two consecutive nights, I dreamed that Howard Cosell had arrived to do the television commentary, sitting on a large spotted mushroom in the courtroom, whispering into a microphone in his howardly manner while Dr Hunter S. Thompson — who *was* there, larger than life and twice as dangerous — ran amok and sprayed the court with the can of Mace that he carried with him into every session he attended. In retrospect, I feel that the television people missed a great opportunity in their coverage of the Pulitzer divorce: Howard *should* have been there; the occasion demanded it. I can still hear parts of his narration. . . "Yes, folks, this has been a truly momentous event, one that reminds this reporter of the time when a young Cassius Clay told me personally that he was black. And now here in the Palm Beach County Courthouse, a wonderful venue overlooked by the fabulous Dixie Court Hotel, we've got two wonderful Palm Beach people locking horns for big bucks and their five-year-old twin boys. We have the wife, 31-year-old Roxanne Pulitzer, pretty little thing from Cassadaga, New York. Used to be a cheer-leader. Came into the marriage with an old Chrysler and a half share in a trailer-home. And we've got the husband, Herbert "Pete" Pulitzer, 52 years old. Grandson of Joseph the publisher, who once shot a man for calling him a liar. Pete's an heir to a great American name and a great American fortune. It was Pete who filed for the divorce. Said that Roxanne was sleeping around. Guys and gals, a switch-hitter. She was doing cocaine. She was drinking. She was practising the occult. Okay. What does Roxy say to that? She says 'Uh-uh, no way, Andre.' Pete's the bad apple, she says. *He's* the one who diddled the fiddle. Fondled a 14-year-old cupcake on his boat. Slept with his own daughter from a previous marriage. Smuggled drugs. Threatened to shoot Roxy and himself. Okay. So there we have it. Tough people, tough questions, tough business. And big prize money at stake. We're talking serious numbers here, maybe 30 mil,

article by reg potterton

ILLUSTRATION BY KATHY CALDERWOOD

maybe more; hey, maybe less. And we'll have more about these and other developments right after this word from the Church of the Sacred Hairpiece. . ."

●

She said if I wanted a divorce, she was going to make it as nasty and public as possible. — PETE PULITZER.

He told me that if I didn't sign those documents, he would take the children away from me. He said he had the power, the money and the name. He said he would bury me. — ROXANNE PULITZER.

So what? That's the first question that comes to mind. A Palm Beach divorce. Four lawyers at the table, two a side, each making $150 an hour. A trial that lasted for nearly five weeks of court time with 18 days of testimony, dozens of witnesses, lies by the score. Did it matter, did it mean anything, or was it just another soap opera?

All the ingredients of bad television were there: a set filled with stereotypes, a plot that was predictable, shallow, banal. Pete, a multi-millionaire who looks like a picture without a caption from a Palm Beach society magazine. Boyish good looks, white hair, deep tan, immaculate tailoring; a preppie not yet gone to seed, a long way removed from the Hungarian-Jewish roots of his great-grandfather. He has an engaging difficulty with the letter R and his hair is thin at the back. In court, he rarely showed emotion, frowning at the ceiling, steepling his fingers, examining his nails.

Roxanne sat facing him across the table, about four feet away. Sometimes, while they traded insults, husband and wife outstared each other, two bored and baleful children who had been forced to stay indoors on a wet Saturday. It was usually Pete who gave in. One of their contests lasted six minutes.

Roxanne smiled when she won, pulled herself up in her chair and carried on doodling on her legal pad, scratching deliberately and audibly with a yellow pencil, making arcs and jagged patterns and filling them in. While Pete's witnesses droned on about her affairs — the drug dealer, the French baker, the racing driver, the real-estate salesman, Jackie Kimberly — she would shake her head in disbelief or resignation, tossing her hair, laughing openly and moving restlessly in her seat.

"Why am I here? Must answer this," Hunter Thompson wrote in his notebook after sitting in court for less than an hour. He, like me, was attending this trial as an observer. But why were we really there, any of us? Nobody could benefit from the outcome, apart from the lawyers, paid witnesses and the media. I half expected the judge, a large, amiable man named Carl Harper, to stand up and shout, "All right, I've heard enough. You're all liars and deadbeats. Get out of my sight." Of course he didn't, though he often gave the impression he might, especially when the lawyers' endless wrangling threatened to escalate from verbal to physical violence.

●

He's making fun of my Southern accent, your Honor. — JOE FARISH, ROXANNE'S ATTORNEY.

Judge Harper comes from Pensacola and speaks with the soft country drawl of the Florida-Alabama border, but sometimes — and this would be signalled by a disgusted shake of his head — the politeness would suddenly harden and cut across the lawyers' nonsense like the crack of doom.

"You're costing Mr Poo-litzer some bucks," he said once. "Get on with it now. What's relevant, how does it apply to the issues? I want you gentlemen to get right down to the meat of the coconut."

In the Pulitzer case, the meat of the coconut, apart from the question of who was to get custody of the twins, was the Pulitzer fortune. How big was it and how would it be divided in a settlement?

According to Farish, a veteran of Palm Beach divorce trials, Pete had an income of $850,000 a year and assets worth more than $28,500,000. Pete's lawyer, Robert Scott, rejected those figures and said the assets amounted to less than a tenth of the Farish estimate, to which Farish, a self-styled plain old Georgia boy, replied that Pete was worth plenty and produced a list. It included hotels in Europe and the United States, orange groves in Florida, gas and oil wells, a $300,000 stamp collection, four cars, a bowling alley, a 74-foot trawler, a twin-engine plane and a $1,500,000 house in Palm Beach.

Scott countered with Pete and Roxanne's joint income tax return for 1981, when Pete reported gross income of $338,199 and filed for a refund of $37,490.

They spent millions on themselves. A summary of personal expenses for 1981 showed that in that year they spent $973,851.30, almost half of it listed under a column headed Miscellaneous/Unknown. Vacations for the year cost more than $31,000; house improvements exceeded $250,000; $50,000 for household expenses, $79,684 for "personal", almost $80,000 for upkeep of the boat.

When asked about money, Pete tended to reply, "I don't know, I'm not sure, you'd have to ask my financial advisers." In court, he scrutinised his nails and showed no great interest in the discussion of his expenses. It was only money, and he had never known that to be much of a problem.

●

He corrupted this farm girl. He switched her from milk to champagne and, finally, drugs. — ROXANNE'S LAWYERS.

She wanted a vibrator, so I bought her one. — PETE PULITZER.

Pete attended St. Mark's School in Massachusetts, entered Stanford and the University of Virginia, dropping out of both. His mother died when he was eight and he was raised by two women, a half-sister and a nanny. His father was a war hero, an unconventional American who went to England at the outbreak of World War Two and flew with the Royal Air Force from 1939 to 1945.

Pete was rejected by the military, because of a bad leg from football.

At the age of 21, he inherited $110,000. At 38, he got a legacy from his father of slightly more than $2,000,000. His first marriage, to Lillian Pulitzer, ended after 17 years with her divorce for mental cruelty.

There were three children: one daughter was accused of sleeping with her father; another daughter became a heroin addict, since cured; the son, according to Roxanne, supplied his father with marijuana brownies.

Pete takes considerable pride in his physical appearance and condition; he had an eye job a couple of years ago. "I call it constructive," he said when Farish tried to provoke him about cosmetic surgery. Three or four days a week, he drives from Palm Beach to Miami, where he owns a Howard Johnson hotel, and puts in a few hours at the office. "I make a lot of decisions on who we're going to fire or not fire." He leaves at noon, goes to the gym for an hour and drives home.

His hobbies are fishing, hunting, boating, and "roughing it". He leases a 24,000-acre ranch where he shoots ducks, pigs, deer, turkeys, snakes and quail — "all that stuff" as he said in his pre-trial deposition. He goes to Colombia to shoot doves, ducks and pigeons and not to buy marijuana, as his wife charged, and he goes to Alaska to shoot elk.

Describing their client as a gentleman and a loving father, Pete's lawyers saved a few words for Roxanne: "The proofs will show that Mrs Pulitzer is addicted to dangerous drugs, cocaine, Ritalin, and that she is also an inebriate. She had an adulterous relationship with a drug pusher. Now she has an adulterous relationship with another man. She sleeps until late in the day and she stays out all night, carousing with men and abusing herself with drugs and alcohol." Furthermore, they said, "She is not domesticated. She cannot cook, sew, clean, make a meal or take care of a child and makes no effort to do so."

In the end, the "proofs" failed to support any of these allegations, but by then, Roxanne Pulitzer had been indelibly labelled in the public eye as a combination of nympho dyke, cocaine slut and black-magic voodoo queen. As with so many charges on both sides of the case, they turned out to be unprovable, headlines without stories.

The most publicised exhibit was Roxanne's seance trumpet which looked more like a telescope than a musical instrument and consisted of four lengths of tapered aluminium tubing, measuring about three feet long when fully extended.

"Roxanne would lie on the bed and at the foot of the bed would be a trumpet with a black cape," Pete testified. While a group of the Pulitzers' friends sat around the darkened room, chanting, Roxanne spoke through the trumpet. "It sounded like an Indian," Pete said. "The voice would give some kind of fortune-telling gibberish. To me it was all a bunch of baloney." He said he had been kicked out of the sessions for falling asleep.

The *New York Post* reported the seance evidence under the headline: PULITZER SEX SCANDAL: I SLEPT WITH A TRUMPET.

Farish took out his calculator for that one and filed a libel suit for $10,000,000, saying the paper had falsely implied that his client had used the trumpet for purposes other than spiritual.

Reporters covering the trial referred to it as the Dildo Factor and reminded newcomers from out of town that this thrust at the media jugular was a familiar Farish ploy. In the '60s, he sued *Time* for $6,000,000 during one divorce case and won.

"I just *love* those big, rich magazines," he told a Miami reporter when he heard that correspondents from two national publications had joined the Pulitzer case press corps.

●

We all sleep with trumpets. The real question is, "Is Peter Pulitzer jealous of the trumpet? Did the trumpet affect their marriage?" That's the legal point. — DR THOMPSON, IN AN INTERVIEW WITH ANNE KRUEGER OF THE PALM BEACH POST.

It was because Pete couldn't stay awake that he began taking cocaine. Roxanne liked

We all sleep with trumpets. The real question is, "Is Peter Pulitzer jealous of the trumpet? Did it affect their marriage?"

dancing, eating and drinking, late nights and music, and cocaine was the only thing that helped him stay the course. Eventually, even that didn't help, Pete said; he was always falling asleep, at discos, seances, bars.

"Did you ever try No-Doz?" Farish asked.

Pete didn't deny using drugs. "Drugs ruined my marriage," he said. "They've thrown my whole life into a turmoil, almost ruined me emotionally and mentally." There were times, he added, when he shared cocaine and sex with his wife and other women in the same bed.

"Did it happen more than once?"

"I believe it was two or three times."

"Who was involved?"

"Jackie Kimberly."

There had been Pulitzer sex sandwiches with Jackie in the Holiday Inn in South Palm Beach and aboard Pete's boat and with another woman in Colorado.

"Was anybody taking drugs while you were on these encounters?"

"Yes. Roxanne, Jackie Kimberly and myself. That was one of the eight or nine times I tried it."

"What, cocaine?"

"Yes."

Almost as an afterthought he testified that his wife and Jackie were lesbians.

"On what basis do you make that statement?" Farish asked him.

"She told me."

"Roxanne?"

"Yes."

●

He went nuts for a period of his life when he was convinced into going to discos and staying out late. — ROBERT SCOTT, PETE'S ATTORNEY.

Naked lies and swinish behavior. — HUNTER THOMPSON, ON HIS FIRST DAY AT THE TRIAL.

My incorrigibly distinguished colleague, the celebrated author, Dr Thompson, was profoundly shocked by the sordid revelations about drug abuse and carnal lust among the higher echelons of what passes for an aristocracy in South Florida. It was that feeling of distress that might have compelled him during a court recess, to address the bailiff as follows: "You must have the heart of a goddamned lizard," a remark that left the bewildered man standing in the corridor with a nervous smile twitching at his lips. It was not long after that episode, while still deeply disturbed by the evidence he'd heard, that Thompson suggested to the night clerk of his hotel that the man was "an anal-compulsive shit-eating fruitcake". However, the fact that the clerk had flatly refused to cash a cheque at three in the morning, which is when Thompson does his most vigorous thinking, might have contributed to his sense that the world had turned a dark and terrible corner.

On these occasions, he was inconsolable, so deep was his feeling of betrayal and grief, not to mention the affront to his standing as a doctor of divinity. We were often obliged during recess to seek adjoining cubicles in the courthouse men's room, and there, between medications of an improving nature, undisturbed by the ceaseless coming and going of judges and policemen, he would define the principle upon which he believed justice would best be served in the Pulitzer case and in other legal matters, the foundation of which was his unswerving contention that all lawyers should be put to death.

As journalists of the old school, the good doctor and I found ourselves confronting the traditional questions of the fourth estate; namely, how could we make money from this tragic business and how much could we make? Clearly, there were paths that had not yet been fully explored, so we decided to ask Roxanne if she'd be interested in posing nude, with or without Jackie Kimberly. We would act as agents and split the commission, a large commission, we assumed, to be paid in cash or Krugerrands. Mrs Pulitzer's first response was that she'd have to lose 10 pounds; but later, to our considerable regret, she rejected this insolent proposal. It was then that Dr Thompson and I came to the

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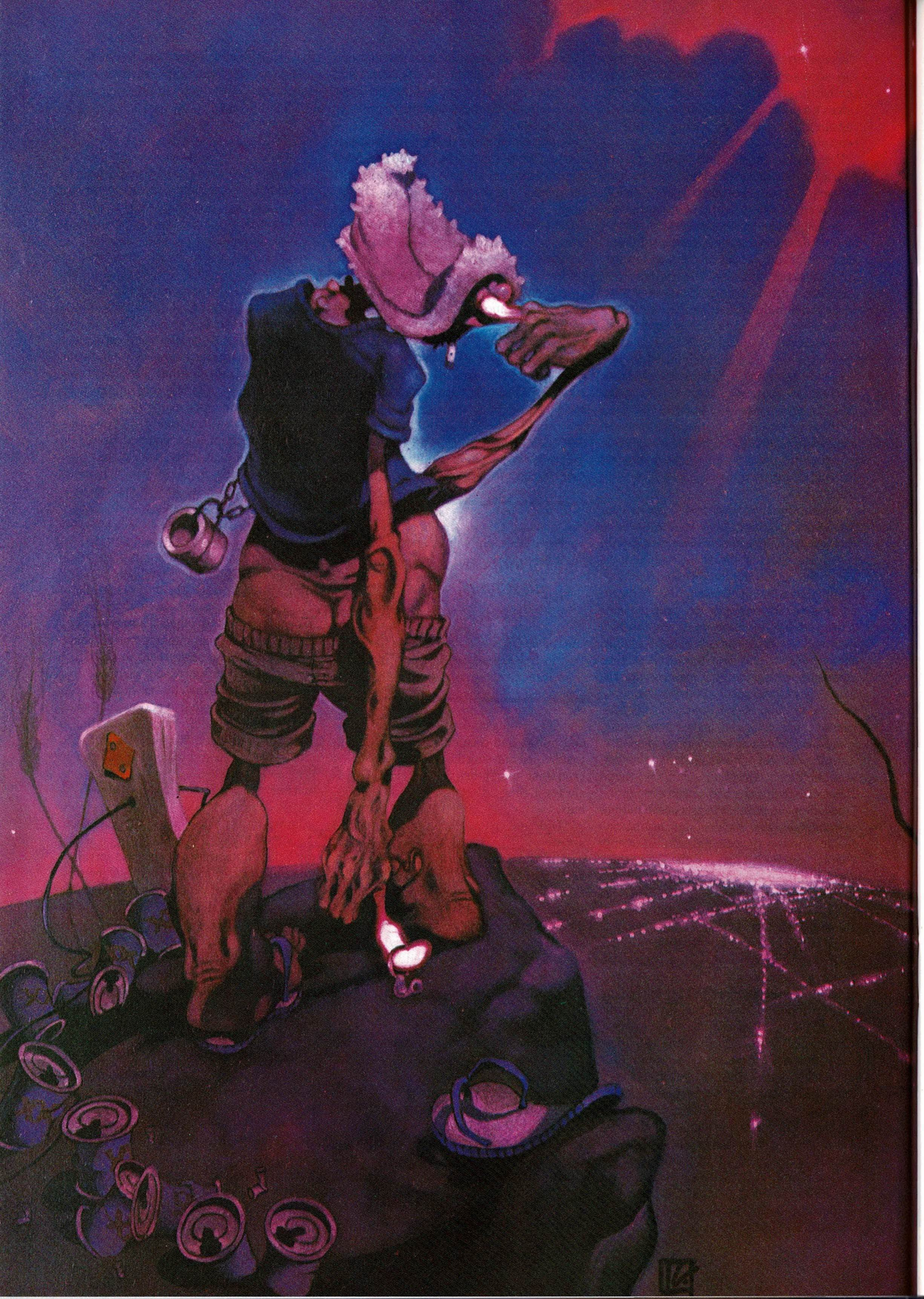


ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

D.T.

THE DISGUSTING TOURIST

he's afraid, alone, 9000 miles from home and he left his stubby cooler on the bus

ALL WAS QUIET in the little town as the tour bus crept down towards it through the forest, its headlights pushing a golden cone, illuminating massive eerie trees, white marker posts and occasionally the bright eyes of a chipmunk or the shiny head of an extra-terrestrial looking for Smarties.

Inside, the bus was anything but quiet. On its way to Disneyland as part of a 10-day Vivajet Discover America Tour, many a song had been sung, a lie told and an icy cold can of Fosters consumed.

Now, with the rhythmic rocking of the tour bus combining with the contents of the cans, a new song swept down the aisle. No sooner had the last verse of, "All Yanks are Bastards" ended than a new cry, "We Want a Wee Wee Now. . ." reverberated down the aisle.

The bus driver, Rockford T. White, a six-foot-six black on the run from Alabama State Penitentiary after bashing three warders to death with his mess tin, wiped the spit from his lips and tried hard to stop the uncontrollable shaking that had started only hours after picking up the party at Toledo Airport four days earlier.

"Okay, okay. . .I'm stoppin', I'm stoppin', for Chrissake, just stop singing," he shouted towards the back of the bus and vowed once more to turn himself in to the next cop he saw.

Standing in the aisle next to him stood the tour party leader, Dildo McAlister, a loans clerk with the Commonwealth Bank at Caringbah. His white towelling hat pulled down almost over his eyes and his stubby cooler hanging from a chain around his neck, Dildo pulled a packet of Wild Woodbines from the pocket of his khaki shorts, lit up and turned quickly to the driver.

"'Ow many points for a try?" he shouted, pointing his fat stubby finger almost into White's eye.

"Two," the startled driver shouted back, and cursed as he realised his rushed answer was wrong.

"Na, ya dumb Abo. . . two for a goal, four for a try," he cried, turning to the back of the bus.

"Eh, fellas," he shouted, "Snow's got one wrong again."

A large tear dripped down Rockford T. White's cheek, past the hole made by a New York highway patrolman's nightstick, through the gash caused by a rival gang leader's switch-blade and over the scar he still carried from the day he killed four Hell's Angels with one hand tied behind his back.

The shaking he had nearly brought under control started again in earnest, as from behind him, 30 voices joined together singing, "We called on Snowy to sing us a song, so sing, sing, sing. . ."

The bus pulled into a small clearing, throwing tiny pebbles into the air as it coasted to a stop, 30 men dressed in white T-shirts, khaki shorts and thongs

fiction by michael colman

pouring from its two doors and heading for the nearest tree.

Doug Thompson, "D.T." to his mates, a claims assessor from Marsfield, was as full as a boot as he stumbled through the bushes in search of a suitable tree. His red nose shining like a beacon from beneath the remnants of the white zinc he had carefully applied that morning, D.T.'s protruding beer belly led the way as he ricocheted from trunk to trunk.

The tree Doug chose gave him a panoramic view of the suburbs stretching below, the tiny lights sparkling like a million ring-pulls on a bowling alley car park.

Bending to do up the buttons of his fly, D.T. heard the bus start up and broke into a trot, pushing the branches away as he headed towards the road. Tripping over a tree stump, he fell and felt around frantically for his towelling hat, which lay against a rock. Grabbing the hat, he took off again, reaching the road just in time to see the lights of the bus disappear in the distance, the silhouette of Dildo McAlister in the rear window, leading the party into the first verse of Three German Officers Crossed The Rhine.

"Angon, Angon!" D.T. screamed as he ran after the bus, the clip-clop of his thongs echoing along the road.

Within seconds, the bus was out of sight. He stopped.

"Strewth," he said and broke wind loudly, then put on his hat and started walking towards the lights of the town.

He was alone, he was frightened. He was 9000 miles from home. And he'd left his stubby cooler on the bus.

●

Wiping her hands on her apron, the woman looked across the kitchen at her three children — sons Knuckle and Idiot and little daughter Dirtie.

"Idiot," she said, turning towards the younger son, "get some more wood from the wood-shed please." Adding, just in case, "That's out the back — you remember, can't miss it."

Idiot walked into the shed and turned on the electric bulb, then shrieked as D.T. stood before him, shifting his weight from foot to foot and blinking his bleary eyes.

"Wherethefarcameye?" he asked.

Idiot dropped the torch he carried and ran back inside, shouting out to his family.

"Mom," he cried, "Mom, Knuckle. . . help." They looked up as he burst into the room. "Nobody go out there," he said shaking. "There's something in the shed."

Together they walked out through the darkness, a carving knife shining in Knuckle's hand.

Hearing them coming, D.T. hid behind the woodpile while they looked around, only daring to poke his head out when he was sure they had gone back inside.

"Crikey," he said nervously, then smiled as for the first time he noticed the refrigerator standing against the wall. He swung open the door and licked his lips happily as he gazed down on the rows of shiny beer cans.

Hours later, as Idiot lay awake on his bed, he heard a succession of strange noises. "Clink, fizz, urgle, gurgle, urp," they went, over and over.

Summoning up his courage, he slipped from his bed and crept back to the shed, walking in just as D.T. felt his stomach rebelling against the 20 or so cans he had just consumed.

Without even seeing Idiot in the doorway, he put a hand over his mouth and charged outside, heading back towards the forest to be sick.

●

The next afternoon after school, Idiot rode his pushbike through the forest, dropping a trail of full beer cans which led back to the shed. Much later that night, he sat on a deckchair, a blanket wrapped around him, a torch in his hand as he waited patiently for the re-emergence of the strangest creature he had ever seen. It was not long in coming.

First the bushes behind the shed shook,

He heard a noise like a cork being twisted in the neck of a wine bottle and then finally from the shadows, staggering and belching, came D.T.

then he heard a noise like a cork being twisted in the neck of a wine bottle and then finally from the shadows, staggering uncertainly and belching every few steps, came D.T. Idiot wanted to shout but his voice caught in his throat. He wanted to run but his legs ignored his commands. His eyes bulged like saucers as D.T. reached out his hand slowly and placed something on Idiot's lap. Almost too afraid to move, the boy glanced down and saw a full can of beer and a voice the likes of which he had never heard, in a language he could not understand, said: "Myshout."

●

"Do you swear an oath — the most secret oath you can possibly swear — do you promise not to tell?" Idiot asked his brother Knuckle.

"Yeah, yeah," Knuckle replied.

"Okay, then," said Idiot, "you remember that thing I saw. . . well, he's back."

Idiot swung the door to his room and in staggered D.T., holding a can and placing his index finger in his left nostril.

He looked at Knuckle and said: "G'day."

"Oh my God," cried Knuckle, taking in quickly the thongs, skinny legs, enormous beer gut and white-zinced nose.

"What is he?" asked Dirtie, looking up at him.

"Bugger it," thought D.T., looking back at her. "I left me boiled lollies on the bus."

"He's a man from another planet," said Idiot, "he lives on beer."

He turned to D.T. "My name Idiot," he said. "Id Ee Ot."

"D.T." he replied, taking another swig of his beer.

"He understands, he can talk!" Idiot shrieked. "Quickly, Knuckle, go down to the store and buy some beer."

D.T. started reaching in his pockets.

"No," said Idiot, putting up his hand, "My shout."

D.T. smiled and said to himself, "I think I could get to like it here."

●

The neighborhood kids shouted to each other as the baseball was thrown around the infield.

"Whip 'er in," "Good arm, good arm," "Easy up, easy down," "Way to go," they cried as the ball was returned to the pitcher.

Carter Claymore, 11 years old and the best pinch hitter in the junior league, focused his small eyes on the pitching mound and clutched the handle of his Mickey Mantle autograph slugger tightly as he awaited the pitch.

It came in low and fast. He swung hard.

"Strike one!" bellowed the umpire.

On the hill overlooking the game, perched on cardboard boxes containing cold beer cans, sat a strange foursome, dressed identically in baggy shorts, white T-shirts and towelling hats, a thick white substance spread across their noses.

"Have a go, ya mug," screamed Idiot.

"Chuck 'im a piano and see if he can play that," cried Dirtie.

"Bring back Brearley," yelled Knuckle.

"An' then the third sheila walks straight up to me in the nuddy and flashes the old Tassie triangle. . ." said D.T. to no one in particular.

●

About 30 kids crammed into the main room of the old abandoned shack they called the clubhouse.

Carter Claymore, the best public speaker on the block, stood and raised his hands for silence, his purple party hat perched precariously atop a full head of blond hair.

"Gang," he said, pushing his bubble gum to the side of his mouth, "as you all know, we are here for Sally Anne's birthday. . ."

Just off the main room, in what used to be the kitchen, D.T. and his three followers stood leaning against the sink and old sideboard.

"I reckon Claymore's a poof," Idiot said.

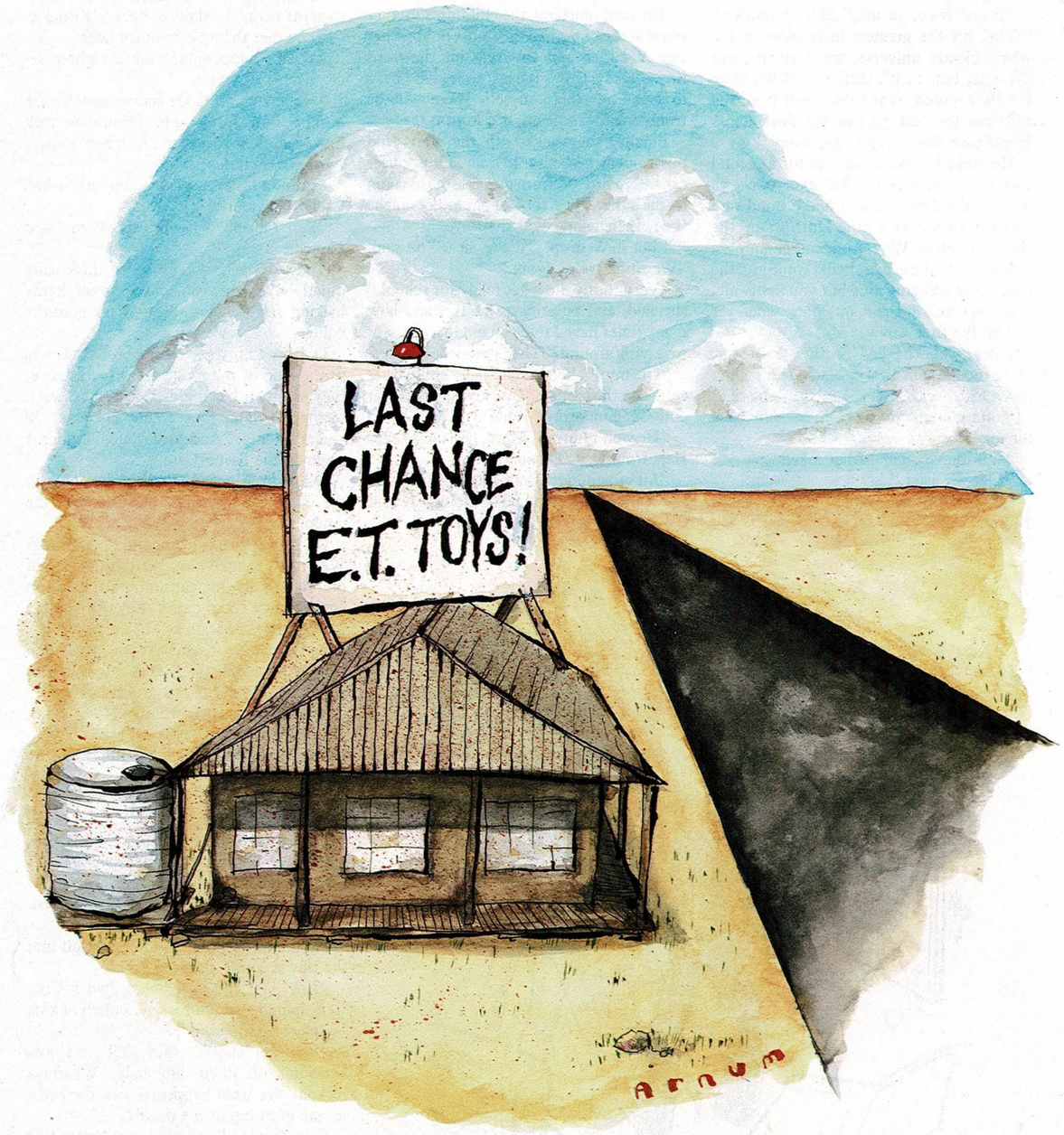
"Gotta be," said Dirtie, pushing her towelling hat out of her eyes, "never so much as looked at me."

"Let's roll 'im," suggested Knuckle.

"So she starts undoin' her blouse. Not a bad set of funbags, and you know me — the one ya miss out on's the one you'll never get," said D.T. to no one in particular.

●

The four of them sat in Idiot's bedroom,



lit only by a small torch, a chair pushed up against the door to keep out adults.

"Where do you come from, D.T.?" asked Idiot slowly. "Where your home?"

"Oz," said D.T. "Steak 'n' Kidney, actually, but Oz, non-specifically."

"Oz," repeated Dirtie. "Is it nice in Oz?"

"Nice? Nice, ya ask," D.T. mimicked. "Why, it's the greatest little place in the whole bloody universe, that's all. It's not like this, but. . . it's different. Why, from my back porch, when the smell from the tip's not too bad, ya can see clear across Homebush Bay. Cripes, it's lovely."

He looked down at his can for a second and then continued. "An' everyone's ya mate. Like Dildo, and Chesty Bond and Cracker Horne an Upthe Duff. . . an' the sheilas, strewth. Why, I remember couple a months back these two sheilas come into the bank. Not real gorgeous but you know me, you don't look at the mantlepiece when yer stokin' the fire. Anyway. . ."

Later, when he had finished his story, D.T. shook them awake, a large tear rolling down his cheek. "Geez, I miss it," he said. "I gotta phone 'em. Get 'em to come back for me."

"Will they come?" Idiot asked.

"Like a rocket."

"What did he say, Dirtie?" asked Knuckle.

"He said he was going to phone home and they'll come back and get him in a rocket."

●

"Righto, Dildo, I'll seeya then."

D.T. hung up the phone and turned to the three of them. "Well, it's all set. Now — who's for a beer?"

The next morning, the children's mother stood at the bottom of the stairs, holding her cup of coffee and shouting for the third time, "Okay, this is the last time — if I have to come up there myself, there will be trouble. Now come on, breakfast is ready."

Finally, she walked up the stairs and burst open the bedroom door. Empty beer cans were littered from one side of the room to the other. The four of them lay on the floor, their hands over their eyes.

Idiot looked up. "We're sick," he said. "We think we're dying."

"Very funny, now get ready for school," she said, and pointing to D.T., "and how many times have I told you not to leave your toys lying around?" D.T. groaned.

"Oh my!" she shrieked and spilled her coffee on the carpet. "Quickly, all of you get out. Get him away from Dirtie."

"He won't hurt us, Mom, he's our friend. He's from Oz," Dirtie pleaded.

"All of you, out! I'm calling the police."

"Wallopers?" said D.T. "'Bout time I hit the frog 'n toad."

He got to his feet and started staggering down the hall as the three children screamed and pleaded with their mother.

As Knuckle and Dirtie held their mother back, Idiot took D.T. by the hand and started leading him out the door.

"Tell the guys to get the bikes and meet us at the park," he shouted back to Knuckle.

They met them 20 minutes later.

"What's happening?" asked eight-year-old Kent Carpenter.

"He's a man from Oz and we have to take him up in the forest so his friends can pick him up in their rocket and take him home," Dirtie answered.

"Couldn't they just beam him up?" asked Carter Claymore.

"Pullya head in, ya whingeing Pom," said Knuckle.

They reached the forest as dusk sank quietly over the valley, the street lights making fairy chains through the suburbs below.

D.T. and his three friends walked slowly to the side of the road, as in the distance, they saw two headlights weaving between the trees. Soon they could make out 30 voices singing, "And Friday after supper, I rammed the bastard uppa. . ."

Dildo McAlister pulled the bus over to the side of the road and opened the automatic doors.

On a seat behind him sat Rockford T. White, his tongue poking from the side of his mouth as he concentrated hard on cutting out a set of paper dolls from an old piece of newspaper.

D.T. turned to them. "Seeya," he said in turn to Knuckle and Dirtie, neither of whom could hold back the tears.

Then he turned to Idiot. "Stay," Idiot pleaded.

"Na," said D.T., "gotta get back fer the grand final."

"Then let me come."

"Na, you'll be right here."

D.T. turned to get on the bus and then, almost as an afterthought, swung back towards them.

"'Ow many points for a try?" he shouted.

"Four," they said in unison.

He turned again and pulled himself into the bus as Dildo shut the door.

"Hey, D.T.," asked Dildo, "what's the story hanging around with a bunch of kids — queer or somethin'?"

"Fair go, sport," said D.T., "I was knocking off their old lady. Whattaya reckon? See what happened was, she come in one morning in the nuddy. . ."

Dildo put the bus into gear and roared off as the travellers sat listening to D.T. in rapt silence.

On the roadway, the three children stood watching the bus until they could see the red tail-lights no more. Finally, Idiot broke the silence.

"Strewth," he said, "the bastard's run out on his shout!"

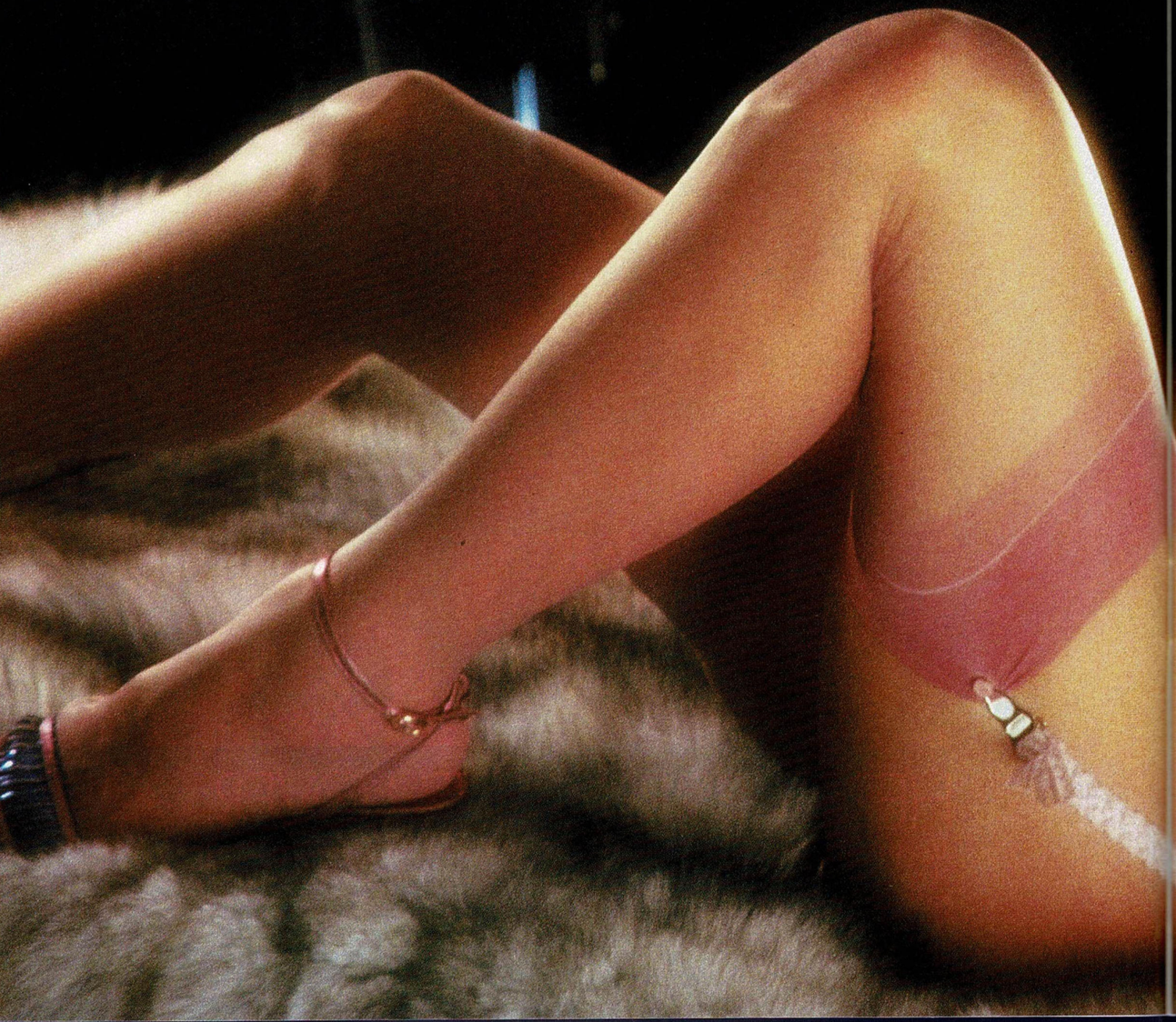
"Want to have a little wife-swapping party later on tonight?"

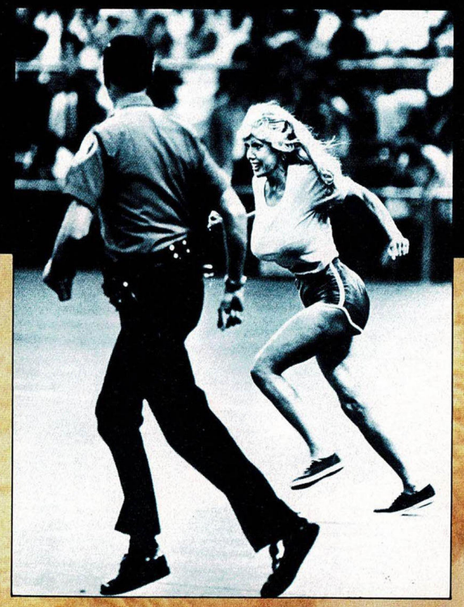
HER CUPS RUNNETH OVER

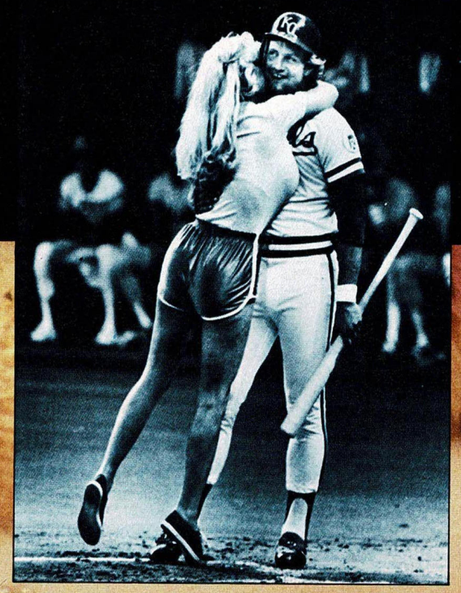
Meet Morganna. This is one lady who will never be ignored. Yes, we know what you're thinking, so we pressed Morganna for an answer. "Yes, of course they're real," she smiles. Her heroic proportions of 60-24-39 owe nothing to either surgery or silicone. And, in reply to your second question, her breasts are the largest ever posed in a PLAYBOY pictorial. They should retain that title as long as gravity holds sway over human hydraulics.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Morganna got her first inkling of greater things to come when she was around nine years old. It became apparent that she was filling out more than just the answers in her school spelling tests. "The other girls hadn't started developing yet," Morganna recalls. "The boys didn't really know what was going on, but they were definitely starting to wonder. They'd run up behind me and grab me by the chest!"







But it hasn't all been painful mammaries for gorgeous Morganna. Once her C-cups had run over and she lost sight of the floor, her fortunes rose as rapidly as her developing breasts. She started her career as a go-go dancer and now she stages a popular musical-comedy cabaret act in major US cities. Morganna has a wicked sense of humor and one of her favorite pastimes is sprinting on to baseball fields and smooching with the superstar players. We wonder how it affects their game!

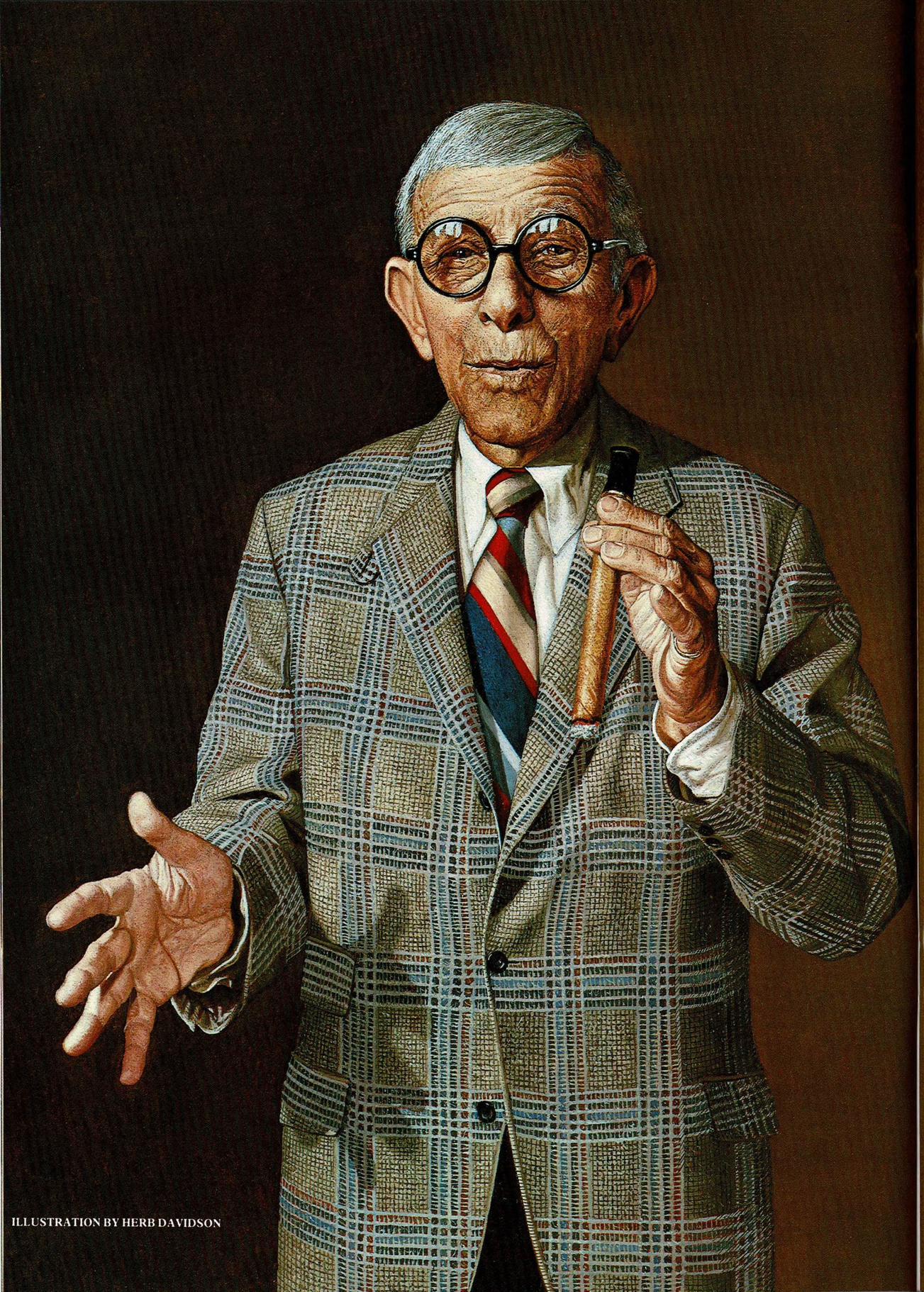


ILLUSTRATION BY HERB DAVIDSON

"BEFORE I start, let me get one thing straight: I'm not an authority on sex, I'm more of a fan. I think sex is nice; no family should be without it. Of course, there are other things that are just as important as sex, like uh. . . like uh. . . uh. . . well, I'll think of it later.

You're probably asking what sex has got to do with living to be over 100. I'm glad you asked that. As I said, I'm not an authority, but I've read a lot on the subject, I've also looked at a few pictures; and I understand sex relieves tension, anxiety, pressure, cures stuttering, removes pimples, prevents baldness, and has all sorts of benefits that a man of 100 should be entitled to enjoy as much as a man of 90. Furthermore, nine out of 10 doctors agree that sexual activity can lengthen your life. It can also shorten your life. I know one 45-year-old fellow who was very active sexually with this lady, until her husband shot him.

One of my closest friends, George Jessel, was quite a guy with the ladies. Those medals he wore weren't all for good conduct. All of his escapades didn't shorten his life, but they led to some pretty harrowing experiences. I'll tell you about just one incident: there was Millie, this beautiful showgirl who worked in *Shubert's Gaieties of 1919*. She was in love with Georgie, and Georgie was crazy about her. The only trouble was she was very jealous of him, and every time she'd catch him in bed with another girl, she'd hit him over the head with a vase, a telephone, an ashtray — anything she could lift. Jessel didn't like that, it was giving him headaches. So he hired a young fellow named Leo Davis to live with. Leo's job was whenever there was a knock on the door, he would jump in bed with the girl and Jessel would answer the door, because Georgie was afraid of Millie.

Well, one day it happened. There was a knock on the door,

the world's oldest sex symbol
says that sex can be fun after 80, after 90, after 100
— and after lunch

Sex and the Mature Man

humor by george burns

Leo jumped in bed with the girl and Jessel answered the door. When he came back, he said, "Thank God it wasn't Millie, it was a telegram."

Millie said, "How could it be me, I'm in bed here with Leo." You'd think this would stop Jessel's headaches, but it didn't. By the time they split up, he was two inches shorter.

These days, sex is much more out in the open than it used to be, especially among the young generation. There's nothing they won't talk about, no words are off limits. And they say them out loud, they write them on walls, they even put them on T-shirts. In my day, if I said a dirty word, my mother would wash my mouth out with soap. I had bubbles coming out of my ears five days a week.

But with me it was all talk. When I was young, my thing was show business. The only kind of girl I was interested in was a girl I could work with, a girl who could get laughs, because I was a straight man. You know what a straight man is. He just repeats everything. The comedian says something, he repeats it and waits for the comedian to get the laugh.

Well, I met this pretty girl, her name was Lily Delight and I said to her, "How about you and I doing something together?"

She said, "Sure," and invited me up to her apartment, locked the door, turned the lights down low and said, "How would you like to have a drink?" So I repeated, "How would you like to have a drink?" And she had one. Then she said, "Would you like to have another one?" and I repeated, "Would you like to have another one?"

After the fourth drink she said, "How about going into the bedroom?" So I repeated, "How about going into the bedroom?" Then she said, "How about turning out the lights?" So I said, "How about turning out the lights?" She turned out the lights and I went home. She didn't get any laughs, so I left.

Even with Gracie, for me the laughs came first. We had a marvellous marriage and not because I was a great lover. I don't ever remember kissing Gracie when she applauded me. When Gracie and I went to bed, I'd sing her two or three songs until she fell asleep. I found out after you've been married for 20 years, it's much easier to sing. Look, I don't want you to think from all this that I'm knocking sex. It's still better than sliced tomatoes with the skins on.

My career is very important to me right now, it always has been. But I try to balance it out with a little fun. I entertain at home, I go out to parties, I go to nice restaurants and I make it a point to squeeze in a little female companionship. I try not to squeeze too hard, I don't want to break the skin on the tomatoes. I don't know what that means, but it sounds exciting.

When I made my last movie, I was being examined for insurance and the doctor asked me how old I was. I told him 87, and he said, "When did sex stop for you?"

I said, "At three o'clock this morning." You're right; I passed the exam.

Some people think that sex isn't for older people, that they should taper off or that they should stop altogether. That's silly. Age isn't the problem, the problem is getting a girl. And if you can't get one who's 22, get one who's 25.

I'm very honest about my life, off-stage and on. And even when I'm lying, I tell people I'm lying. . . which is not true. I get a lot of mail and people are always asking me how I can do what I do at my age. In fact, I just got a letter this morning from a man who said exactly that: "George, how can you do what you do at your age?" So I answered, "I wear gloves." A good question deserves a good answer. Here's another:

Dear George:

I'm a year older than you are, and I just married a girl 22. My problem is I'm afraid I won't be able to satisfy her. I would appreciate any suggestions.

I wrote back and said, "Take in a boarder." Three months later he called on the phone and told me my advice worked, his wife was pregnant. I said, "What about the boarder?" and he said, "She's pregnant, too."

Here's another letter:

Dear George:

I'm getting along in years and I'm having a problem with my sex life. A friend of mine who's two years older than I am says he has sex three times a week.

So I wrote back and said, "If he can say it, you can say it." I thought that was a pretty good answer. You know, when it comes to this subject, you can't always believe what people say, including me.

Here's one that hits home from a fellow named Frank in Altoona:

Dear George:

Every time my wife and I go to bed, as soon as I try to touch her she says, "Please, I've got a headache." What should I do?

My answer was, "After dinner when you and you wife are watching television offer her two aspirin. She'll say she hasn't got a headache, and you've got her. The next night you're on your own."

Here's one from a young lady:

Dear George:

I've been reading a lot of your publicity, and is it really true that at your age you still have an active sex life?

I wrote back, "I don't think I can make the Olympic sex team, but I can certainly be sitting on the bench if they need me." That was kind of a snippy answer, but her letter annoyed me. I was really upset with her. She didn't include her telephone number.

Here's one I don't believe:

Dear George:

I've been married for eight years. I love my wife very much, but she's a nymphomaniac. What should I do?

I said, "Stop writing letters and count your blessings."

Here's one that just came in this morning:

Dear George:

Please stay out of my business!

It was signed, "Dear Abby".

Well, that takes care of the letters. But I can't close without leaving you with a few serious thoughts. You shouldn't be too casual about sex, you've got to try to make it exciting. After couples are married for a while, they tend to take sex for granted. They don't even bother to lock the door. Big mistake. Sex has to be behind locked doors. If what you're doing can be done out in the open, you might as well be pitching horseshoes. I know a couple who always left the door open when they were making love. One night in the middle of everything, their little girl walked in. The mother raised her head and said, "Elsie, go out and close the door. . . I'll be with you in a second." That took care of little Elsie, and it also took care of the husband.

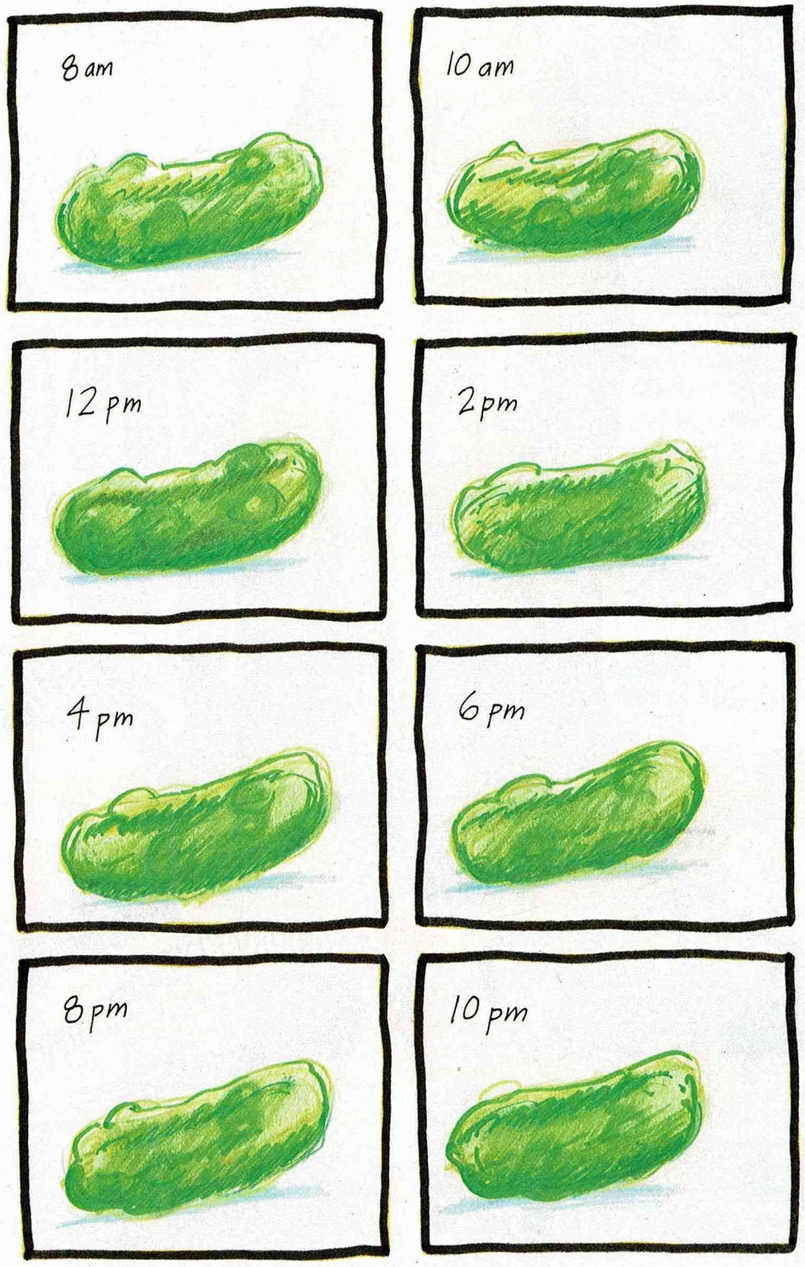
And here's another thought. Very important. No matter how old you are, remember that sex is a special part of your life and should not be neglected. The key word is moderation. Beware of doing it so often that you haven't enough energy left to finish what you set out to a c c o m p l i s h . . .

Permission to publish an excerpt from the book, *How to Live to be 100 or More* by George Burns published in the US by G.P. Putnam Sons, granted by George Burns. Copyright (c) 1983 by George Burns.

"Not the *Tom, Dick and Harry?"*

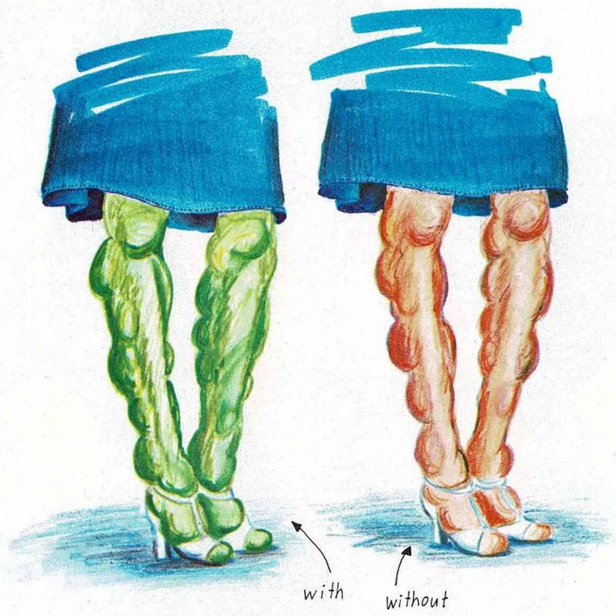
Pickle Ticklers

mark david's well-garnished guide to the lore of the pickle

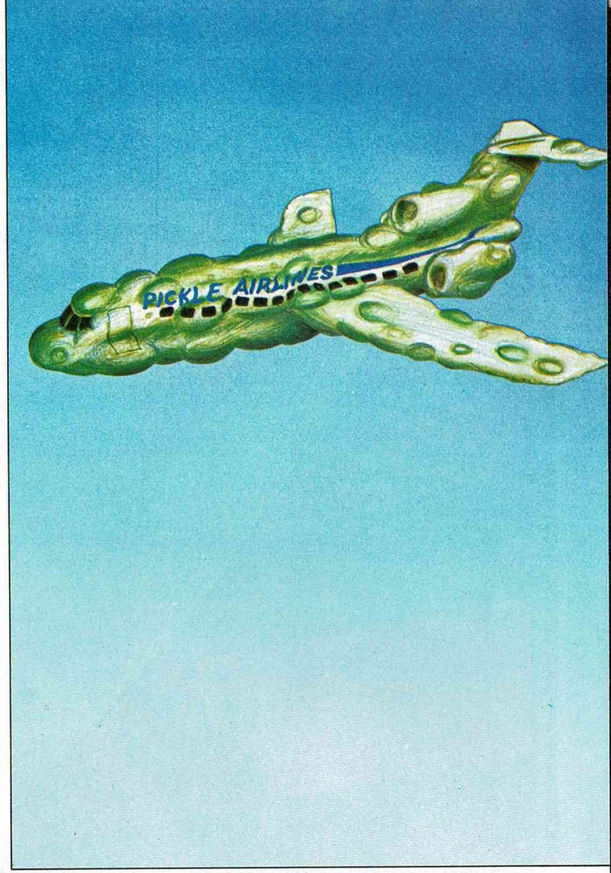


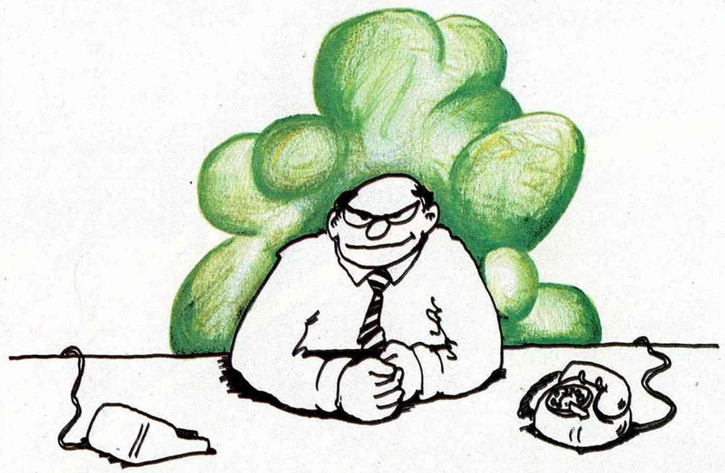
A day in the life of a pickle

Suggested design for the headquarters of the Pickle Foundation

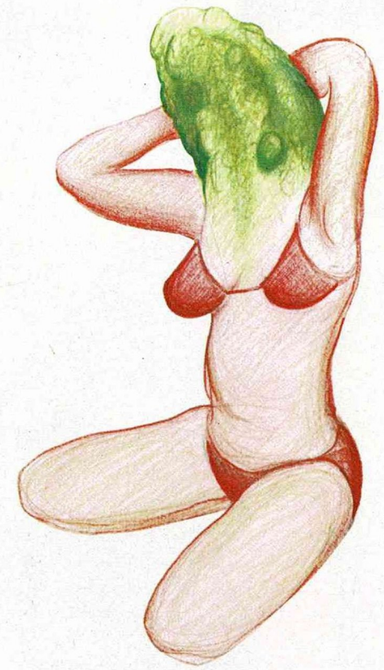


pickle stockings

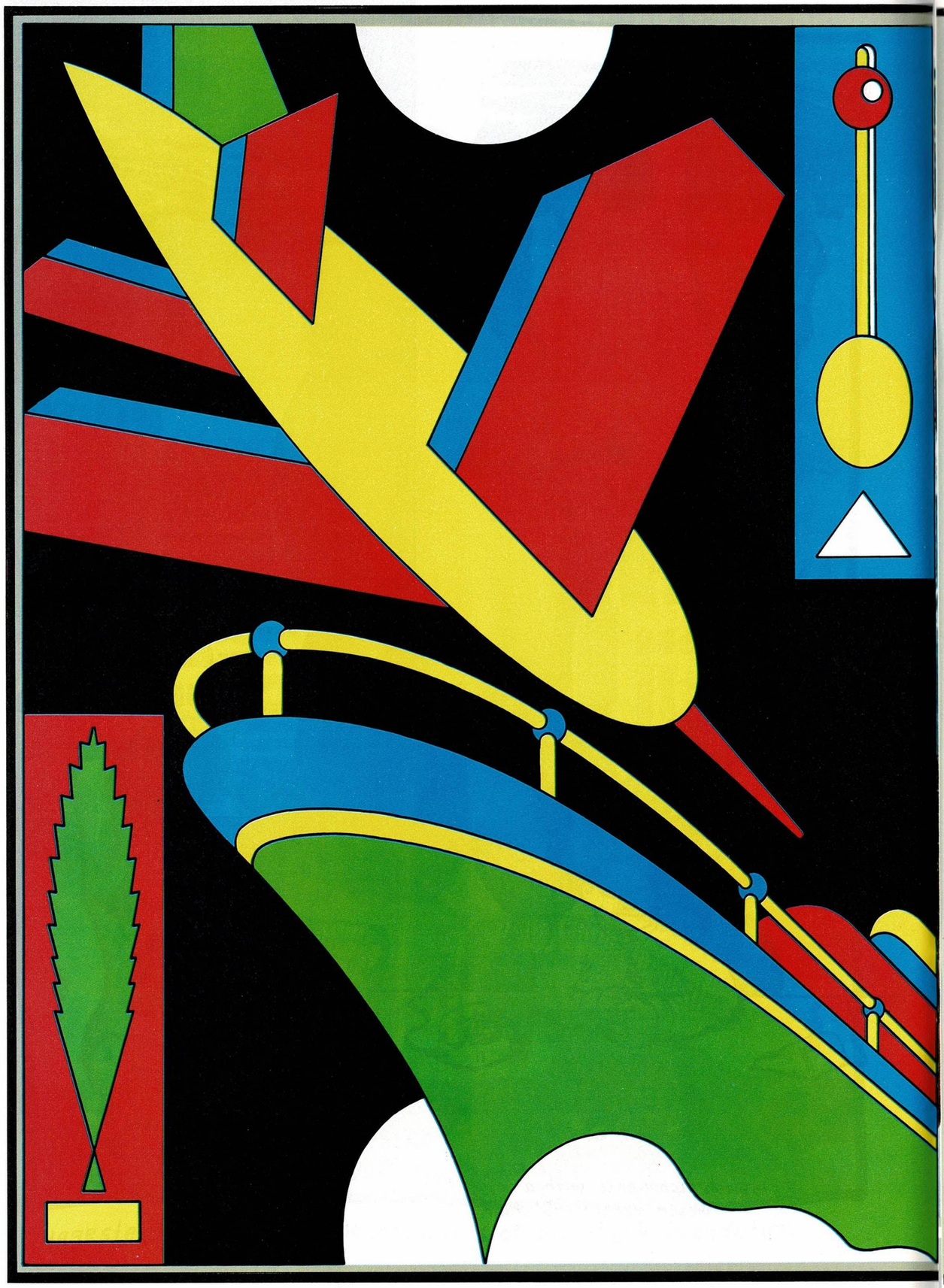




Establish prominence with a pickle executive's chair.



Winner of the Miss Pickle 1983 Contest.



THE COLOMBIAN CONNECTION

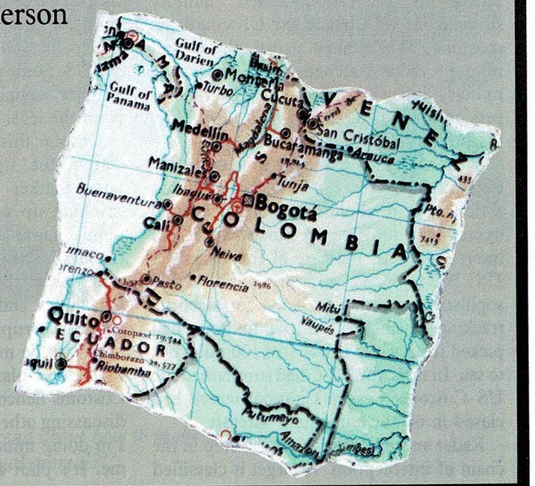
flying high, wide and filthy rich in a super-risky smuggling trade

THE LIGHT CESSNA approached from Jamaica, where it had refuelled en route from Colombia, crossed the US coastline at Key Largo, and the crew relaxed. Below them was the strip of sand hugging the coast where Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall had made one of their movies. On the airwaves, Bernie Higgins was singing his recent hit recalling the film. The piloting still needed concentration, since it was dark, the plane was flying low and without lights. A cargo of contraband narcotics sat in the hold. There could still be trouble ahead, but the most difficult part was over.

The Cessna was one of an estimated 1000 aircraft engaged in the Colombian Connection — the most lucrative and lethal route in the tangled networks of drug smuggling operations around the globe. Cargoes of cocaine, marijuana and cheap Colombian copies of the restricted tranquilliser Quaalude, offer huge profits for an array of pilots, street sellers, middlemen and offshore bankers. The Colombian Connection supplies a major slice of the estimated $79 billion narcotics trade in the USA each year.

For the freebooters flying the contraband across the island-dotted Caribbean, the risks need to be carefully calculated. The engines on old aircraft, bought cheaply at government surplus auctions, may fail. Badly filtered aviation spirit bought in Colombia may foul fuel lines. Bad weather sweeps over the notorious Bermuda Triangle and a pilot may not have the instrument-rating skills to cope with the air turbulence, lightning and electrical disruption of a Caribbean storm at night. A landing approach on a short, rough smuggling airstrip can be miscalculated. A pilot loses concentration on a long, low-level flight across the sea, trying to stay under radar surveillance, and slams into the

article by richard anderson



water. Only an oil slick and some debris will mark a flight that wasn't listed in the first place.

For the light Cessna leaving Key Largo behind, most of these perils were over. An average of 650 aircraft a day enter Florida over the coastline, and there was a lot of traffic around. The crew brought the plane in low over trees and set it down on a deserted road in swamp and brushland 20 miles from Miami. As it rolled to a halt, they stretched, relaxed and thought of the large amounts of money the cargo would shortly bring.

They were totally unprepared for the sudden shaft of blinding light from a 30-million candlepower searchlight mounted on a US Customs Bell Cobra assault helicopter. Abandoning the Cessna, the smugglers leapt out and fled into the brush. Circling overhead, a Cessna Citation jet, a big brother of the smuggling aircraft, tracked them with infra-red sensing equipment, while the Cobra hurriedly settled on the road. With the Cessna Citation overhead radioing tracking instructions, the tough Customs operatives on the helicopter fanned out after the smugglers and ran them down. For one air crew, a flight to illicit riches had become a pathway to court hearings and imprisonment.

The operation which snared the Cessna smugglers is part of a recent drug enforcement crackdown designed to make at least some dent in traffic which involves a hard core of about 2000 pilots. On January 28th, 1982, President Reagan announced formation of a task group with six Cabinet members under the command of the Vice-President (and former CIA man), George Bush. At the same time, he terminated a long-standing rule preventing military forces from taking part in civilian law enforcement. The century-old prohibition was originally enacted to rein in Federal troops over-vigorously re-establishing Northern rule in the South after the bitterness of the American Civil War. Long out of date, its practical effect had been to deny the coastguard and US Customs access to the sophisticated military surveillance with which the US guards its coastline. While navy patrol planes and military radar watched for overt hostile military intrusion, the more covert subversion of the drug traffic went ignored by the military.

With the rules changed, this expensive military hardware could be brought into action, with the bonus of giving personnel operational practice in surveillance and interception. In the case of the Cessna, a US Navy E2-C aircraft, with highly sophisticated radar designed for airborne tracking of missiles and jet fighters, had picked it up while it was still 100 miles out to sea. In turn, the E2-C had summoned the US Customs Cessna Citation, which had closed in on the smugglers' aircraft.

Radar surveillance is the first step in the chain of interception. A target is classified as suspect if it has the right profile for an aircraft type used in smuggling, is flying low and doesn't have a flight plan. Typically, it may be flying at a twin-propeller aircraft's speed of 140 knots on a north-west heading from some Caribbean point such as Grand Anagua. Called in by the E2-C, the US Customs Cessna Citation follows the suspect on its own radar. Then the "tracker" unit calls in the "killer", the Cobra assault helicopter, which can land anywhere a light plane can land. In the first 90 days of action, the E2-C aircraft were involved in the seizure of 43 aircraft.

In theory, it sounds a formidable defence system. Long-range radar to pick out smugglers, tracker aircraft to home in on them, rugged asssault helicopters for fast ground interception, complete with sophisticated radio control, infra-red sensing and other hardware, are a chilling combination. But in practice, it can involve some hair-raising flying for both the smugglers and their pursuers.

"In practice, the tracker pilot can barely see the unlit suspect," says Bob Asack, who commands a Customs air wing at Homestead Air Force base near Miami. "He's flying on a night sight, and the Cobra pilot has just a tail light to tell him where the tracker is. The dopers catch on. They'll drag us over a clearing point where they've got a guy on the ground with a radio looking up to make sure they aren't being followed.

The ambivalent attitudes toward marijuana have been extended to Quaaludes and cocaine, leading to widespread corruption, fuelled by the profits.

"At points, it's a virtual assault. You get aeroplanes flying between apartment blocks, we're chasing two and then another couple appear. Most of them come in low, under the radar, and climb once they are in the US. Some just drive straight through at altitude, saying, 'You try and sort me out from the legal traffic.'"

Despite this belated technical sophistication, the steady problem remains the large market for drugs in US society, reaching up to the Hollywood stars and tennis names, not to mention high-level business. The ambivalent attitudes towards marijuana have been extended to Quaaludes and cocaine, leading to widespread corruption, fuelled by the large profits to be made.

"I don't blame the drug pilots," says a Customs helicopter pilot, one professional discussing others. "They're doing a job like I'm doing mine. They love to fly, just like me. It's pilot against pilot. It's like being caught in a continuous dogfight. We ought to turn the drug pilots loose after they are caught. It'd save the cost of prosecution."

This attitude isn't shared by Bob Asack. "There are at least 7500 smuggling flights a year along the southern border of the US," he estimates. "The majority come into Florida. At any one time, there are a thousand aircraft involved in it. Removing an aircraft doesn't slow them down. On average, it takes an organisation six weeks to get another aircraft. They can buy one, lease one, hire one or steal one. No problem.

"But if we remove the pilots, that slows them. We reckon there is a hard core of 2000 pilots involved. Eating into that has a big effect. They need good pilots, instrument-rated guys, they can't just go out and get a cheapo out of flying school. It's a tough game, it's loaded with 'ifs' for the pilot. If the plane holds together, if he isn't ripped off before take-off, if the load doesn't shift, if the head-winds aren't too bad, if the Cubans don't intercept, if he lands okay. . . Now we can chuck in the 'if he gets caught'. We know the pilots are asking and getting more. The rate is up from $100,000 to $150,000, $250,000 for a big load. That's progress."

There has always been a considerable number of aircraft seizures, for example, 278 in 1981. Planes can be seen parked in neat lines at Homestead civil airport. But more than half were abandoned, crews and cargoes long gone. Sometimes the planes are considered expendable, and are landed in remote mangrove swamps, to be left after the valuable cargo is unloaded. Now the pilot arrest rate is increasing. With regulations tightened, pilots coming in over the coastline have to radio in 15 minutes before penetrating the Air Defence Identification Zone (ADIZ) round the coast.

The supply lines begin in Bolivia and Peru. There is one cash crop, cacao, but the alternative of growing coca, the base for cocaine, is more profitable. Coca is easier to grow than cacao, producing four harvests a year with little attention, resistant to disease and weather, flourishing on eroded, acidic land. (It would be nice if genetic engineering could produce some more prosaic crops like that.) The leaves from which one kilo of coca base can be extracted are worth $1750. This can total $10,000 a hectare, not bad for an allegedly impoverished peasant farmer in a Third World country.

The processed coca base is smuggled into Colombia, nearer the US, and refined into cocaine. This will draw $20,000 a kilo from US buyers, for 98 percent pure cocaine. Ferried to the USA, the cocaine will fetch $60,000 a kilo wholesale. Diluted eight times, the watered down product has a street value to the final user of $80 a gram, which works back to a final price of $640,000 for the pure cocaine per kilogram.

A smuggler looking for some variety can have a side bet on Colombian-made copies

(continued on page 132)

"Look — why don't you forget all you've read about how to make love to a woman and just be a sexual animal?"

SNOW

up in the alps they can see the suckers coming from a long way off

SOMEWHERE near the eastern edge of the world's flattest continent lies a minimal range of foothills, on the very tip of which, once a year, a thin covering of snow may be found.

It is to this area — referred to with jingoistic exaggeration as the Australian Alps — that an annual pilgrimage of Australia's upper and middle classes takes place. No matter what the conditions or the cost, they come, like lemmings to the cliff top, to fall about hopelessly, both on and off the snow.

The writer took a packaged ski trip to investigate the bizarre ritual and discovered that life at the top of the mountain ain't quite as Utopian as the brochures would have us believe.

THE JOURNEY

The superannuated coach rumbles out of the Sydney terminal, the morning air filled with the last-minute patting of parka pockets. We're all checking that we haven't forgotten our money. On this trip, we're going to need it.

The real skiers scan the papers for the latest snow reports — making, as they do so, the subconscious translations: "excellent" = quite good; "very good" = not bad; "good" = not good; "fair" = good trout fishing. The word "poor" does not exist in the official snow reports.

The bus trip itself can most charitably be described as uneventful. The driver promises to keep us informed of all the significant landmarks. During the entire trip, he manages only to draw attention to (1) Goulburn Jail ("one of our toughest"); (2) Berrima Pub ("our oldest"); and (3) Queanbeyan Leagues Club ("it has carpet on the ceiling").

During one prolonged break in this gripping banter, the driver mumbles half-heartedly that anyone who has their own cassettes might like them played over the bus PA. This is a serious mistake as the offer runs to a blasting of nothing but high-decibel disco. It's an uphill trip in more ways than one. We reach the mountains confirmed punks, ready to kill at the mere mention of boogie or just one more mind-numbing BWANG from that funky bass.

THE ARRIVAL

Seventeen small children have spent the last 50km with their noses glued to the windows, desperate for the first smidgin of snow at the roadside. Only a few kilometres to go, and they're still waiting.

We climb higher and higher. People are unobtrusively checking their diaries, half expecting to find they've accidentally slept through the winter and booked themselves into a summer fishing trip. Suddenly, pandemonium breaks out, as one of the kids points and screams: "Look! There's some! There's some snow!"

Those of us who have seen snow before struggle gamely to avoid showing any trace of excitement. Affecting total nonchalance, we sneak a furtive glance.

First the binoculars start to come out. Then the radio telescopes.

"Where?"

"Just there."

"No, over to the right a bit."

"No, *there*."

"It's gone now. You missed it."

This happens again once or twice until we finally round the last bend into The Resort.

Disbelievingly, we scan the white-flecked brownness of the almost bare slopes. At first, no one dares to utter the unutterable. The conversation turns stoically to how nice the tennis courts look, and how we all came for the relaxation, and how there's supposed to be a cold front coming, anyway.

Then it's off the bus and into the lodge. The mandatory schemozzle over who's in which rooms with whom and why, then dinner and bed for the disco-weary travellers. It's a sleepless night, given the combination of adrenalin and the horrendous overheating of the tiny sweat-box into which I'm packed with three total strangers. They're all male — a thin gesture by the lodge towards propriety, which seems pointless: first, because it assumes heterosexuality; and second, considering the confined space, you'd have to be a contortionist to get up to anything even slightly interesting.

THE PRELIMINARIES

After breakfast I follow the brochure's advice and head for the slopes early "to avoid the rush". Unfortunately *everyone* else has read the same brochure.

There are two eternal features of skiing in Australia: extortionate prices and gargantuan queues. The reason is that, despite the fact we're supposedly in the middle of a national park, the mountain and everything in and on it is owned lock, stock and barrel by a huge monopoly known as the Organisation — a name uttered in reverent whisper by employees, and in adjective-laden curses by everyone else.

So, first up, we queue for our ski-lift tickets. This particular cost is always omitted from ski-package holiday price lists. Perhaps they can't fit the extra Os on the brochure. Anyway, the Organisation spares no effort in extorting maximum revenue from lift ticket sales. For a start, we find there's to be no reduction in the price, despite the relative absence of snow and the fact that very few of the lifts are actually in operation.

Even more ruthless is the prescribed method of attaching the ticket to one's clothing. In the Old Days, you'd just clip it on with a safety pin or whack it around your arm with a piece of elastic. But the Organisation soon realised that this allowed certain dangerously altruistic types who'd finished skiing early — through exhaustion, injury or inability — to give their ticket to a friend or relative for the rest of the day. Or worse, to actually flog it off at a reduced rate.

So, to put an end to this heinous practice, a new fastening method was devised: a plastic clip is passed through a zipper or

article by stafford sanders

JOB

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL BACHMAN

eyelet, and the ticket is fastened over it in a permanent bond. The ticket is ominously stamped: VOID IF DETACHED.

I understand this method is to be further developed in time for the 1984 season. The Organisation is now working on a self-destructive ticket which will blow to oblivion any wearer attempting to detach it before the end of the day.

Another option believed to be under consideration entails skiers simply being herded into a large pen and hog-tied. The day's date and the imprint of the cash-register will be indelibly branded into their flesh.

After the tickets, we join another python-length queue to pick up our rented skis and boots. My skis are the world-famous Rental X, known the world over for revolutionary warped and rounded edges. A team of 37 highly-trained craftsmen works day and night to ensure that this ski slides uncontrollably over any surface. Some skiers have attempted to fill the immense gouges in the Rental X's ski sole by waxing. This only serves to make the world-famous uncontrollable slide that much faster and more catastrophic.

HITTING THE MOUNTAIN

At last the skiers are out on to the slopes. Straight away, I encounter a number of difficulties. The fact that I haven't skied for a few years means most of the first day is spent trying to remember which bits of body bend which way, and for how long.

Finally, when it all starts coming together, I'm quite thrilled at finding myself tucked into a neat and stylish traverse across a nice medium slope.

This lasts all of seven seconds, until I encounter one or more of the following:

(a) Another skier. With so few slopes in operation, and, as a result, the few remaining runs grotesquely crowded, this is a statistical certainty.

(b) Rocks. The effect of sliding onto a rock is that the ski immediately comes to a dead stop, but the skier doesn't. Newton, thanks for *nothing*.

(c) Grass and dirt. This is widespread, and so is the skier who slides on to it, though the catastrophe is less immediate than for **(b)**.

(d) Trees. Always a problem for the uncontrolled. And the Organisation steadfastly refuses to pay a clearing fee for accidental felling of timber.

(e) Ice. Some guys, of course, can handle this — but they have their own skis, not the world-famous Rental X. The latter makes immediate nonsense of all technique the moment ice is encountered. The hapless skier is hurtled into a flat spin towards parts unknown, usually **(a)**, **(b)** or **(d)**.

(f) Small alpine plants. When the snow cover is scarce, these hardy and probably carnivorous little specimens peek insidiously through into the sunlight. They are just the right size to catch in your ski bindings, catapulting you post-haste into the nearest **(a)**, **(b)**, **(d)** or the fifth dimension.

In anticipation of these hazards, one of my room-mates (a young doctor) carries a cyanide capsule under his tongue to eliminate the possibility of a painful, lingering death. He is having his first week in the snow and is responsible for the undisputed highlight of the first day's skiing. He emerges out of control from a grove of trees, minus one ski and both stocks, trailing his ski-less boot in mid-air like an alpine Baryshnikov, while clutching a large bough held aloft in the fashion of an Olympic torch.

Meanwhile, I have become a bit self-conscious. Not about my skiing — though I'd have every reason — but about the imperatives of ski fashion.

The mountain, you see, is an ocean of those quilted bib-and-brace numbers, with the flared and zippered legs. I find I'm skiing fast enough to stop anyone watching me for long enough to notice that my ski pants tuck *inside* my boots in the manner of five or more years ago.

With some self-assertion, you might just get away with thumbing the nose at fashion in tattered jeans and army surplus parka — but being almost-but-not-quite fashionable is beyond contempt.

Late in the day, an enthusiastic Croatian gives me the nudge that he's "found the only decent run left on the mountain." As he leads me to the edge of a sheer precipice and points wildly down its near-vertical face, a small voice in the back of my head asks me tactfully whether I wouldn't rather just head back to the lodge for a nice piece of quiche. But male ego rears its head, I bite the bullet and plunge over the edge. After finding that, as with all slopes, it's not as steep as it looks, I start to actually enjoy myself on this secret piece of mountain. There's hardly another skier in sight.

That is, until the following morning, by which time everyone else has also found it. I arrive at the run to find the lift-queue several kilometres long. The Organisation has opened eight new junk food outlets up and down the slope, and a research team from Macquarie University has flown up specially to do a PhD study on the effects of high population density in cold climates.

And the snow continues to recede.

When conditions get really desperate, the Real Man turns to other pursuits.

APRES-SKI

Like everyone else, I've resolved to eschew the night-life this year. It's to be early nights with a good book. I'm only here for the skiing — I'm above this trendy, childish apres-ski scene.

The good book never makes it out of the suitcase. It starts with the games of pool in the lodge, then late-night card games, then a tequila-drinking contest (won by a woman — to the eternal shame of the Real Men, and establishing clearly that females can be just as suicidally moronic as males).

Finally, on the third night, it's down to the local dive, where I drink, dance and flirt like a schoolboy (but with less success). That night it snows six inches.

The resulting euphoria is only partly alcohol-induced. Everyone glows and giggles and we all risk terminal frost-bite in a drunken snow-fight on the way back to the lodge in the wee smallies. But nobody sleeps in, especially those who've already paid for their weekly ski-ticket and won't concede a single unused minute to the bloody Organisation.

REAL SNOW

This is something we weren't really prepared for. Up the mountain at sparrow-fart, bags under our eyes, we find we have to learn to ski all over again, with everything reversed for the real snow, and without the ice, rocks, grass and dirt for which we had developed such a grudging familiarity.

It's not easy. But who cares? Even falling over in the stuff is a delight.

After a morning of magic which makes the Rental X feel like a ski, I stagger into the kiosk with ice caked in my beard like a cryogenically-preserved Captain Oates.

By early afternoon, my poor city-nurtured and defiantly non-jogger legs have made an irrevocable decision to knock off for the day. I decide I'd better go along with them. That night we all hit the sauna and spa in the ritzy lodge down the road. Several of our number are never seen again — their aching bodies mellowed into oblivion in a nirvana of jacuzzi bubbles.

Later that night, there's a blackout. The whole village is plunged into total darkness and freezing cold. The only items still working are the Organisation's cash registers, powered by a secret generator reserved for just such emergencies.

THE ANTI-CLIMAX

Next day, the snow is packing down again, and the carnivorous alpine flora is once again beginning to peep through. Through many seasons of evolutionary adaptation, these plants have developed special sensors which allow them to spot the Rental X at a hundred paces, pop a frond into the passing ski binding, and leer Triffid-like at the resulting disaster.

Skiers nearing the end of their week can be identified easily as they drift, bedecked with alpine foliage, towards the virtual retirement of the beginners' slopes. Having avoided serious injury thus far, we're not pushing our luck.

And so at last, almost gratefully, we hand in our Rental Xs. They're put back in the special racks to be pre-warped and rounded for next week's victims. For the last time, we trudge past the Organisation's repressively-tolerant suggestion box, its grinning orifice stuffed with broken skis, razor blades and letter-bombs.

THE RETURN VOYAGE

The antiquated bus moans once more 'neath the weight of creaking-jointed travellers and suitcases reeking with dirty washing. With the disco tapes securely chained to the roof-racks, my good book at last gets an airing.

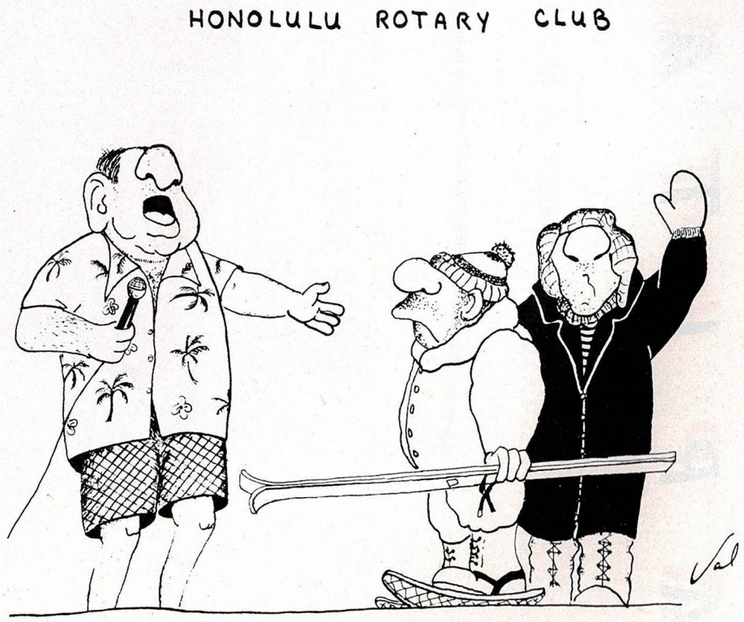
The conversation is brimming with plans for next year's ritual. A gaggle of schemes emerges for Doing It On The Cheap; a nice thought, but deep down we all know you can't beat the Organisation — they'll find some way of frustrating any scheme we devise. Inevitably, we'll all line up again next year to be hog-tied and branded along with the others. What alternatives are there? This is *addiction* we're talking about.

Most importantly, legends have been forged here. Legends which will bore dinner-guests stupid well into next summer. The young doctor's brush with the shrubbery has been turned into an epic voyage of botanic discovery; the Croatian's run has taken on the proportions of the North Face of the Eiger; and the single day of fair-average snow has become an orgy of neck-high powder.

Our selective memories have boosted our skiing proficiency several grades, and, in the apres-ski department, our fumbling flirtations have assumed the status of major erotic encounters.

Thus we rumble back to the world of mere mortals, our realities warped and rounded like the edges of the Rental X: in many ways the perfect metaphor for the whole uncontrollable, humorous and over-priced experience.

"When, oh when, is the Government going to get off the people's backs?"

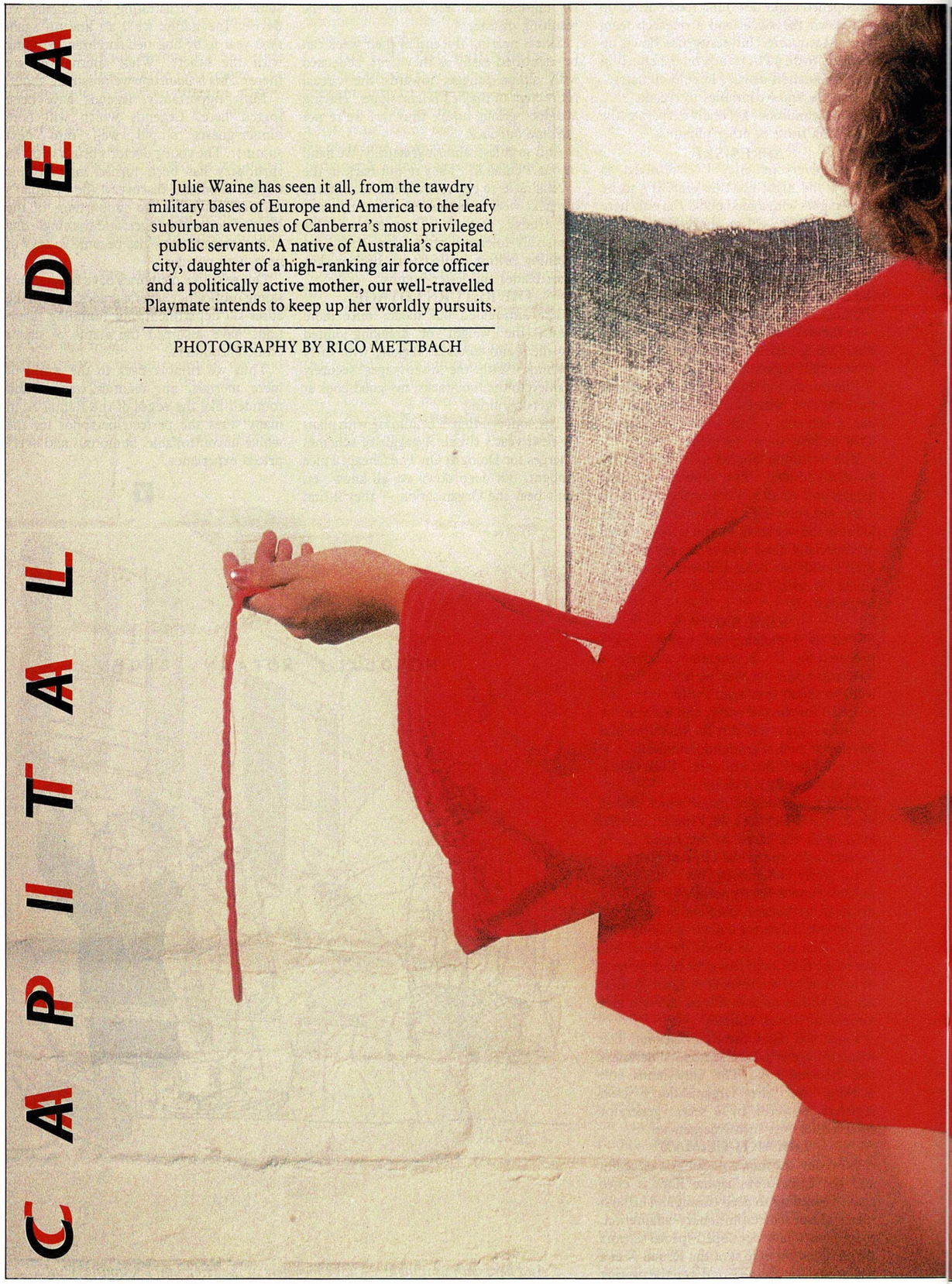


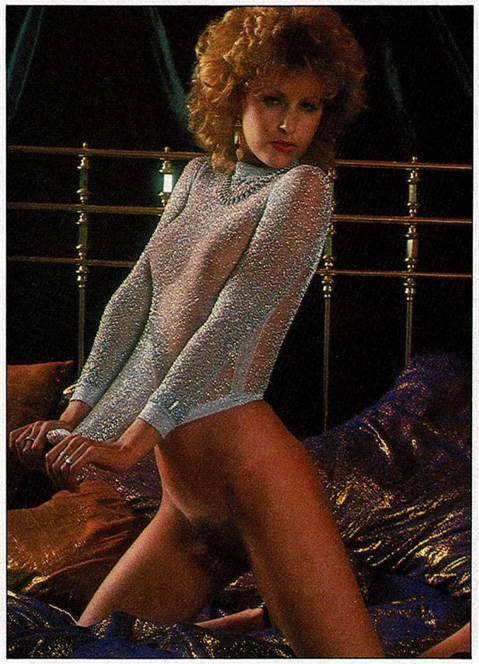
"And here with us tonight we have members of the Honolulu Pessimists' Club."

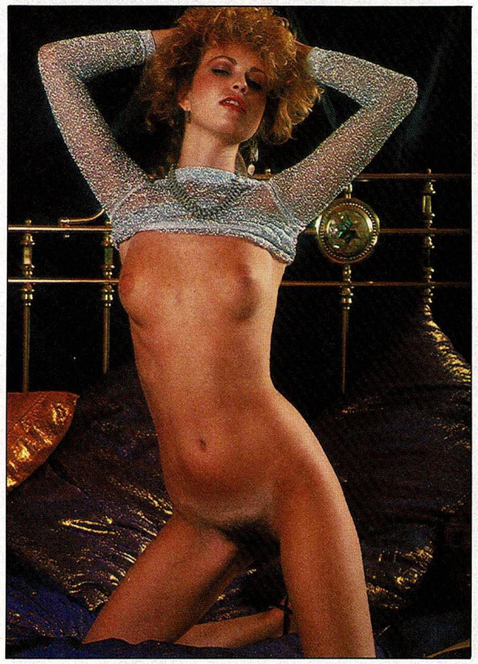
CAPITAL IDEA

Julie Waine has seen it all, from the tawdry military bases of Europe and America to the leafy suburban avenues of Canberra's most privileged public servants. A native of Australia's capital city, daughter of a high-ranking air force officer and a politically active mother, our well-travelled Playmate intends to keep up her worldly pursuits.

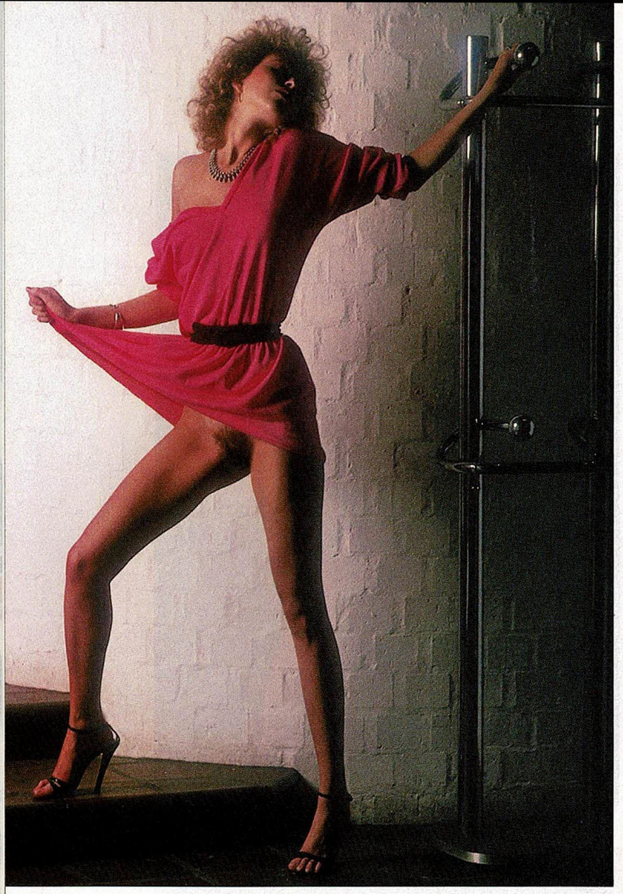
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH

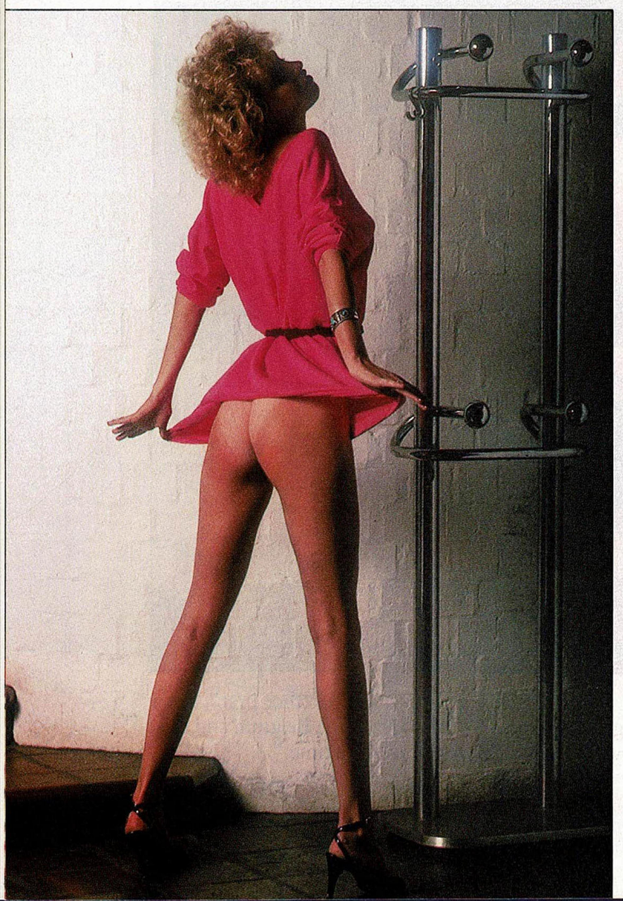






Julie admits to a fascination with the unique and new. Possibly that's because as an "air force brat", she's been on the move since age three, having lived in England, France, Switzerland, Italy, Belgium and the US. At 19, she says, "I can't stay still now for more than three years at a time."





Julie fills the days as a hostess in a Japanese bar, and with the occasional modelling assignment. "I don't have hobbies," she claims. "I don't sing, I don't dance — whatever happens, happens." As for men, Julie's only criterion is, "They should have a sense of humor." Did you hear that, Canberra?

MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: JULIE WAINE

BUST: 35 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8 WEIGHT: 8ST. SIGN: GEMINI

BIRTH DATE: 28·6·63 BIRTHPLACE: CANBERRA. A·C·T.

AMBITIONS: TO TRAVEL - BE SUCCESSFUL + HAPPY.

TURN-ONS: BIG CITIES - SLEEPING IN LATE LOUD CONCERTS - FAST FOODS

TURN-OFFS: OBESITY - GREED - HEALTH FANATICS.

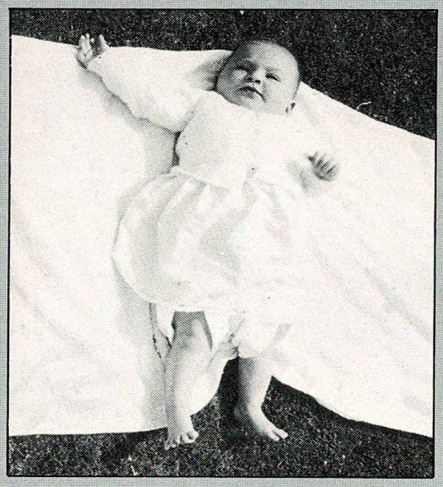
FAVORITE BOOKS: HAROLD ROBBINS WILLIAM BURROUGHS

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: BRIAN FERRY - DAVID BOWIE - ANOUK AIMEE

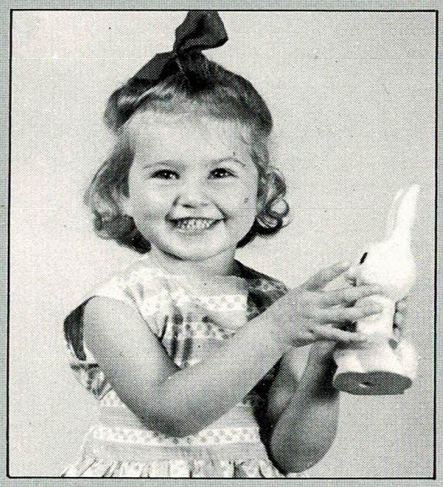
FAVORITE SPORTS: TENNIS - SWIMMING

IDEAL MAN: ANY MAN WITH A GOOD SENSE OF HUMOUR

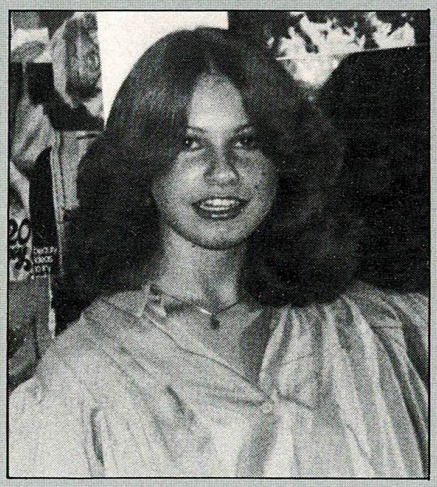
SECRET FANTASY: TO TRAVEL TO TIMBUKTU + TO THE CASBAH.



3 MONTHS



1ST PASSPORT PHOTO



16 + HOME FROM U.S.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After providing a rather mediocre service to the wealthy widow, the handsome stud was distressed when she tried to pay him with a cheque.

He grudgingly accepted the payment, then exclaimed, "Hey, this isn't a cheque. It's only the stub!"

"That makes us even," the woman replied.

After six years spent trying to start a family, a couple were blessed with their first child. They were overjoyed and the husband rushed down to the local newspaper office to place an announcement in the classifieds.

When he returned, his wife asked: "What details did you put in the paper, darling?"

"Just the name, address, baby's name and date of birth," he replied.

"How much did it cost?" she inquired.

"$1460," he replied.

"What?" she gasped, "how could it possibly cost so much?"

"Well," he explained, "after I'd written out the announcement, the clerk asked how many insertions, and I said four times a week for six years. . ."

Our Unabashed Dictionary describes *wet dream* as the winner of a damp T-shirt contest.

As a matter of fact," the woman in the bathrobe told the door-to-door salesman, "the man of the house *was* in until you began leaning on the bell!"

Harley Davidson died and went to heaven. Not long after he arrived, he started up a conversation with one of the fellows there. The man asked who he was and he replied, "I'm Harley Davidson and I invented the motor bike. Who are you?"

"I'm God," the man answered, "and I invented women."

"You know something," said Harley, "there's only one thing wrong with your model. You put the intake valve too close to the exhaust."

"I don't know about that," said God, "there seems to be more people riding my model than yours!"

Nympho Venus, who hailed from Salinas,
Had a thing for a medical penis.
When MDs gave her shots,
It would heighten her hots,
And a doc might then shoot intra-Venus.

Two blokes front up at the gates of heaven where they are met by St Peter.

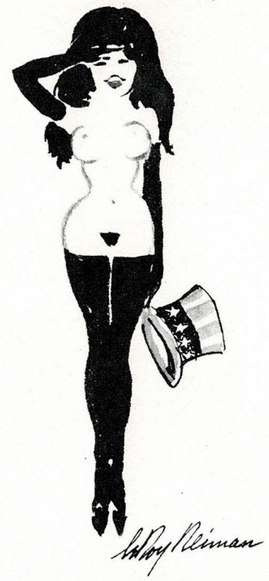
"Why are you here?" the saint asks the first man.

"I had just finished work and I was walking home to the apartment block where my wife and I live," he replied. "I noticed that a light was on in our bedroom on the 16th floor. I thought that was a bit funny as I usually get home before my wife. I began to get a bit angry as I reckoned she could have been with another man, so I dashed out of the lift and tore down the door and then I threw the TV set and the fridge out the window.

"And then I raced into the bedroom and there was my wife sitting up in bed, *knitting!* I got such a shock that I dropped down dead!"

"I see," smiled St Peter, and turning to the other man, inquired, "And what happened to you, my son?"

"I was in the bloody fridge!" came the reply.



A symphonic musician named Dorn
Was the target of audience scorn;
For the hapless chap's pitch
Had been queered by a bitch
With the Frenching she'd given his horn.

What good does it do to hear you claim you have an open mind about intercourse," the frustrated husband snapped at his wife, "when the rest of you is closed to it?"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"Hey sailor, have you ever seen duty on a heavy cruiser?"

CRIPPLED KOOYONG

while wimbledon booms, spare a thought for the oz "grand sham" event

AUSTRALIA'S home of tennis looks like a beleaguered fortress in the desert of urban Melbourne. Bounded by the Southern Freeway and the wall of noise known as Glenferrie Road, Kooyong Stadium hangs on grimly, protected only by a few scrawny pines and some inadequate poplars. Much smaller than it appears on television, the green bowl with its defiant flags has seen the greatest moments in Australian tennis. There was the Hoad-Rosewall triumph over America in the 1953 Davis Cup, when all

sport by alex buzo

ILLUSTRATION BY YVONNE SUTHERLAND

the trams in Melbourne stopped to hear the end of the tie, and in 1975, John Newcombe confirmed his place as a legend when he skylighted the favorite, Jimmy Connors, in the New Year final of the Australian Open.

That was about the end of the honeymoon for Kooyong. By the time the 1982 Open limped into view, the fields had dropped away so much that the number one seed, Johan Kriek, was only the 12th ranked player in the world. The Lawn Tennis Association of Australia (LTAA) had claimed all year that big-name players were coming, but they never materialised. They had advertised top-tenners Vitas Gerulaitis and Peter McNamara, but these players pulled out with "death in the family" and "shoulder trouble", respectively. The LTAA had no excuse for the poor field at the 1981 Open, but had promised the goods for 1982. However, it was the same story at the 1982 Open. Things might be bad, but. . . next year?

Meanwhile, tournaments in Bristol and Venice with less than a quarter of the prize money were attracting stronger fields. The ultimate humiliation came when the Women's Tennis Association forbade the men to play on the Saturday and Sunday when the women would be playing their semis and finals. This meant that the men virtually had to complete their tournament in a week — a shaky plan that collapsed with the first blast of Melbourne weather.

It is 14 degrees and raining as I phone for my ticket, and the third and fourth-round matches are reduced to three sets. I have always thought that only a quincy would say, "The Coca-Cola Bottlers New South Wales Open" or "The Hitachi Sydney to Hobart Yacht Race" in normal conversation, but I hear myself asking for my ticket to "The Marlboro Australian Open". Sponsorship doth make cowards of us all.

●

Player morale is not high as the last rounds before the quarter-finals are completed under swollen grey skies. The players know they are in the middle of a chaotic, sub-standard event which is suffering daily from the hundred compromises made by the organisers, but that doesn't help them when they go out on to the court. Once they are playing, they are competing for valuable ranking points and for some, a place in the Masters in New York in January. The top seeds, Kriek and Steve Denton, could end up in the Masters with a win in this event.

As well as these players on the fringe of the top 10, there is a contingent of American grass court specialists that comes to Australia every summer. Typical of these players is Tim Mayotte, who has all the qualities. He is well over six feet tall, with a deafening serve and big feet. Mayotte has been in Melbourne for a month, training for this tournament, and in the third round he comes up against Damir Keretic, who has just arrived from Europe and is playing his first tournament on grass. Mayotte has trained to play five-setters on fast grass, but now has to get through three sets on a slow, damp court. Keretic, with nothing to lose, starts hitting a few good shots, and Mayotte surprisingly falters.

After losing the first set in a tie-breaker, Mayotte finds himself serving at 4-5 to stay in the match. At 40-30, after some careful graft, he lets a ball go and it drops in. Instead of 5-all, it is 4-5 and deuce. Mayotte can't believe it. The match has been going barely an hour and here he is, two points away from losing it. He looks at the spot where the ball dropped, and then gathers himself for his next serve, but he is gone mentally. Two tentative serves later, he has lost to Damir Keretic, a Yugoslav working out of Germany and a household name in neither country. Mayotte shambles out of the arena at the end, looking down at the slow, damp, brown court. A month of his life has gone and he can justifiably blame the chaos all around him.

Also coming to the crossroads in the third round are the form Australians, John Alexander and John Fitzgerald. Like the

The players know they are in the middle of a chaotic sub-standard event which is suffering daily from compromises made by the organisers.

Americans, the Australians have pretty good reasons for being at Kooyong. Fiasco or not, the first prize is still $60,000, plus valuable ranking points, places on the Davis Cup team, prestige, and the desire to do well in their own country's championships. For those over 30, like Alexander, the challenge is to maintain their place in the scheme of tennis and ward off the younger brigade. For Fitzgerald and others coming out of the juniors, this event represents a chance to get on the map.

Alexander knows how Fitzgerald feels. In 1968, at just under 17, he was the youngest Davis Cup player in history. He was groomed in those last Hopman years to take over from John Newcombe, and the style still shows. Both players have a big serve, power-laden forehand, punishing volleys, a defensive sliced backhand and impeccable court manners. Only trouble is, Alexander is too slow to get into position to play his trumps. Also, tennis styles have changed and most players now are quick all-court artists who hit topspin off both wings. Ironically, it was an Australian, Rod Laver, who founded this modern all-court topspin game that rendered Alexander and company obsolete.

Alexander has had his triumphs — notably in leading Australia to the Davis Cup in 1977 — but mostly he stands as Exhibit A in any inquiry into the decline of Australian tennis. He and Phil Dent should have been the heirs to Newcombe and Roche, but the machine which turned out Sedgman, McGregor, Hoad and Rosewall, Cooper and Anderson, Laver and Emerson, and then finally Newcombe and Roche, had run down by the late '60s. Although at one stage he made it to the top 10, JA remains an almost-Newcombe.

In retrospect, it is amazing that Newcombe kept going as long as he did with his older style of play. Two of his greatest wins — over Jan Kodes at the US Open in 1973 and the fabled 17-ace win over Connors at Kooyong in 1975 — were well into the topspin all-court era. If you're going to play that style of big serve and forehand and volley, it helps to have the *best* serve and the *best* forehand and the *best* volley, which Newcombe largely did. He also had a great second serve, full of guile and kick, and was a killer of a competitor. To back this up, he had enough anticipation to be able to run around his weak backhand, and opponents didn't see as much of this shot as they would have liked.

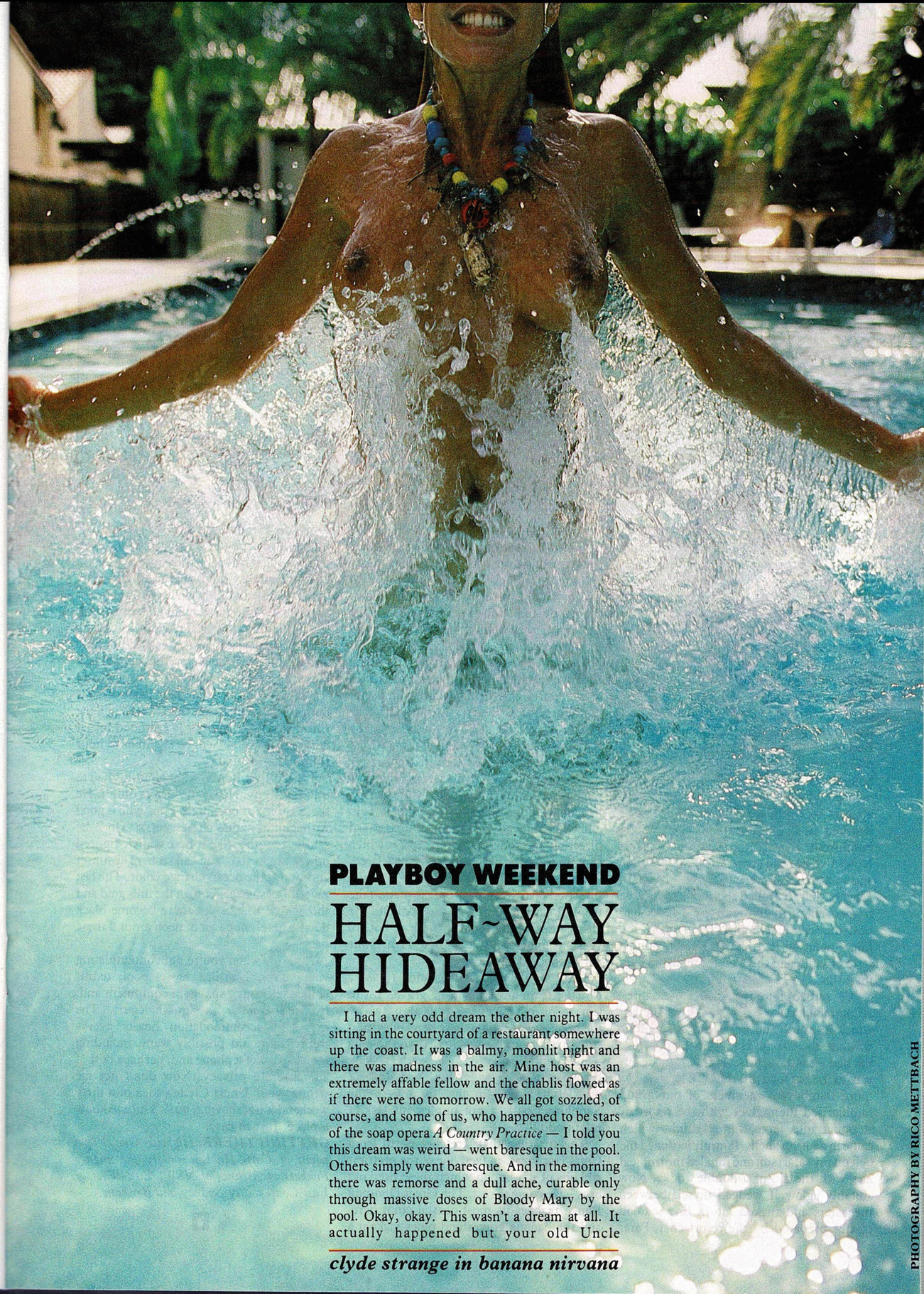
John Alexander, on the other hand, came in at the end of the Hopman years equipped with an outdated game. While everyone was going topspin, JA plugged away with his big serve, forehand and volley game like a carbon of Newcombe. Alexander's problem, apart from lack of mobility, was that although he had an excellent serve — one of the best — it wasn't *the* best, as Newcombe's had been. His forehand and volley were very good, but they weren't the best, and his slowness prevented him from running around his weak backhand.

Newcombe wasn't the quickest player ever to take the court, but give him a chance to run around his backhand, and he moved like a magician's assistant. Rather than mope, however, JA has made a come-back since his decline in the late '70s, and made 1982 his best year with wins in Sydney and Bristol. With Pat Cash, Wally Masur and Craig Miller just out of the junior ranks and snapping at his heels, Alexander has been training hard for this season, and it shows in his match with Fitzgerald.

John Fitzgerald is ready to make his run. Prematurely dubbed "The Colossus of Cockaleechie" by florid Bostonian commentator Bud Collins, Fitzgerald faltered last season, losing three tournaments in a row in the first round. Now with superior mental and physical fitness, he has the all-court game to topple Alexander. Although he looks like the brawny Catholic who butchered your bowling in an important school match, Fitzgerald has a surprisingly diffident serve. As jerky and nervy as a novice, Fitzgerald looks as if he is putting up a Labor poster in Toorak.

Alexander, however, has the classic, flowing, relaxed, side-on, follow-through grace of the Hopman years, and he quickly

(continued on page 136)



PLAYBOY WEEKEND

HALF-WAY HIDEAWAY

I had a very odd dream the other night. I was sitting in the courtyard of a restaurant somewhere up the coast. It was a balmy, moonlit night and there was madness in the air. Mine host was an extremely affable fellow and the chablis flowed as if there were no tomorrow. We all got sozzled, of course, and some of us, who happened to be stars of the soap opera *A Country Practice* — I told you this dream was weird — went baresque in the pool. Others simply went baresque. And in the morning there was remorse and a dull ache, curable only through massive doses of Bloody Mary by the pool. Okay, okay. This wasn't a dream at all. It actually happened but your old Uncle

clyde strange in banana nirvana

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH

Clyde is not one to big note about hanging around in exotic places with television stars and so on, so I thought I'd ease you into it.

The location was a new beach resort at Coffs Harbor on the NSW north coast, and television stars and media bigshots like myself had been invited along to sample the scenery and the hospitality. Not yet on the jet route, Coffs is serviced by trusty old Fokker Friendships, which is just as well, because it enabled us to warm to the sub-tropics with a couple of coolish drinks. Our team of megastars was met at the airport by Bart Bowen, who, with brother Max — a prominent Sydney land developer — bought the land 10 years ago and now manages the resort. Bart, a big bloke who appears to enjoy a cold glass and a chat, whisked us over the hills and on to the beachfront that is the Nautilus Resort. Now, I've been to some resorts in my time and so has Bart Bowen. I've sunk mai tais in Makaha and I've lolled about at Lizard, I've frigged about in Fiji and, good God, had post-nuptials in Noumea. Not to put too fine a point on it, I know my way round a strip of sand, and there aren't many lovelier than this.

We settled into our "executive suite" accommodation — self-contained, the last word in plush but I could have done without the David Hamilton print above the bed — and, surprise, surprise, made our way to the bar for a pre-dinner cocktail. The more flamboyant members of our group familiarised themselves with the resort by stepping into large, funny drinks which came in nautilus shells. I simply loosened the belt on my safari suit and inhaled the tropical airs with the aid of a double vodka. Now suitably aglow, I wedged myself between megastars and tucked into a fine seafood platter prepared by the resort chef, Peter Butcher, who has overcome his early training in the kitchen of a Sydney department store and now fries a mean prawn.

The dinner lasted well into the night, fuelled by good wine and interesting tales, and it was well after midnight when your humble correspondent collapsed upon his bed in an euphoric coma. It was therefore equally well after dawn when he prised his eyes open for his first daylight glimpse of Nautilus Beach Resort. For starters, the ribbon of golden sand he had espied by moonlight turned out to be the closest thing to virgin beach he had seen in NSW.

This, your Uncle Clyde determined from the balcony of his suite while reviving with a hair of the dog. When his condition would allow, he moved his eyes in an upward direction and took in the pine forest which shot up from the beach. It was, he declared, sensational, and staggered off in the direction of a nice, greasy breakfast, past the tropical garden setting of the pool and the all-weather tennis court. Were I but 10 years younger and less of a lush, your correspondent mused.

Later in the day the dreaded *Country Practice* team arose from the grave, just in time to join old Clyde in a quiet ale or two by the pool. A word to the wise here: television stars have no staying power. If you're on a bender and you need pace-setters, look elsewhere. One by one they sloped off and I was left to drink in the serenity of the Sapphire Coast, a not unpleasant task, I might add.

The coastline that stretches north from Coffs Harbor is, in fact, one of the prettiest ribbons of sand upon which these tired old eyes have come to rest. The Great Dividing Range reaches its most coastal point here, and the banana groves and pines make it a lush green right down to the sand. It's unlike your scribe to go off the lyrical deep end, but this was a close call.

The Bowens' basic plot was to create, over a number of years, an up-market resort accessible by both road and air. Aware that an increasing number of business travellers and junior league jet-setters are simply bored with long plane trips, they settled on a location midway between Sydney and Brisbane. You can drive there in six to eight hours or fly there in less than two. When the runway at Coffs Harbor is extended for jet landings, Nautilus will be less than an hour from either capital.

I asked Bart Bowen what Nautilus had to offer that, say, Noosa or Surfers didn't. He regarded me as one might a dog who is good with children but chases cars. "Oh," he said, "we rather like it here and we figured others might too. You can sit here at sunset and watch the ocean change color. The last rays of the sun sort of turn the hills gold and those little islands out there become black dots. There's not a lot of neon around these parts."

And, for when you're not contemplating your navel, Nautilus has a pool, tennis court, half court, spa, gym equipment and, by mid-summer, a squash court. The executive accommodation boasts everything you could possibly want, including the absence of a phone and, perhaps best of all, absolute privacy. Now don't get me wrong: your Uncle Clyde's idea of a dirty weekend is not shaving, but it's nice to know a place. Just in case.

GETTING THERE: *Highway One, 10 km north of Coffs Harbor, or fly the mighty Fokkers of Airlines of NSW, East-West or East Coast out of Sydney and Brisbane.*

NASTASSIA KINSKI

EXPOSED

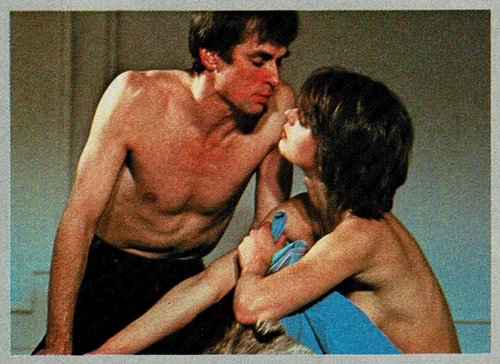
personality

BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

SHE IS HARD to pin down, perhaps because success has driven her all over the map, from Munich and London to Rome and LA, for starters. As an international nomad — and arguably the hardest-working *Wunderkind* in world cinema right now — Nastassia Kinski keeps a

For PLAYBOY, world-famed photographer Helmut Newton created an exotic psychodrama hinting at a subtle bond between German-born Nastassia Kinski and a Marlene Dietrich doll, with James Toback, Kinski's director in the movie *Exposed*, as the on-camera mystery man. Above, he watches Kinski flouncing in falsies. Says Toback, "I felt almost like a prop — slightly decadent, if not depraved."

PHOTOS BY HELMUT NEWTON



small flat in Paris, recently leased a hideaway in the Bahamas, and owns another apartment overlooking Manhattan's Central Park. Which is not where she receives members of the press, at least not for the moment. "It's a *mess*," she says nonchalantly, flopping into an easy chair while waiting for room service in the Park Avenue hotel suite that will be

Above, Kinski with her three latest leading men (from the top): Dudley Moore, in *Unfaithfully Yours;* Rudolf Nureyev, in *Exposed;* and Gerard Depardieu, in *Moon in the Gutter.* On the opposite page, *Exposed* director Toback becomes deeply involved in the Dietrich fantasy with Nastassia. Comments Newton: "She likes dressing up. She's just playing for him, turning him on."

home for the next several days. She means that the apartment's a mess because she's had no time to fix it up or buy things. The hotel suite is a mess, too, cluttered with flowers, cards, scripts, photographs, coffee cups and what all.

Nastassia herself *might* be called a mess, but not by any sensitive observer. Slender and tawny, wearing jeans and a loose

(continued on page 124)

As Nastassia's relationship with the doll intensifies, so does her relationship with the mysterious man in white. Her equally cryptic comment: "Helmut brings out the strangeness in you, things a woman usually tries to hide." Toback remarks, "I think the character I play is a surrogate for Newton himself." Says Newton, "I don't analyse or interpret my pictures. I leave that to other people."

Finally, Toback (right and inset) found himself "pleasantly detached from this escapade, almost floating from the heat, sun and champagne." But while he's waning, Nastassia, in and out of feathers, waxes rhapsodic about her doll's play under Newton's law: "Helmut loves women, and I've rarely felt so much a woman in pictures. . . playful and natural, yet with an inner quietness I almost never know."

part two. menenhetet, the governor of the royal harem, and honey-ball, a little queen, cuckolded the pharaoh in part one. as they grow bolder, the plot thickens

ANCIENT EVENINGS

fiction by

NORMAN MAILER

NO RISK in the Battle of Kadesh was ever the equal of this, for when the battle was over, it was done, but now I would be on guard every day of my life. No matter. I could not wait for the next night. Through all that morning, as I discharged the little duties that came my way, I was also possessed of a vigor which had me near to laying hands on several little queens. I felt as if I were still on the boat — or what was left of my boat! — and sailed with the sun.

At evening, He arrived, so I could not see her. Usermare spent His time with other queens, but still I could hardly take the chance to visit Honey-Ball. His presence kept the eunuchs awake and stirring in every bush. Besides, the little queens were also listening to each sound. The night was like a dark ear. I could still have made the attempt, yet with Usermare only a house or two away, I might find myself as inert beside her as the heat of this darkness itself, and that shame I could not risk again. So, through the night, I had to hear His loud laugh, and the grunts that came from His throat.

Next night, Usermare stayed away, and I was with Honey-Ball, and ready. So soon as we lay down, I was in her, so soon as she moved, I could not stop, and before her body was in a gallop, I had ridden through. This time it was I who heard the whimper, the cry, the small moan of rage and the fall reverberating through her.

Still, there was a difference most agreeable for me. Until this night, I had no more than to come forth and I was left in fear, I wanted only to flee her arms. Tonight, however, I was ready to do it again, and did, and it was better. At last I could feel master of my feelings. The knowledge that her mouth was a slave to Usermare gave me sufficient disdain of her (and of myself) to remain within my bounds and, most nicely, able to rock back and forth as if lolling on a boat, even to take her hips through the pounding waves, indeed, take her on a voyage of both our bodies through the river of the night until the small stirrings of every caged animal in her garden became like the sounds on the riverbanks, and even the mice in fascination ceased running through the cracks in the walls.

I tried this art of kissing at which she was adept, and although she was but a few days removed from the taste of Usermare's parts (which gave me a great revulsion insofar as He was a man) still He was also a god and nothing may issue from a god that is not fit for a feast, indeed, it used to be said that our flesh is formed from Amon's leavings, and perfume is the sweet smell of His corruption. So I was able then to keep turning in my heart between admiration and disdain, bringing myself back each time I was ready to go forth, and we galloped at the end in equal bounds, throwing each other about, and afterward felt true repose in the circle of our arms around each other.

From that night on, I could speak of a sweeter warmth. For I thought she was beautiful. Even the great weight of her lips spoke of the power of large beasts, and her waist had the vigor of a tree. I adored her back. It was strong, and Honey-Ball's thighs when I took them one in each of my arms were as full of satisfaction as the waists of two young girls I might hold at once. I always felt as if I were in the embrace of more than one woman.

Each time, then, I knew her better and thereby underwent more misery on those evenings when Usermare came to visit. One night, when He chose Honey-Ball in company with several little queens, the sounds of their pleasure so disturbed me that I came near to bursting in. Such an end would have been peaceful compared to the cruel state of listening. For I was crawling with ants in the hot baked desert of my heart.

On the next evening, He was there again, but I could recognise the little queens' voices and He had not chosen her. Uncertain whether to be pleased, or to despise her lack of charms to capture Him a second time, I overcame all caution, climbed her wall, entered her bed, and knew jealousy when she spoke. She told me she had been witness to all He did last night, yet entered none of it. When He asked why she stood before Him in such chastity, she replied that she had been communing with demons in preparation for a holy ceremony, and wished to avoid the risk of attaching these unseen ogres — who might be near — to His divine flesh.

When He asked the purpose of her ceremony, she replied that it was for the Life, Health and Strength of the Two Lands. At

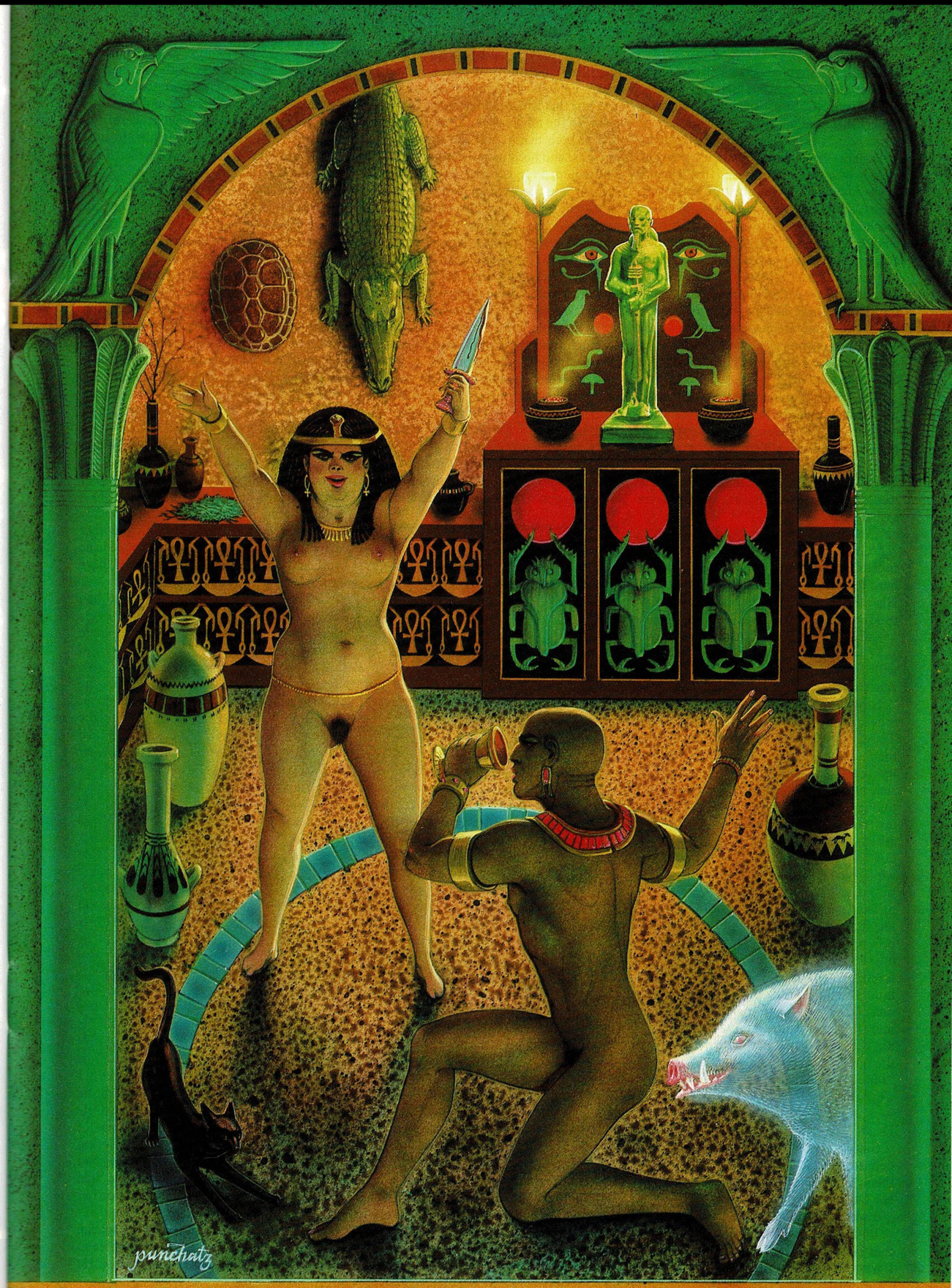


ILLUSTRATION BY IVAN PUNCHATZ

which He grunted and said, "You could have chosen a better day," but asked no more.

That was the story she told. I did not believe it. The night before, in my suffering, I had heard her laugh many times. Besides, Usermare had small patience toward anyone who could not please Him. When I was ready to tell her so, she put her fingers to my lips (and, I promise you, we were speaking in tones next to silence itself) and whispered, "I said that if I did not touch His flesh on this night, I would be twice full of Him as a result." Honey-Ball giggled in the darkness. Although she had made the double circle of Isis about us many a time so that not one fleeting thought could depart into anyone else's thought, still she did it again for laughing at Him. "What did He say?" I asked.

"Oh," said she, "He told me He would pay double attention when next He looked at me," and with a bawdy grin, she spoke in the language of the streets, her mouth in my ear. "He said that since He was Lord of the Two Lands and twice King of Egypt, He would have me next by my cunt and my asshole."

"And what did you say?" I whispered.

"'Great Two-House, it will take all of us to kiss You clean.' He started laughing so hard He never stopped. It almost ruined His pleasure. That is the only way to speak to Him."

"Will you do that?" I asked.

"I will do my best to avoid it," she said, with the same bawdy mirth on her mouth, and I was tempted to strike her.

Now, no matter how else we held each other, she had never let me near her feet. They were tiny for so big a woman, that much I could see, tiny like the feet of her mother, the most elegant woman among the rich and noble ladies of Sais. Honey-Ball told me that was the mark of a noble family, feet more delicate than others, and when I asked why, she looked at me with scorn. "If our hair is able to feel the whisper of the wind, we can have thoughts as delicate as birds." "Yes," I replied, "but by the balance of Maat, our feet should be sturdy like the earth." She laughed. "Spoken like a peasant!" she said, and laughed again and opened the circle of her thumb and forefinger so that I could enter her thoughts. I now saw myself jiggling like a doll at the tip of Usermare's sword. That made me angry enough to strike her, but I did not. She would never let me enter her thoughts again. "Sweet Kazama," she said, "the deepest thoughts are held by the earth. Through our toes — if they are fine enough — enter the cries from the Land of the Dead."

Simple enough. A good reason for delicate feet. So I would never have touched them, but now she mocked me again with her laughter.

I seized her foot.

By the way she fought back, it was clear that I had committed some terrible act. But I was too busy wrestling to understand in our silent fury (for in all of this we did not make enough commotion to wake one servant) that the foot I had grasped was the one with the missing toe. Then, since I held it with both hands, and she was kicking at my wrist and head with the other leg, it was all I could do to explore the poor missing place where the little toe had been, now as shiny to the tips of my fingers as the amputated nub on the wrist of a thief, yet as soon as I truly held it, I knew this rape was the only true seduction I would ever have of her, and feeling by now strong as a tree myself, I merely offered my skull to each of her kicks, while deliberately kissing this shiny little place. But my head was ringing so much from these blows of her leg that I saw her family pass before me in a noble boat, a golden panoply on the broad waters of the Delta, and then her fight was gone, and Honey-Ball burst into tears. Her sobbing became the loudest sound of the night in all these Gardens, and it was as soothing to the heavy silence as the washing past of waters, for where was the house with a little queen who had not wept? Usermare would never be concerned with such a sound. Honey-Ball's body became soft again, and I lay holding my captive foot and imbibed all the sorrow that came up from it, even the odor of the little caverns between her toes was sad, and so I knew with what misery she lived, and rose up at last and kissed her on the mouth to taste the same sorrow, ah, there was a feeling of tenderness in my chest such as I had never known before.

You could not find another man and woman in all of the Gardens of The Secluded as consumed as ourselves with the heat of revenge.

From that hour I began to see her as a sister. We had a saying in my village: "You can sleep in a woman's bed for a hundred years, but you will never know her heart until you care for her as a sister." I never liked that belief, I find no pleasure in sentiments that take care of matters forever, but now I thought I understood why Honey-Ball had grown so fat. One had only to touch the stump of her little toe, as I alone had done, to feel the loss within her — the nub of that toe was like a rock in a silent sea, and I could feel her thoughts beat upon it.

So I came to learn how her feelings toward Usermare might have only a little love to mix with a hatred larger than mine. Holding her as she wept, her heart spoke to me, and we were of the same family — you could not find another man and woman in all of the Gardens of The Secluded as consumed as ourselves with the heat of revenge. For when Usermare took out His short knife, grasped her foot and promptly took away the toe with one stroke of His blade, He then handed that bloody little half-worm back. They say she screamed and fled, all true as she told me, but she also embalmed the toe in natron for 70 days and kept it in a small gold case that had the shape of a sarcophagus. That is the act of a woman who puts immense value on herself, but you must understand that to her family she was not a little queen, but a Queen. Her mother used to say, "After Nefertiri, comes Ma-Khrut." It was never true, of course, yet to the eyes of her family, it was. So the insult to her foot disturbed the heavens. It is no small matter to descend the royal steps from First Favorite of the little queens to a woman whose name He speaks twice a year. Like a mummy I think she had to cover herself with three coffins.

Besides, she had brought great dishonor upon her family. In Sais, she told me, the good families gossiped so much about her toe, that one of her sisters, engaged to a young noble, received word most suddenly that he would now marry into another family. Honey-Ball sighed as she told me this and said, "They might as well have buried me in a sheepskin."

With our growing familiarity, she had become more modest and did not always seek to display her powers, indeed, there were nights when she was my sister, and spoke of small pains and miserable little sorrows. So I began to hear from her lips the old saying one heard often in Thebes about people in the Delta: "Those who inhabit the swamps, know not." The meaning had always been so obvious that I never questioned its truth — to live in the swamps was to be wet, pestered with insects, and weak with heat. Everything grew too easily. The balance of Maat was missing. One lived in stupor and knew not.

"It is true," said Honey-Ball. "It is true except for those about whom it is not true." And she went on to tell me how her family, of 20 generations in the city of Sais, had had the pride to overcome the apathy of their swamp country. "Our desire," she said, "is to stand in balance to our neighbors who know not." Then I would be obliged to listen as she repeated, "Sesusi does not value me because I am from Sais." The pit of this drear mood grew so deep that she decided to avenge herself against Usermare's indifference, and for the next few nights she gave much to her rites, but, I must say, she received little. Each night, she performed a ritual to Turn-the-Head-of-Usermare, and cried forth the names of gods with much weight, her voice quivering with exaltation. Yet next day, nothing had happened and the sum of all she had exhausted in herself, was most visible on her face.

I began to ask myself how any magician could turn His neck. Usermare was able to call on a thousand gods and goddesses. He

"All right! I'll make brunch."

had a myriad above, and now, after His marriage to Rama-Nefru, a Hittite myriad of gods below.

Yet, each night, as I lay beside her, much as if her magic could turn my neck far better than our Pharaoh's, I was not bored with her unhappy moods, and loved her. We could each drink in the other's sorrow and shame. I would lie beside her, my face between her breasts, and they came to tell me of the solemnity and deep resolve of her heart until I did not think she was silly for suffering over how she had injured her family. I was coming to understand that this family was raised higher in her heart than Usermare. In her two great breasts lived all that she would cherish, her father, her mother, her sisters, and myself. Feeling myself in her flesh, I thought that if she were slow to stir, and I might never again enjoy the liveliness and wickedness and love of the dance that women with small breasts might bring to bed, that could not weigh against our sweet deep silence, its warning in one's flesh that the love I would find in these heavy breasts would not be small nor soon pass. Listening to the secret intentions of her heart as its beat came to me out of the depth of her flesh, I knew she had decided against all caution to trust me — which could only mean that she must work her spells from out of my heart as well as her own, bind us so closely that an error in any magic I learned could cause a great rent in hers. So I also knew that if I did not stand up straight away in the dark and leave her room, never to be alone with her again, I would lose the power to command what was left of my will. Yet so strong was the power of her heart that I felt no panic to move, and indeed, was a slave already, and close to her.

●

Finally, on one night, she initiated me into these matters that are so full of treachery and peril. For I knew the intent of our magic — it was our magic now — could be no less than to take away the strength of Usermare.

Of course, if I were to be the great servant of her magic, I must be ready to die. That she told me often, and always added, "But no longer like a peasant." No, now I must learn to die in the full regalia of embalming. Like the art of learning to kiss, death belonged to nobles. I used to laugh at her. Did I need this strengthening of the will? — I, who had looked at a thousand axes — but she knew better. She understood, as I would soon, that to die peacefully can be the most perilous way of all, since one must then be ready for the journey through Khert Neter.

Over and over, she wished to assure me that no servant of her body and heart, certainly not I, would lose Ma-Khrut's protection. Neither in this world nor in the next. I told her that in my boyhood, in my village, we knew it was only nobles and the very wealthy who could travel in the Land of the Dead with any hope of reaching the Blessed Fields. For a poor peasant, the serpents encountered were so large, the fires so hot, and the cataracts so precipitous that it was simple prudence not to try, indeed never to think of it. Easier to rest in a sandy grave. Of course, as I also began to remember, many of our village dead did not accept such a rest, and came back as ghosts. They would pass through the village at night and talk to us in our dreams until the burial practice in my region became so harsh as to cut off the head of a dead person and sever the feet. That way a ghost could not follow us. Sometimes, we would even bury the head between the knees and put a man's feet by his ears to confuse him altogether. She gave a silvery laugh when I told her this. The light of the moon was in the tenderness of her thoughts, whatever they were.

It was then she rose from our bed, and picked up a sarcophagus no longer than my finger, yet Ma-Khrut's face and figure were painted upon the lid. Within was a mummy the size of a small caterpillar, so carefully wrapped in fine linen that it needed no resin, indeed, its touch was as agreeable as the petal of a rose. I was holding the carefully embalmed mummy of her little toe. Yet before I could so much as decide whether it was of great value, or disagreeable to behold, she began to speak of the travels of her little toe through the gates and fiery courses of the Land of the Dead, and when I babbled that I did not know how any part of the body, much less a toe, could travel by itself, she gave her silvery laugh once more. "By way of a ceremony known only in my home," she said. "Sometimes those who are from Sais do not know so little," and she laughed again. "My family had the Ka of this toe betrothed to the Ka of a fat and wealthy merchant from Sais. Yes, they even provided him with the appropriate rolls of papyrus."

I knew that if I did not stand up straight away in the dark and leave her room, I would lose the power to command what was left of my will.

I knew her well enough to understand she was serious, and at last she told me the tale. On receipt of a letter from her mother, Honey-Ball learned that this merchant died on the night she lost her toe. So even as her toe was lying in its little bath of natron, so was the merchant lying in his large bath, and both of them to be steeped for seventy days. Messages were exchanged to make certain they were wrapped on the same afternoon, and installed in their separate sarcophagi, the large and the small, even on the same evening, the toe in Thebes, the fat merchant in Sais 10 days' travel away on the river, yet such is the natural indifference of the Ka to distance that her toe was ready to take the voyage to Khert Neter with him.

Then Honey-Ball spoke of how her mother had assisted the fat man's family during the preparations. "It is terrible when a family makes its wealth so quickly that no knowledge adheres to the gold. The widow couldn't name which rolls of papyrus to buy. Nor did she understand that she was obliged to buy the Chapter-of-the-Negative-Confession."

"The - Chapter - of - the - Negative - Confession." I repeated wisely, but Honey-Ball knew I was as ignorant as the fat man's family.

"Yes," she said, "the widow complained about the cost. She was stingy! Finally my mother had to pay for it herself. She was not about to let the Ka of my little toe go wandering through Khert Neter unless this fat man had bought a Negative Confession. The night before the funeral, my mother was obliged to hire two priests, and it took them until dawn to inscribe the Confession properly on thrice-blessed papyrus. But now at least the merchant could show all the gods, demons, and beasts that he was a good man. This papyrus testified that he had never committed a sin. He had not killed any man or woman, nor stolen anything from any temple. He had made no violation of the property of Amon. He had never uttered lies or curses, and no woman could declare he had committed adultery with her, any more than a man could say he had made love to other men. He had not lived with a heart full of rage, and he never eavesdropped on neighbors. Neither had he stolen desirable land, nor slandered anyone, and he did not make love to himself. He had never refused to listen to the truth, and could swear that no water supposed to flow onto the property of others had been dammed up by him. He never blasphemed. He had not even raised his voice. He had committed not a single one of the 42 sins, not one. Most certainly he had never worked any witchcraft against the King."

Now Honey-Ball laughed with as much pleasure in her voice as I ever hard. "Aiiigh, Kazama, what a foul man we helped! There was no sin he did not commit. His reputation was so putrid that everybody in Sais called him Fekh-Futi, though not to his face.

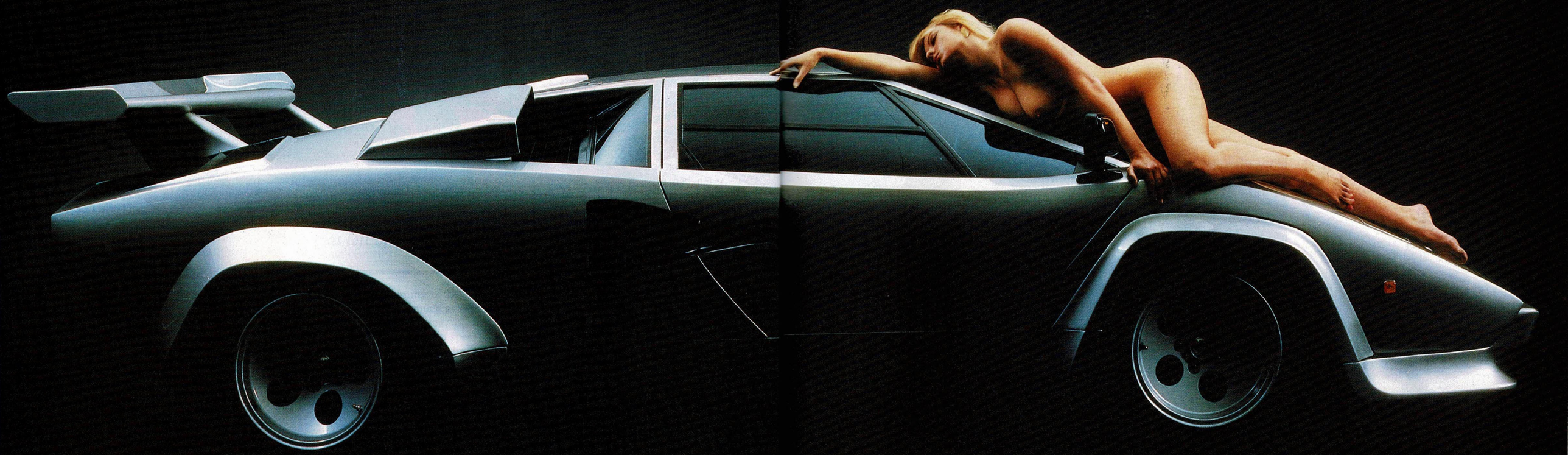
"Yet, do you understand," Honey-Ball said to me, "that the powers of this Negative Confession are so great the Ka of my toe is safe?" She nodded. "In my dreams, that is what I am always told. Fekh-Futi thrives in the Land of the Dead, and my little toe beside him."

"Thrives?" I said to her. I was much confused. The night before, seeking to impress me with how much wisdom she had acquired from these travels of her toe, she said that no priest could instruct me as well in what to say to the fiery beasts and the keepers of the gates. She not only knew the

(continued on page 144)

LAMBORGHINI: The Empire Strikes Back

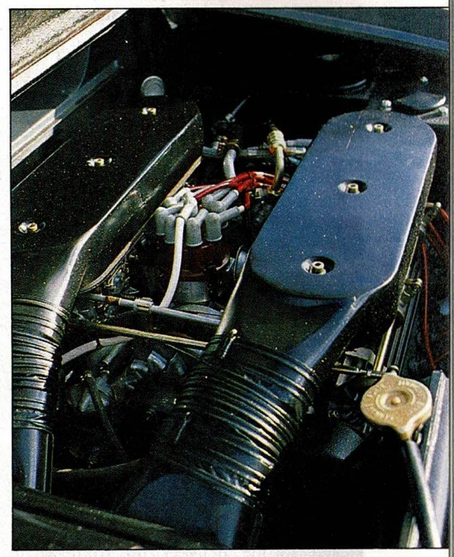
italy's automotive sci-fi constructor returns to the fray: beware the force, says playboy's rob luck



LAMBORGHINI went down for the count in the late 1970s. It was one of the more spectacular victims of the financial turmoil that left the Western business economy strewn with high-powered wrecks. But the raging bull of Sant' Agata was down, not out. The Bolognese high-performance empire, renowned for building the world's most exotic sportscars, was nailed back together again by whiz-kid Patrick Mimran and a cash-flushed financial team. This year, Lamborghini will produce 280 motor vehicles — all of them to firm orders from around the world. Of these, 130 will be Countachs — as shown here with Australian body overlaid — and 150 will be Jalpas, the exciting new mid-engined mid-sized Lamborghini. One of the first 50 off the production line, and the first right-hand drive car produced, was flown to Australia for our exclusive Australian PLAYBOY test. The car you see photographed here is the state-of-the-art in exoticars — a 5-litre twin-turbocharged Countach, which was modified in Australia by the distributors, GT Lamborghini of Melbourne. On the basis of price ($250,000) and performance (0-100km/h in under five secs, 330km/h top speed), it competes in the light aircraft market. In appearance, its Future Shock has no competitors outside the world of sci-fi. Turn the page for the world's first test drive of the rhd Jalpa.

PHOTO BY ROB LUCK

PHOTOS BY RENNIE ELLIS



Photos: The littlest Lambo (left) looks good in white, but the price tag is vicious; a comfortable cockpit (top) has helped to fit this car into the motoring demands of the '80s; the 3.5 litre V-8 (above) sits side-saddle.

On Tuesday March 11, 1983, the price of a Lamborghini Jalpa went up by about $10,000 — the value of the average small family sedan — to $94,000, or the value of the average family house.

In this case it was devaluation which chopped the legs out from under the Aussie dollar. It could just as easily have been a variety of other factors that almost pushed the littlest Lambo up into six digits: anything from errant currencies to upwardly mobile materials costs.

By snaffling up the one and only right-hand-drive model in the world prior to the currency nosedive, it would have been instantly possible to realise at least a 15-20 percent profit. This could be achieved partly out of currency fiddles and partly out of profiteering on the limited availability of a big-demand, squeaky-clean new model.

The point must be taken. A Lamborghini is not so much a motor vehicle as a *commodity*. To bring the point home: a Lamborghini Silhouette, the previous model to the Jalpa, sold for $47,000 new in late 1979. Early this year, an example in trick nick realised almost $65,000 or around 38 percent profit in a bit over three years. That's better than a fixed term deposit in the bank, and everyone knows you can't drive those, let alone lease them or tax deduct them or pick up blondes in them or get up your neighbor's nose with them.

This Lamborghini was imported to Australia by the local concessionaires, GT Lamborghini of Melbourne, and is apparently the first right-hand-drive produced, although it bears the chassis number 055. This is significant: it is a long while since Lamborghini produced a steady run of anything like 55 vehicles, let alone making space on the production line for troublesome RHD variants.

It's not all good news. The car ordered and docketed for shipping was silver. This one is plainly white. Although air freighted, it took at least three months longer than scheduled (please insert Latin shrug, palms skywards, impassive expression). The original price suggested by the factory persuaded the local boys to turn up a retail $44,000 on their slides. This one has doubled that before touchdown.

Neither is it all bad. It looks good in white. And its vicious price tag is attached to quite a different sort of animal from the type we have come to expect from the exotic manufacturers in this size and price bracket.

This is because the Bolognese Boys have been busy doing their homework. The Boys are led by Patrick Mimran, the whiz-kid who coupled financial investors to engineering and management teams and made all the parts pull evenly together. The biggest of The Boys are Ing. (Engineer) Giulio Alfieri, who is responsible for putting the bits and pieces together in the right order, and Ubaldo Sgarzi, the sales director of Nuova Lamborghini. He's responsible as much for collating and monitoring the input from the market place as for presenting the new image of a revitalised Lamborghini to the world.

What these men have done for the Lamborghini product is what everyone who has ever known and loved or love-hated the marque has always wanted: as far as possible, they have reduced the compromises of exotic motoring to workable minimums. In short words, this means practical coachwork, comfortable cockpit, tolerant ride-handling combination, pliable power. As much as possible, the team has turned away from the aesthetics of engineering, and redirected its energies into fitting its product into the motoring demands of the '80s. It has succeeded.

Obviously, the car is based on the Lamborghini Silhouette, which equally obviously is a Targa, or Spyder (or open cabin) version of the Urraco. The Urraco was Lamborghini's intended small 2 + 2 and the company produced some 350 vehicles with a variety of V8 powerplants set crosswise almost in the middle of the chassis to achieve a 41/59 percent front/rear weight balance. Lamborghini also produced just 52 Silhouette versions. Apparently, just five of them came to Australia, making them both rare and valuable.

The new team at Lamborghini took the Silhouette and stripped it down for a total rebuild. The ageing body (it made its debut in Turin in 1970 as the P250) was sent to the cosmetic surgeons for a rework and the original designer, Bertone, did the job in his own clinic. A master of plastic surgery,

Bertone implanted just the right curvature in the hips and frontal nodes (replacing the tacked-on falsies of the Silhouette), whipped the cellulite out of the bum, and gave it a chin-lift.

The prostheses utilised to gain the new shape were a mix of integrated steel sheet and "new dimension" materials such as ABS. Engine hatch, side panels, front and rear buffers are impact-absorbing plastic.

Inside, Lamborghini decided to abandon any further pretences at 2 + 2 capability. The back seats were gutted, and proper front seats put in — fully adjustable with reclining seatbacks. (Urracos/Silhouettes had fixed lie-down couches. And not very good ones either.)

Recognisable instruments were put in logical, locatable positions. Switchgear was "commonalised" and put within reach. Luxuries were injected — standard air, Alpine deck, power-everything. Quality leather trim was neatly stitched and finished. Controls were redesigned for real people, not five-foot orang-utans, as in the past. The shifter could be shifted and the pedals prodded. Everything was made to work. The cynics snickering away behind their leather Mercedes notepads may sit down now. Sure, you expect this in a megabuck autobahn bomber, but up to now, you sure as hell didn't get it. What you got before was sheer raw power — more than anyone else could provide.

Now the Lamborghini Jalpa is refined. This is unmistakably Ing. Alfieri's influence. Alfieri is a keen observer of social values. He perceives the shifts in motoring demands today. And he has tried to tune this car to fit. He has stroked his engine up from 3 to 3.5 litres to acquire five more brake horsepower despite more restrictive pollution equipment. More importantly, he kicked torque delivery up from 27 to 31kg/m at 4000rpm — a boost that you can feel on the road. The car is smooth now, not lumpy and cammy. Previously punctuated with flat spots and characterised by a narrow power band, the Jalpa pulls hard from low down, and charges like a bull from 3000-7000 rpm, a big, fat, wide powerband.

It idles like a pussycat, with a barely audible whisper from the exhaust. Using a cogged camshaft belt helps keep rattle down. It burbles quietly off the mark, and can be shifted into action in one, two or three of the first gears in the box. This is V8 flexibility at its best. And it makes a "socially conscious noise". Around town, it is no worse than sports sedans from mundane manufacturers. When the tail is tweaked, it yowls rather than screams, and it is a lovely sound.

Alfieri has designed the car to perform in city traffic so there is less emphasis on top end velocity. Even so, the gearspeeds are 73km/h (1st), 97 (2nd), 138 (3rd), 172 (4th) and 234 (top). This car turned 250km/h in a short space with ease, as good as the best factory claims, or better. The factory says it will get to 100km/h from the kerb in the mid-six second mark, but European testers have already bettered that, some claiming under six second times. It is a very quick car.

Despite its weight — 1510kg (2900lb) — getting through acceleration runs with the slotted-gate gearshifter is a lot easier than it used to be because of the new slightly-offset gate positions. This makes it easier to push and pull clean shifts across the gates.

The four main gears are closely-spaced and provide a good pulling gear for every corner. Fifth is an overdrive, ideal for quiet and economical touring (if economy is important). Certainly it helps to reduce engine stress at any given roadspeed. An amazingly light, smooth clutch weighs in on the positive side.

Properly used, the engine is a far from stressful unit. Lamborghini's method of employing superior breathing to get more power provides a sophisticated (if costly) way of extracting bulk horsepower. The 3.5 litre V8 which sits side-saddle in the engine room with the gearbox straight off the end, feeds from four dual choke Webers (providing a throat per chamber) into dual-cam heads on each bank. It is made entirely from light alloy (block and heads). Used within the factory guidelines, it is considered unbreakable. It is generally considered to be redlined a good 1000rpm short of its likely limit. It swallows normal premium grade fuel by virtue of a 9.0 to 1 compression ratio.

The real surprise is "tramtrack" handling without tramtrack ride. The little Lambo has always been sticky in the twisty bits, but some of this has been achieved with monster boots, particularly on the back-end. Although sharing most other components with its predecessor, the Urraco, the Jalpa has gone down several wheel sizes in width, while going up in wheel diameter. The new approach is 7.5in x 16in front and rear (the old was 8 x 15 fronts, 11 x 15 rears). The new car handles *better*. Pirelli P7 sneakers, of course, 205/55 front, 225/50 rear. Part of this is due to switching to Chapman struts in the bum, and some to a complete re-tune of the layout. Considerable stiffening of the chassis and body to prevent flex is another factor. Considering the car sits on the same floorplan as its older sibling, the improvement in handling is remarkable. Importantly, it is predictable. You just aim it and boot it. It can be powered out into oversteer and driven or steered back. It is easy to learn to drive the thing very fast, very quickly.

Lighter steering has been obtained with realigned suspension and lower geared steering — now 4.5 turns lock to lock. This doesn't produce "spaghetti arm" syndrome in tight turns. It's sharp and accurate to steer, and especially delightful when wiggling down mountain roads.

With a car that stands 4330mm long (14ft 2in), a huge 1880mm wide (6ft 2in) and only 1140mm tall (3ft 9in), there have to be problems and there are. Getting in and out is one, unless you are fit and supple. Looking out is less of a problem than it was (to the front) and more of a problem than it was (to the three-quarter rear). The idea here is to jab the throttle firmly, *then* shift over into the blind lane. It's got to be clear. Guaranteed. Supplying an off-side mirror would have been a logical and comforting aid.

At first, you have to get used to impressions of cars coming into the cockpit from weird places. This is due to the "tunnel" effect of the rear engine cover and the straight-up glass between. It is worse at night when head and tail-lights from other vehicles swarm in and out of the mirror and side-glasses like a pack of UFOs.

The hatches still don't work as well as they should. The front one only houses battery, spare and some mechanical hardware, and is practically useless for stowing handbags. The rear one is good for compact bags (and there is space behind the rear seats for touring), but you'd better send the cases on ahead if you are planning an extended stay.

The lift-out panel for the open roof is something straight out of a science museum. Bulky and large, it is inexplicably heavy and needs two people to manhandle successfully. Nuova Automobili Ferruccio Lamborghini should have extended the super-plastics therapy to this area, or borrowed Porsche's foldable soft-top idea.

The wipers are very ordinary in screen coverage and speed control, and the lights are okay if there's an army of overhead sodium lamps: otherwise candles would do as well. Small wonder the local concessionaires replace them with quartz-halogen conversions and proper spots. A headlight flasher system that works when the main beams are stowed in their foldaway bins would be helpful to shift the turkeys out of the fast lane too.

Oh yes, and the car's real story also lies in its looks. Lamborghini needs to make no excuses here. Commissionaires, hands dutifully outstretched, offer to park it *right outside*, kids stand back in awe, little old ladies point walking sticks and ask intelligent questions, and hot rodders foolishly try to drag it off at the lights. Of course, it's positively dangerous to drive slowly downtown at lunch-time on a sunny day with the top dropped — the interior fills right up with lovely things jumping off the sidewalk.

Like most Lamborghinis, the Jalpa is connected to the genesis of Spanish fighting bulls (the Lamborghini symbol) by nomenclature. This name has been borrowed from an area that breeds them, and should strictly be pronounced Halpa or even Hyalpa, but here, as in Italy, the "J" predominates and it is simply the Jalpa TP 350S.

Like most Lamborghinis, it is a hard charger. Unlike most Lambos, it is super-refined, generating race-car quality cornering forces, yet riding like a civilised town car — firm, not harsh.

It has the performance characteristics of a BMW M1, with the road manners and flexibility of the civilised, convenient Porsche. Perhaps for the first time, it is a Lamborghini fit for the average enthusiast, the non-buff motorist. Shame about the price.

Test car provided exclusively for Australian PLAYBOY by GT Lamborghini, distributors for all Australian States, 1392 Dandenong Road, Oakleigh Vic. Tel: (03) 751 1324.

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PLAYBOY PARTY

sydney's regent hotel hosted playboy's bash of the year

More than 300 close friends, business associates and men-about-town paid homage to Amanda Dole, Australia's fourth Playmate of the Year. The glittering occasion, in the ballroom of the elegant Regent Hotel, was a fitting beginning to a year's reign which we're sure will see Amanda constantly making news.

The presentation was filmed live for Seven Network news and the After Dark variety program. Network Ten got in for its chop the following morning with a rivetting bedside interview with the new Playmate of the Year. After toasting her victory with French champagne (Amanda may be only 18, but her tastes are well developed) the Playmate of the Year contingent flew to Melbourne for a busy round of press engagements. They then returned to Sydney to prepare for a whistle stop tour of the continent, about which more later.

Above left: the finalists (from left, Lynn Eason, Denise Robinson, Amanda Dole, Lynda Lewis, Sandi Shepherd and Sophie Canne). Above: Amanda and Lynda. Above right: Denise Newey and Janette Robinson. Centre right: Ward "Pally" Austin with the Robinson sisters. Far right: comedian Rodney Rude. Right: Sophie with dress designer Sabine. Left: promotions director Karol Lopez and cabaret star Maggie Kerscher.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RENNIE ELLIS

PHOTO BY PETER SIMONS

Clockwise from left: Bunny tails and backstage jitters; make-up lady Petrina; Alfa Romeo's Enrico Zanarini with Amanda and her car; finalists in Sabine creations; ladies in white relaxing after the show; a quick change; a soothing tub; centre, live on Good Morning Australia.

THE PLAYBOY GUIDE TO WINTER WINES

Reds

EDITION 1983

DESPITE THE FACT that we are constantly being told by the people who make the stuff that we only drink it by the thimbleful, Australians are fascinated by red wine. Almost every person you meet wants you to have a look at his cellar — not necessarily to view his interesting collection of rubber goods, but to peer with appreciation at a couple of rows of dumb bottles. Wine cellars provide the most boring viewing of any enforced tour of some idiot's version of "Dunromin". What's even more irritating is that the mean buggers never pull a bottle out of the wall, inviting you to have a swig or two by the light of the obligatory guttering candle, now do they? No. They drag you back upstairs and slap a cup of hot gin into your resisting hand. If they don't *drink* the stuff, what do they do with it? Tan dog hides? (Soaked old Blackie in a couple of bottles of Coonawarra Bin 67 the other day and he came up real nice he did.) On this basis, the following guide is

article by Richard Beckett

PRODUCE OF AUSTRALIA 750 ml

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER LUXTON

offered in the hope that some sanity prevails out there, and that not everyone is engaged in the dog hide tanning business. In other words, that you will want to drink some red wines immediately and will also want to put some away for future reference.

Putting red wines down is an interesting experience because you never quite know how things are going to turn out. It's not necessary to put down six dozen of everything; you can put down batches of two or three different styles.

And now one comes to the crunch. Any fool with a lot of money can have an instant and impeccable cellar. If I ever had the dough, I would simply get hold of a very large truck and fill it up with Penfold's Grange, Penfold's St Henri, Henschke's Hill of Grace, Lindeman's Rouge Homme, plus a couple of that company's finer Hunter offerings, and forget the whole business. That's dead easy.

For those of us with hopefully more sense than money, or perhaps a modicum of both, the trick is to seek out some wines that are attractive because of their regional style, or are known to have come from a particularly good year of vintage. In this regard, 1982 is claimed to be coming up very nicely indeed in the red division, although the 1983 vintage from eastern Australia and the Barossa Valley can be forgotten for the most part because of various little problems involving both fire and water.

Some smaller companies will release their red wines within the coming months, simply because that is the way they market their products. Larger companies, on the other hand, will probably hold on to the 1982 wines for two or more years. One just has to stick things away in one's memory bank for such occasions. And despite the fact that the industry tut-tuts about it a lot, discount offers can be interesting. For example, in March this year, Farmer Bros — the once Canberra-based mass purveyors of wine, tea and rice — were offering a 1975 Coonawarra cabernet sauvignon from Mildara at $43.20 per dozen. They did so with the warning, "Be careful though: wines like this are no longer to everyone's taste."

You can take such a warning almost any way you like, but being a true fan of the old-style Coonawarra reds, I would risk my money on the deal, use half a dozen for immediate consumption and put the balance down for a period of three years (thus allowing the tasting of two bottles per year) just for the sheer fun and interest of the whole business.

Before one gets to the reds, I must mention that a little additional refreshment should be taken along the way, and in the course of my investigation, I came across more than a few of the non-tinted variety that are worthy of mention and act as admirable companions to any of the dark chaps mentioned later on. The first, and far and away the best, is a product of the upper Hunter made by Sobels Queldinburg Wines. It is a 1980 chenin blanc and it does more than clear the palate and refresh one: it makes one study the next red with great interest.

The second is a 1982 Seppelt white burgundy, a blend of the trendy chardonnay and not-so-trendy semillon. It is one of the cleanest whites I have drunk in a long time, and if I wasn't advising you to lay down red wines, I would strongly urge you to stack a dozen bottles away in a safe, cool place. For some obscure reason, the top of the main label on the bottle is decorated with lots of golden sheep on a green background (the background being a joke in very poor taste given the state of much of Australia at the present time).

As I know of no other wine that has lots of fat golden rams all over the label, I doubt you'd have any difficulty in picking this one out.

The third that's worthy of more than a passing nod is a Chateau Reynella estate bottled rose. I tasted this one after a lady in a country refreshment shop insisted that all she had was hot Fanta. Fortunately the Chateau Reynella rose comes with a screw cap and it beats hot orange fizzy any day, even when it's dragged from the back of a hot ute. Later, a less trying tasting proved that it was indeed a fresh and very splendid rose.

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As for the reds, I've picked them for both area and interest. One's personal preferences come into this of course, but in almost all cases I've included those with bottle shop prices under $8. And, being a somewhat frail person, I have had deep and serious discussions with the famous *Le Compte de Molonge*, a well-known immigrant in my part of the world, who has from time to time given his sage advice. Despite the fact that he has been cursed by the Lord God of Hosts to spend his life on all fours, he has a keen eye when it comes to a bit of the old red stuff.

REDS TO DRINK NOW

Amberton Lowe's Peak Shiraz. Mudgee reds are enormously powerful and this offering from Amberton's is no exception. It is very heavy on fruit, color and density and after being allowed to lie on its side for a mere five seconds, throws an enormous crust. It is a very good example of a regional style; in fact, Mudgee leads the way in Australia in certifying the true origin of the wines from its area. This is not a red to be taken lightly and for those who do not take kindly to heavy wines, it should be approached with some caution. But for those who are prepared to chew their liquids, this is excellent. *Le Compte de Molonge* claims that this wine is made from liver rather than shiraz grapes. Now I happen to know such a practice is illegal in this country, but he may not be far off the mark in this instance.

McWilliam's Mount Pleasant Robert Hermitage, 1975. A very big wine in the traditional McWilliam's Hunter River style. Robust enough to take any highly seasoned meat course. All the McWilliam's Mount Pleasant wines offer very good value for money and as they are widely available, you don't have to crawl around the floors of obscure "wine boutiques" to find them. But if you can't get hold of the Robert Hermitage, the Philip should please the palates of Hunter fans.

Mildara Cabernet Sauvignon, Shiraz, Malbec, 1979. This offering from Mildara is a Coonawarra blend in which the softness of the malbec grapes predominates and it's made for no-nonsense immediate drinking. The company advises that this wine will cellar well and develop further, but I'm damned if I can see that potential. Those used to extremely robust red styles of the old-fashioned variety, would perhaps call this wine "thin". I'd simply say it was delicate and a superb luncheon red. It is a style of wine that the Yanks wouldn't like because they knock themselves silly with martinis before eating, and after three of those, nothing tastes of anything. This is a style of red that you can start and finish a meal with because it will comfortably slide from course to course, making its own allowances right up to, but not including, the puddin'. *Le Compte de Molonge* doesn't like it because it does not taste of liver. Tough.

Orlando Jacob's Creek Claret, 1981. Like the Yalumba Galway mentioned a little further on, this is one of those consistent blends offered on the market that no one seems to give too much thought to, and more's the pity. In this case, the "claret" consists of shiraz, cabernet sauvignon and malbec grapes. It generally is a very light and clear red (and the 1981 vintage is no exception) with good fruit composition. It drinks very well as a luncheon or light dinner red and it is another of those which I prefer with a slight touch of the fridge or the ice bucket, but only a *slight* touch, mind you. Good, even drinking at any time. It's a great pity that many restaurants don't offer something like this as their standard "house red" instead of the rat's piss that most of them insist on throwing down your throat. I am convinced that many would-be red and white wine drinkers are put off the stuff for life and return to the horror of the schooner fizz because most eating establishments, if they cannot con you into something around $17 a

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bottle, try to kill you with whatever they've dragged from the bottom of the men's bog.

Redman Claret, 1980. The Redman claret, no matter what the year, has been one of those wines that you could pick up on the way home from almost anywhere, dump on the table, rip the cork out and happily sit it right next to anything from a mixed grill to an ox cheek *piquante*. Neither the bottle nor the platter gets hurt. I've always backed away from mint sauce as a wine enhancer, but, on last acquaintance, a smooth vinaigrette in a hot potato salad with anchovy strips actually allowed the wine to survive. Redman's dry reds do vary from year to year, of course, but there is a consistent quality in them that I find comforting. Like the Coonawarra — which I have mentioned in the more exalted circles of the laying down list — they are as flat and balanced as the country they come from. The 1980, by the way, goes excellently with octopus or squid in its own ink.

Saxonvale Cabernet Sauvignon, 1977. A very good and well-balanced Hunter River red wine which took a gold at the Sydney show earlier this year. I've always had a great affection for many of the Saxonvale products, both white and red; at their best they're all splendid. This cabernet sauvignon has a lot of depth to it and quite brilliant balance. It might be hard to find, and will never really be available in large quantities, but don't pass over a bottle if you chance upon one at your local.

Tollana Woodbury Shiraz, 1976. At a non-discounted $3.40, this was the cheapest wine tasted for immediate consumption; and at the price, it is very good value. It has the Barossa style and, at the time of tasting, had developed about as far as it ever would. Apart from the initial sampling, I found it to be one of those reds that went down very well when poured over a block of ice (not those nasty little ice balls, thank you) in a large glass and quaffed without too much thought to the consequences. I am continually amazed by the more or less constant refusal of Australians to have anything to do with red wine over ice. It's a far better summer thirst-quencher when taken in this manner. Red wines, as even the Romans knew, can also be diluted with water without coming to any harm: but it must be a *proper* wine that has been made for the bottle trade in the first place, not flagon variety which seems to lose all taste backing when knocked around with either ice or water. To sum this one up: nice, unpretentious and very good value for the money.

Tyrrell's Hunter River Dry Red, 1978. When I first came across one of Tyrrell's Hunter River Dry Reds about eight years ago, I forgot to read the fine print at the bottom of the label. I mean who *does* when one walks into a liquor store and thinks about a nice Hunter for tea to get rid of at least part of the taste of the tunafish bake with Golden Circle pineapple slices that your latest companion of the day or the night has mistakenly taken from Charmaine Solomon in her latest version of the eternal cookbook titled *Asia Dominates The World As Long As I Leave The Chilli Out?* Not me. That's who. When I got it home all those long years ago, I found that the fine print said that the wine had nothing whatsoever to do with the Hunter and that it came from Mudgee. Thanks a lot, Murray Tyrrell. As the chilli was left out of the tunafish bake and canned beetroot had been substituted for the pineapple (which had in turn been substituted for some vile Asian gunge), it didn't matter a great deal, anyway. This time around, the fine print stated quite firmly that on the 1978 vintage, all the goodies came from the Hunter. As a wine, the '78 version has indeed a splendid Hunter balance unless the Tyrrells are once again guilty of dissembling. Goes well with any meat and can take quite heavy spices in the food. In this case, I would also add that it might come to no harm from a year or so of further bottle age. But by all means buy it and drink it immediately and don't worry.

Wynns Coonawarra Estate Hermitage, 1980. This is a shiraz of no great complexity that is much loved by the restaurant trade because, one suspects, the label (all white with black overprinting) looks pretty on the table. It does, and it tastes good, too. However, as a wine, it will not last much further than the end of 1984. Although it makes excellent drinking at the moment, there is a very thin region somewhere up the back. If I were a sexist, I would say that the winemaker had lost his nerve and decided to make something that didn't frighten the sheilas. A pity. It won't take oily meats such as goose or duck and will quite simply faint dead away if hit with a large portion of pork with sage, or even one of those composite Greek lamb stews. However, it will nobly face up to any veal dish or an austere New York cut steak. In the end it feels that it shouldn't have come from the Coonawarra. Because of its lightness, it will also marry well with fish dishes of some complexity, but don't throw it over the cracked mud crabs; that won't do at all.

I am continually amazed by the more or less constant refusal of Australians to have anything to do with red wine over ice.

Yalumba Galway Claret, 1978. In the rush towards varietals in this country, blended wines have become very much low rent. There's almost a sneer from one's guests if you choose a wine for its consistent style. This is pure silliness. For a decently priced, well-balanced wine that I know is never going to cause my palate any problems, and that I can serve with a wide variety of food, I'll choose Galway any time. Depending on the year, it is made from varying amounts of shiraz and cabernet sauvignon grapes, given the oak treatment for usually a year, bottled and released when it is ready for immediate drinking. The balance is always good, the color deep and the fruit content noticeable. I've never managed to get around to it so far, but one of these days I'll put half a dozen aside for a few years to see how it holds. That, of course, is just a whim.

REDS TO LAY DOWN

Brown Brothers Koombahla Cabernet Sauvignon, 1980. This is a wine that has consistently won bronze medals in various shows, which perhaps means that our modern, nice, squeaky clean judges find it all a bit too much for their very refined palates. And this is the very reason why I should advise you to lay down a trio, or perhaps more. It has all the big flavor of Rutherglen with, as the makers suggest, a "berry aroma". My bet is that it will last and last and then last again, like many other products of this very interesting wine region. I don't, however, believe that it is going to separate out into its component parts but rather come together for a much smoother finish. Like most other Rutherglen wines, it will also throw a crust and should be handled with some care when pouring or decanting. I find it delicious right now, but then as I find many rather odd things delicious (chicken feet in soy sauce for instance), I would caution others to wait, say, two years.

Campbell's Bobbie Burns Shiraz, 1977. Many regard Rutherglen as Australia's supreme region for fortified wines. The dessert wines from this area have very little in common with the fortifieds of the Old World and should be treated as dessert styles in their own distinct right. The same guide applies to the straight reds and whites of the region. On a personal taste preference basis, I found this to be the best wine of the entire batch but that is a *personal* matter and it is not a judgement with which everyone would agree. Although this shiraz — which has all the bigness associated with products of Rutherglen, and the gutsiness of the shiraz grape (still called hermitage in some parts of Australia) — can be drunk immediately with few, if any qualms, one feels that it is going to get better and better with age. At the time of tasting, it still had a slight edge to it which one feels will disappear completely in about two more years when it should be at its peak. I also wouldn't mind cracking a bottle in 1990 or so as it will continue to last many more years. The wine sampled had developed a firm bottle crust, so it should be handled with care when opened. The one thing that did worry me slightly was that the cork was showing signs of being more than a little tired, but that may have been just a one-off piece of bad luck.

Cape Mentelle (Margaret River, WA) Cabernet Sauvignon, 1978. Great feats of skill, taste and endurance are being predicted for the wines of the Margaret River area in Western Australia. It is one of our newer wine regions and, as such, not many examples of the product manage to cross the Nullarbor. But the reds are worthwhile putting down and not merely as simple curiosities to show off — "Look what I've got that you haven't yet heard of!" I drank a couple of bottles of Cape Mentelle with an old Pom who remembered the land only too well. He had slogged his guts out there as a laborer in one of the soldier-settler schemes after World War One, immortalised in a book titled *A Fine Country To Starve In*, written a few years back now. He gave the opinion at the time that he was damned glad that the country was capable of producing something worthwhile. It is as heavy a red as I have sampled outside the offerings of Rutherglen, with a faint blackcurrant edge and a very distinct taste of iron. The iron, in fact, came as something of a shock until I got used to it on the third glass. It is one of those wines that I would really like to lay down for 10 years just to see what happens to it. But I certainly cannot see it going over the hill in any great hurry.

Huntington Estate Cabernet Sauvignon, Merlot, 1980. In terms of years in the bottle, this is one of the more recent offerings from the Mudgee region. To declare my interest here, the Mudgee wine region is (by Australian standards) just over the hill from me, and my district at one stage of its futile history used to supply large quantities of the cabernet sauvignon grapes for the so-called premium wines of another age (actually most of the stuff went into fortifieds). These days, my area has virtually given up grapes and gone seriously into the breeding of shonky horses, but that's just part of the continuing futility of the Australian dream. I've tasted a couple of very old Mudgee wines over the past four years and I regard them in much the same manner as a couple of equally old wines from the Forbes district. They are curious little fellows and say about as much for the insanity of their winemakers under a tin roof at 55°C as they do for the technique of winemaking in general. However, in the past six years or so, due to the gradual advance of refrigeration, and also because most of the really dangerous fortified wines in the world come via long-distance transport from an area not entirely unadjacent to the Riverina (well, you've got to keep the bloody shearers quiet somehow, don't you?), Mudgee has started lifting its pinky. Wine judges, however, although they don't use these exact terms, constantly complain that the Mudgee reds are in great danger of blowing themselves to pieces. One that would be very interesting to lay down for at least five years is the above-mentioned. Like all Mudgee reds, it has an

It's always open house at Jacob's Creek.

The remarkably mellow red from Orlando.

AB1770/82 069.P.036

enormous tannic content, plus a lot of fruit. Once again, it is one of those wines that I would rather like to talk to in the year 2000, simply to see whether or not it had collapsed or developed. That is one of the problems of having a short history; none of us can look up records for the vintage of 1820 and see how it turned out. For what it is worth, *Le Compte de Molonge* claims *all* the wines of Mudgee taste rather like the Spanish wines of the 18th Century when the mode, as it were, was to throw in a couple of pig's heads to make sure the stuff was really nutritious. In theory he may well be right.

Kaiser Stuhl Red Ribbon Shiraz, 1980. This is a difficult one to write about because for all I know, by the time you have torn out your girlie pictures, the cellar masters at this Barossa winery (that is really no longer Kaiser Stuhl, anyway) may have abandoned the attempt to dig this splendid red out of the valley's mud, which you may remember came after this very valley caught fire. This sort of natural nonsense doesn't happen in French vineyards. Their cellars simply get crushed by snow, which shows that the Lord God of Hosts is somewhat erratic in the punishments he hands out to those who insist on getting stuck into the turps despite his baleful rumblings. It won a gold at the Sydney show earlier this year in the class which we still insist on calling burgundy. Burgundy wines in Australia are somewhat softer in tone than clarets. They don't tend to fight you over the dinner table, and because of this, in many respects they are neglected. Mud-encrusted or not, I'd put a dozen of this one down. At the time of writing, it was running at about $6 a bottle, which will make it extremely good value in three to four years. *Le Compte de Molonge* quite rightly points out that there is no Burgundy wine in Australia. I agree with him but any number of people in the trade are really quite tiresome when it comes to nomenclature. But, on the other hand, it is not the fault of this wine that it has been classified in this manner. It is, after all, called shiraz.

Peter Lehman Cabernet Sauvignon, 1981. This is one of those Barossa wines that really is worth buying now and laying down for two to three years. I personally wouldn't let it stay in bed longer than five years, but until then it will continue to sit well on any dinner table. The wine is well balanced at present, deep in color with a lot of the grape left in it. There is obviously some wood but no harshness. It is, however, one of the more expensive offerings, although good value for the type of wine that it is. I'd stick half a dozen away and no more.

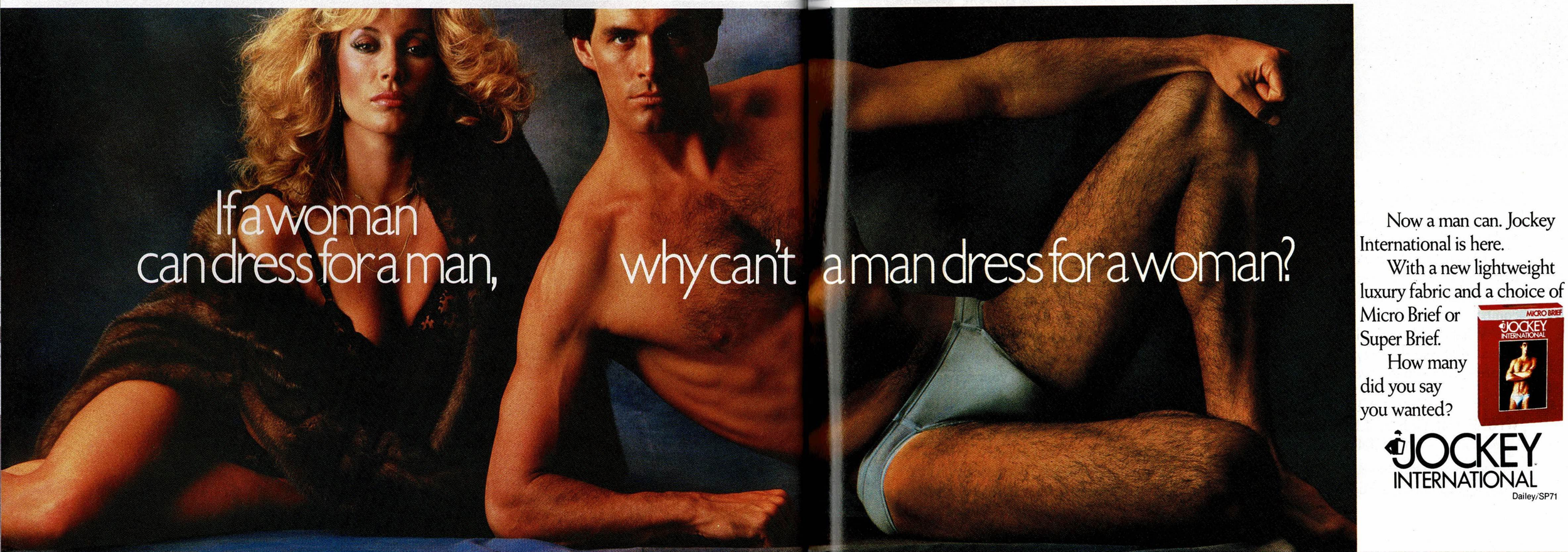
Mildara Coonawarra Cabernet Sauvignon, 1980. Outside of Rutherglen, South Australia's Coonawarra district has long been my favorite Australian wine region. The wines from the area have a style that is almost like the landscape: they are flat and one has the feeling that they will be around for a million years. It is a pity that we of the new world don't make amphora, because one would love to see a great pit of the things dug up in about 2500 with a couple of crumpled winemaker's notes in that strange language once called English still legible. I was going to remark that the Mildara 1980 Coonawarra Cabernet Sauvignon went down like silk. It was then that the complete stupidity of this phrase struck me more or less forcibly. If you tried to drink silk, you would choke to death and I don't think the Mildara people are anxious to fight out a court battle in which their premium wine is compared to a pair of black bedsheets. The whole business would indeed be too silly. Like a few other wines that I have recommended for laying down, it can indeed be drunk immediately, hastily, slowly, all in a bunch or all out of a bunch. But give it three years in a decent cool place in your splendid mansion or hovel, as the case may apply, and you will be rewarded by one of the clearest glasses of joy that I have drunk in recent years. I actually tasted it under very great difficulties. A leg of mutton of the summer of '83 vintage roasted in a kitchen which stood at a solid 50°C throughout the entire trying experience tested the wine to its limit. This is one of the few cases where I took the trouble to bring back a red to the European version of room temperature. It went in the freezer for 20 minutes until it backed down to 25°C. *Le Compte de Molonge* went for the mutton pan like the true *sauvage* he is. I stayed with Mildara and benefited greatly.

Taylor's Cabernet Sauvignon, 1978. I have been an admirer of Taylor's wines for a number of years now, and this sampling has done nothing to lessen that admiration. Like most companies that care, Taylor's does not release its products until they are considered fit to drink, but the 1978 cabernet sauvignon, which keeps on winning medals from Bourke to London, will keep on improving. Like many of the wines produced in the cooler region of Clare in South Australia, the generally cooler summers (and in this regard, the less said about the 1983 summer the better) produce wines with intense fruit flavor and good balance. The whole taste question about cabernet sauvignon is more than somewhat vexed. For some unearthly reason, some expert ravers insist that the stuff has "a mint after-palate". Well, if they want to drink mint, I would suggest that they go buy a bottle of vodka and shake it up with a bunch of mint leaves and sugar and then they can drink mint to their heart's content. Wine made from pure cabernet sauvignon grapes tastes like wine made from cabernet sauvignon grapes which, oddly enough, according to Oxford's formidable *The Genera of Flowering Plants* by J. Hutchinson L.L.D., F.R.S. (formerly keeper of museums of botany, Royal Botanical Gardens, Kew, England), have sweet FA to do with any members of the enormous mint family. Neither is the cabernet sauvignon grape a parsnip, which perhaps explains the reason that parsnip wine is not made from it. I get annoyed about these comparisons from time to time, mainly in this instance because I failed to find any mint bushes at Chateau Clare. My famous companion, *Le Compte de Molonge*, notes in this regard that Taylor's "cab sav" doesn't taste of liver, either.

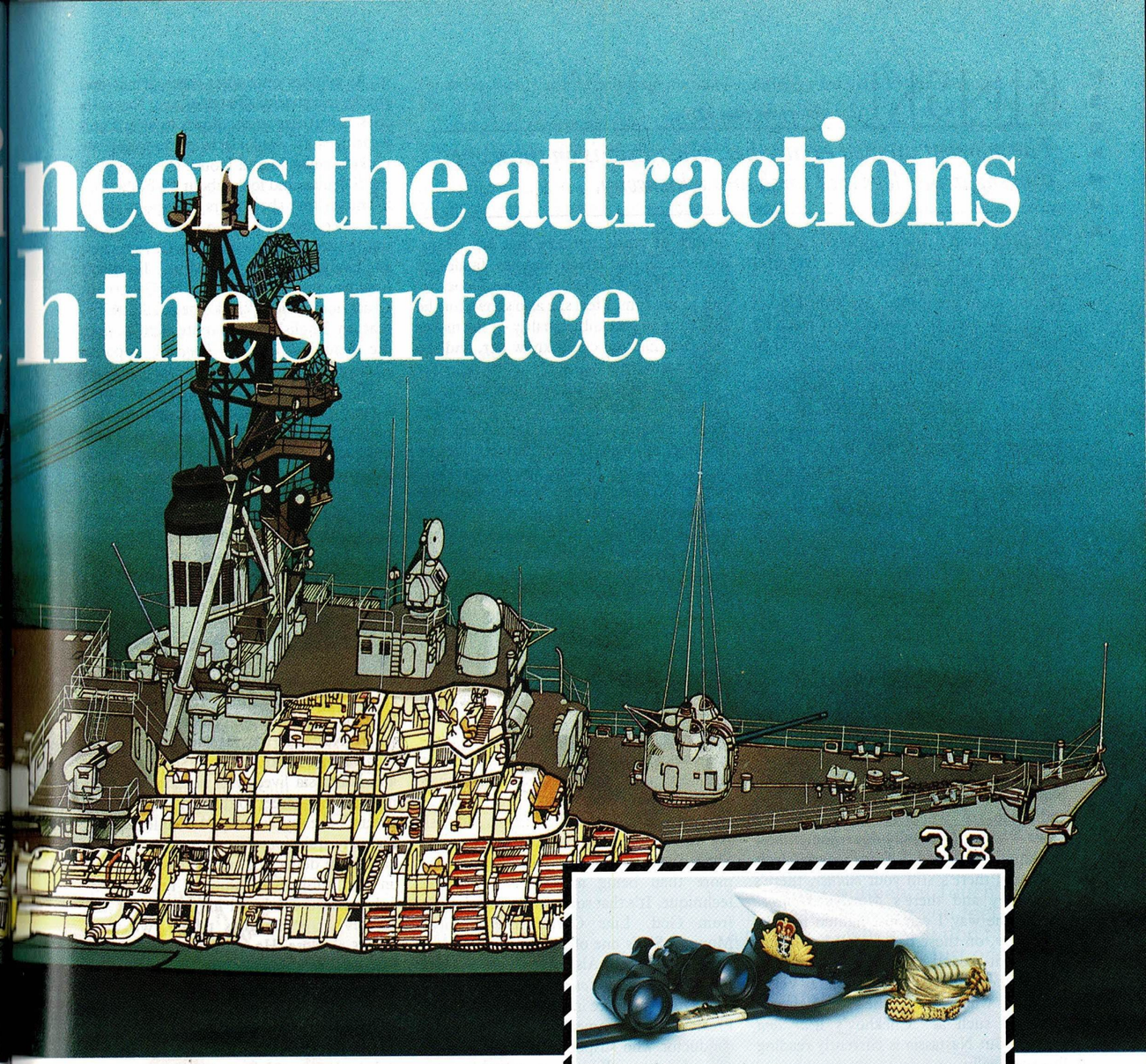
Woodley's Queen Adelaide Claret, 1978. Like her majesty the Queen Dowager, (Queen Adelaide to you), Woodley's is one of those wine companies that east coast dwellers tend to forget exists at all until they more or less trip over a case of the stuff at their local hurl-the-buggers-out rum supermarket. Perhaps it is because the female royal who graces the labels of this firm's premium products is both reasonably ugly and purse-mouthed to boot (quite obviously a closet gin drinker). The despair of many an advertising agency, I would hazard. She is also fully clothed which doesn't help either in these years when Satan holds us in his thrall. Anyway, despite the fact that Woodley's will keep on sticking the ugly old bitch on its labels, if you cellar their wines until the bottles become scum covered and then serve them by candlelight, no one will ever notice. I once would have said that claret (the Lutheran influence notwithstanding) was a very Barossa word. Now I must confess I don't really know; it's spread a bit, like fungus. The '78 offering is very full and smooth and although it can be drunk immediately, I believe it has another splendid five years going for it, at least in the bottle. Three years of cellaring would probably bring it to its peak.

Wynn's Coonawarra Estate Cabernet Sauvignon, 1979. This wine is one of the great classics of the Coonawarra region. It has everything: taste, balance and an ability, I would guess, to last at least another 10 years in the bottle. It is not cheap. It has also another attribute in being the clearest Coonawarra I have drunk in many years. Balance and grape taste are excellent. One of the complaints by the pretentious, I know, is that it will cost you almost as much as a bad French wine. But if you are into that style of things, go and buy a bottle of seasick beaujolley, Marseilles Lies or even a bottle of an extraordinary wine that London's Fortnum and Mason had the gall to sell many years ago called Red Fez (well, at least they admitted it was grown in the Sahara in an indifferent year). From memory, F&M admitted in the end that the stuff did turn your teeth black but struck back with a snide mention to Emu Wine.

This has got nothing whatsoever to do with the above vintage, but you will probably be pleased to know that I am not recommending the laying down of either sweaty felt hats or huge live birds. *Le Compte de Molonge* has finally lost patience with this diatribe and has just bitten me. For his pains, he has been put on the chain and had a bottle of Riverina grenache broken over his head. Enough is enough, I say.



For most Navy Engineers the attractions lie beneath the surface.



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KINSKI

(continued from page 92)

The moment an idea excites her, Nastassia is on the move, flinging arms, legs and torso any whichway.

oversized man's shirt, quick-witted but wary, she casts intelligent fawn eyes over every new subject as if to see whether or not the questions are loaded. She's the kind of irresistible mess that makes poets reach for their pens and would have sent Renoir or Picasso rushing to their easels.

Ask her about being a world-class celebrity, frequently compared to such luminous ladies as Ingrid Bergman, Audrey Hepburn or Greta Garbo, and she looks bemused. "This question comes up all the time, and I hate it. I don't know what to do with it, what to say. They're *all* wonderful. Maybe there's a similar something that comes out through your pores, your eyes. Maybe it's just being a woman who has glanced at things on the same planet where *they're* living, I dunno. *My* idol for a long time was, and still is, Romy Schneider. And Marilyn Monroe: she always moved me, whatever she did. I could watch her movies forever. Whether you were a dog or a cat or a woman or a guy, you just *loved* her. There was something you could see on her skin, a glow, she was so alive and exciting. . ."

The moment an idea excites her, Nastassia is on the move, flinging arms, legs and torso any whichway to emphasise a point. "When I'm really down sometimes, thinking I'm no good, I'll say to myself: wait a minute, there's still your *mother,* there's *Dostoevsky* and there's *Marilyn Monroe.* That's one way I can just lighten myself, you know, on those bad days." You think for a split-second you've been thrown a curve, the kind you get from a Vegas showgirl who claims she's into heavy literature such as "Chekhov's *War and Peace*". But Nastassia is currently reading Proust. Really.

The insecurity she mentions seems unrelated to her impressive track record. At age 22, Kinski has a string of credits that aren't all pearls but sound pretty dazzling even so. She made a movie you never heard about with Germany's Wim Wenders when she was still a teenybopper, worked in German TV with Wolfgang Peterson (who directed *Das Boot*), co-starred with Marcello Mastroianni in an Italian movie, became an international star at 17 in Roman Polanski's *Tess,* then did Francis Ford Coppola's *One From The Heart,* followed by Paul Schrader's *Cat People.* By the time you read this, she will be brightening up the screen opposite Rudolph Nureyev in James Toback's *Exposed.*

Toback, who doubles as her partner in the accompanying Helmut Newton pictorial, is a staunch ally and Kinski confidant who states: "Nastassia, alone among young actresses today, projects the quality of erotic mystery that has distinguished all the great femmes fatales of cinema: Dietrich, Garbo, Bardot, Deneuve. But in my film, I feel she also shows for the first time an accessible quality — she makes you feel that you could know her, and she could know you."

Soon there'll be another new movie, in French — *Moon in the Gutter,* co-starring France's top male Gerard Depardieu, and directed by Jean-Jacques Beineix, whose stylish *Diva* has become the hottest Paris import of recent times. Beineix sings her praises on a hot-line from abroad while still putting finishing touches on *Gutter. Bien sur,* no director with his head on straight is likely to lambaste his own leading lady, but Jean-Jacques eulogises well beyond the call of duty. "In my movie," says he, "she's a queen in the trash, dressed by Dior and driving a red Ferrari with a world of dirt, despair and ugliness around her. She has to be perverse, tender, sweet, and cruel, the eternal feminine. It's complex — but Nastassia is a dream, and totally professional, demanding a lot from a director and never quite satisfied because she gives you everything from herself, every time. . . until you have to stop her, finally, and ask her to save something for the next take. She's a star, which in my language means more than being an actress or having technique. It's that something special, a gift from God. Like Garbo, like Marilyn Monroe. She's one of them."

Brace yourself. Also on the way for late '83 is *Unfaithfully Yours,* teaming Nastassia with Dudley Moore in a remake of the 1948 Preston Sturges comedy about a symphony conductor who suspects his beautiful wife of infidelity. Kinski a comedienne? Director Howard Zieff (*his* credits range from *Slither* and *House Calls* to *Private Benjamin*) admits he had trouble convincing the studio chiefs that the girl from *Tess* and *Cat People* could project a sense of humor: "I was convinced after I met with her for half an hour, almost a year before we began shooting. She's so surprisingly effervescent, ebullient, full of vivacity. We've changed the role a lot. She's now an Italian movie actress married to Dudley. Her part is filled with energy, she really has to *go,* and she's fabulous, everything happening so easily I'm in shock. She reminds you of a 19-year-old Ingrid Bergman, or sometimes — when she's full out — like Sophia Loren in her prime. She's so young, so amazing, with phenomenal eyes. I can't see her going anywhere but onward, to major stardom."

The votes tallied might suggest a fairy-tale princess who consistently gets what she wants and has the talent to make the most of it. At another encounter, over drinks and snacks in a spacious hotel lounge, Nastassia tries to cut her image down to size. She's wearing soft wool slacks with a delicate pinkish embroidered blouse she bought in the Bahamas and looks about 16, but wishes it known that she suffers disappointments like everyone else. Two roles she *really* wanted went to Elizabeth McGovern: first as Evelyn Nesbit in Milos Forman's *Ragtime,* the part that won McGovern an Oscar nomination ("Milos decided, I think, that my English wasn't quite right"), then the feminine lead in *Lovesick* opposite Dudley Moore.

Her English, by now, is nigh perfect with a mere trace of Continental rhythm, and *Unfaithfully Yours* promises to set things right re Dudley. Fluent in four languages, she notes with relish, "In this movie, I get to curse in an Italian accent. I love slang, but I especially love to curse in Italian, you know? We used to live in Rome when I was little, and my father cursed all day, all the time. He cursed the traffic, cursed about money, cursed everybody. I found out that cursing can feel so *good.*"

When she speaks of her father, of course, she's speaking of Klaus Kinski — a superstar *non-pareil* in his native Germany, recently praised as *Fitzcarraldo* and known to audiences in distant corners of the globe where Nastassia has yet to raise any dust. Her parents broke up when she was eight, and Nastassia lived with her mother, who manages her career to this day. "We're like sisters," she says warmly. A couple of years ago, any question about her father would have been deflected, but she has mellowed on that subject. "I think I rejected my father because I loved him so much. My parents were like gods to me. We were always so close. He wanted us to have the best of everything, wanted my mother to live beautifully. When you're small, you know, you want a sort of banal childhood — everything ordinary and planned. It wasn't that way, but I had a wonderful childhood, and that's something you hold on to.

"But my father, since a few years ago, has really cut off. I mean, he does movies, but he's just way out there. . . nowhere. I think he wanted to do certain things he cared about, or just get a boat and sail far away from everybody. He was so full of *fire* when he was young. He wanted to play Paganini. But he always had to compromise a lot, sometimes did the most stupid movies just to keep us happy, and make money. I don't know. . ." Nastassia shrugs, her voice trailing off wistfully. She has a half-sister, Pola — also an actress, though their paths seldom cross — as well as a very young half-brother by Kinski's current wife, a Vietnamese.

It's clear that she sees many things differently, now that she has to juggle her own conflicting drives. Her workaholic tendencies are such that she took advantage of a break from *Moon in the Gutter* to make still another movie in Germany, portraying pianist Clara Schumann. "Classical music, to me — I mean Beethoven or Tchaikovsky and Chopin — is like hearing the voices of my parents; I was brought up on it. But I never knew so much about Schumann, and how the Schumanns fell in love through their art, which drew them together so strongly."

An unabashed romantic, she is also a solitary soul who spent Christmas alone in the Bahamas and wondered why anyone thought it odd of her. She may dig an occasional evening of disco but cherishes privacy, and she's still not sure she wants to be an actress. "That's why I'm acting, just to follow this work and see how far it goes, to say all these marvellous things and *be* all these strange people in different stories. I can't tell you things I don't know, but I finally want what everybody wants. Mostly, I want children. . ."

Does that mean marriage? She has thought about it, though the possibility seems remote right now. And details hard to come by. "He's 25. . . he lives in Berlin. . . he's a student of architecture." Next question.

She's still carrying psychological bruises from her early encounters with journalists when she was too inexperienced to field queries about her widely-publicised romances with Polanski and Schrader. On Schrader and *Cat People,* Nastassia prefers to stay mum. The movie disappointed her, and so did the relationship. "They say if something bugs you, you still care," she concedes, then, "and it really bugs me that I was so *stupid.*"

Polanski is something else. "*Tess* was truly a turning point for me, and the relationship while working with Polanski was fantastic. Don't call him the love of my life, because that's *not* what I mean. Because he has a certain kind of reputation, people used to ask such nasty questions, tried to get me to say things, then they'd just go and write what they wanted to write. But I love Polanski as a person, as a human being. I can't think of a *thing* in this world that would not interest him. He totally fascinated me, and has been the most important man I've met except for my father. I've never seen anybody so excited by life, who has in him what we love about children — to just look and ask and touch and wonder. He'd get a soup served to him and smell it, and say, 'You *must* smell this soup. . . this soup is *amazing!*' Every instant with him is just *full.* Nobody I know is like him. He's wonderful."

Whenever she talks about people she likes best — whether Coppola or Toback or Polanski — she is apt to give them extra points for taking chances. That she relishes an element of risk seems obvious even when she talks about the celebrated snake picture by Avedon, in which Kinski had a live python wrapped around her nude body and became a best-selling poster queen. "That was totally unplanned. I knew the guy from *Cat People,* a trainer who came to a fashion shooting with a monkey, a bird, a cat, different animals. If I had thought about it for a day or two, I might have been frightened by the whole idea of a snake, but the python was there — then Avedon said, 'Well, you'll just have to take everything off or this is going to look ridiculous.' So that's what we did." Nastassia draws a sharper analogy from her role as a circus high-wire walker in Coppola's *One From The Heart,* an experience she cherishes no matter what critics and public say. She had to walk a wire 50 feet above the ground and wouldn't fake it, couldn't fake it — although there *were* what she calls "mattresses" to cushion a fall. To get the stunt right, she trained for months with circus professionals. "The discipline of walking a wire is very difficult, you know. Gravity pulls you down all the time. It's like you're pulled on an inner wire from your own centre. . . you make love to the wire and feel the north, south, west, everything of yourself. It's incredible. The minute your mind goes somewhere else, you slip. I slipped quite often, badly, and that hurt. Then I realised maybe I was trying too hard. So I tried with less effort, and later I related that to acting. Maybe putting in too much effort is what blocks you. Anyway, to walk that wire was like a lesson from life, if you know what I mean." We know.

The laws of gravity may be immutable, yet all available evidence suggests that enchanting Nastassia Kinski henceforth has only one way to go: up, up, up.

EXTRACTING THE DIGITAL

audio expert richard timmins lends an ear to the digital disc revolution

IMAGINE a sound system with negligible noise, little trace of distortion, virtually perfect wave-form fidelity, a dynamic range at least 50 percent better than currently available, and with records that can be grossly mutilated before they become unplayable. That's the promise of the fully-digital CD (Compact Disc) system mooted by Dutch

PHOTO BY IVSON

electrical giant Philips, and predominantly co-developed with them by Sony, the most active of a large phalanx of Japanese supporters.

Development of such a system could only have been carried out by large, resourceful companies with access to advanced development facilities and high technology. The system makes use of laser transcription techniques, both for producing and playing the records. Also used are novel audio-to-digital and digital-to-audio conversion circuits, "brickwall" filters and error correction circuits — these enormously complex circuits have demanded entirely new LSI (Large Scale Integrated) chips in order to work at all.

It's not surprising that the Sony people are pretty pleased with themselves and their system. The heavies from Sony who attended a press launch of the CD system late last year at Sydney's Studio 301 seemed very smug about their company's achievement. This event was interesting, not only because of the obviously high quality of sound coming from the demonstration CD player, but because of the questions that *didn't* get answered. For example, there was no firm confirmation of anticipated selling price (I was given three figures ranging from $8000 to $1000), nor was anyone prepared to say whether the problems plaguing the record manufacturing process (involving reject rates of over 90 percent in some instances) were being overcome.

Most annoying of all was the comparison of CD with analogue recordings. I would have expected Sony to use "flagship" analogue playing equipment; instead, we were presented with a linear-tracking turntable — certainly not the way to fidelity from analogue discs — and a mid-priced preamplifier. The latter was patched into the console of the mix-down suite where the auditions took place. I was told that Sony's Esprit preamp — their best, and a good one by any standards — ". . . didn't match the studio electronics. . .", which seems rather strange considering that the appropriate specifications (nominal output level and matching impedance) of the Esprit are virtually the same as those of the preamp used.

Not surprisingly, analogue records didn't sound particularly good, but they weren't really given a chance, as superior results *can* be obtained from analogue, even without resorting to ridiculous expenditure on equipment. On the basis of what I heard via the 301 monitors (again, hardly appropriate for demonstrating a domestic sound system), I couldn't comment on whether or not the new digital offers a significant overall advance in sound quality.

I build my own amplification and speakers, mainly because the sort of equipment I want isn't commercially available. The foundation of this activity is the pickup cartridge I use — a Decca — which is noted for its dynamic performance and ability to reveal changes of sound level and intensity. It is a particularly demanding cartridge because it produces very high output voltages from time to time, and there are few components commercially available capable of handling this output without producing severe, audibly unpleasant distortion. The CD system will impose similar problems — especially with lower-priced hi-fi equipment that simply isn't compromised in favor of wide dynamic range — because the vast majority of record players and tape machines don't have a very wide dynamic range anyway. I see this as potentially the biggest practical problem with CD: it can, and does, reveal the dramatic contrasts of loud and quiet which are an important fundamental feature of all music. In practice, this means you're likely to lose the benefit of CD unless you have a system that can cope with it. The main problem areas are power amplifiers and speakers: with the former, even though you'll propably adopt similar *average* volume level with CD as you use now with analogue, the *maximum* levels you'll get will be considerably higher, and possibly beyond the capabilities of your amplifier.

When an amplifier is called upon to supply more power than it's able to do, it "clips", or stops producing any more power and continues to deliver what maximum it can until the demand is reduced by falling signal level. Straightforward clipping may be distracting but it isn't particularly bad; unfortunately, most amps don't clip cleanly. Often the whole amplifier goes out of control because there is no longer enough power for the feedback circuitry (used in most modern amplifiers), to control or correct the signal waveform. Thus the amplifier spews out enormous amounts of distortion — like a crackly electronic fart — and music disappears for the duration.

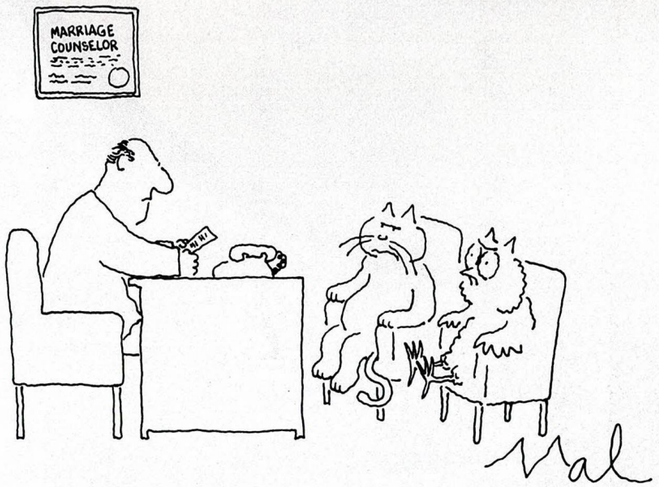
Speakers are a potential problem for similar reasons; many modern designs end up working close to their theoretical dynamic limits even with current analogue recordings, and the obvious main limiting factor is the amount of mechanical movement available for the bass diaphragm. Digital is going to tax very many speaker systems, and it seems probable that a whole new generation of speaker designs will emerge. Sony has already made a number of new models — presumably in anticipation of digital demands — based on a so-called "linear pistonic motion" drive unit.

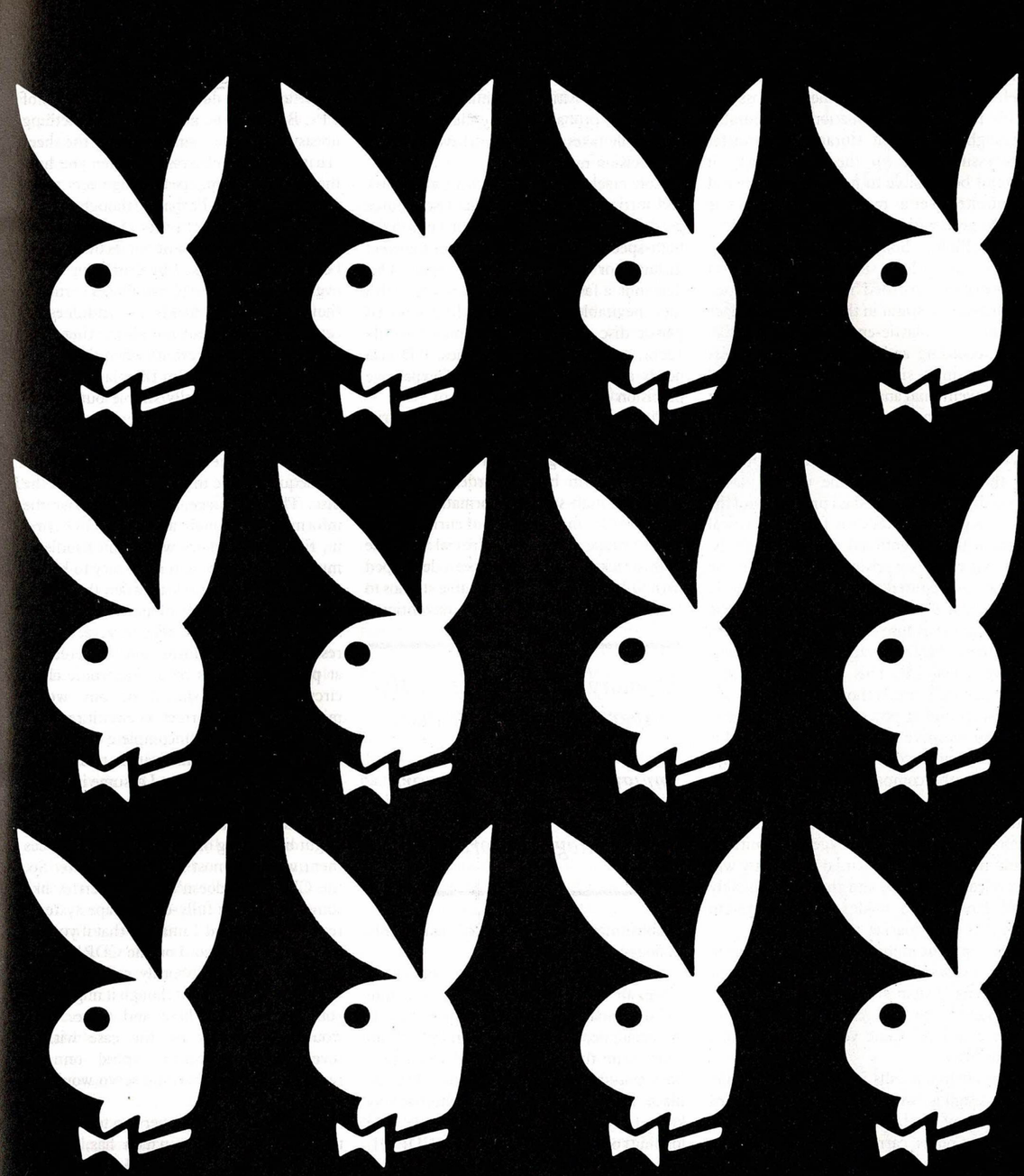
Other speaker problems include saturation of filter crossover networks.

These networks are designed to send the right frequencies to the right drive units, but when saturated, the filters don't always work correctly. Under these conditions, especially if the amplifier is into clipping, you have an excellent recipe for burning out speakers.

How does the digital system work, and what are its strengths and weaknesses? On the positive side, it transcribes the original sound waveform into a binary code, rather like conversion of letters in the alphabet to Morse code. It does this by "looking" at the waveform at regular intervals (in the CD system at about 44,000 times per second) and measuring the voltage level of the signal at that moment. When using 16-bit "words", it's possible to describe a couple of hundred million different levels, so the "observed" level at the instant of sampling is likely to be very close to a coded level, and that is the "word" allocated. Each word is placed into sequence with other necessary information which fundamentally serves to keep everything synchronised and in correct order. The stream of information is transferred to memory and then to storage — usually via a tape recorder adapted from a video recorder with the capacity to handle the enormous amount of information yielded from the encoding stage. Incidentally, the memory is used for timing purposes, information flowing through on a "first-in, first-out" basis with the addition of an identity tag for each word.

All this information is in pulse form, roughly equivalent to the dot and dash of Morse code. In this form, all that is required of equipment is recognition of, and discrimination between, the two types of pulse; the actual shape of each bit of





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information can be very severely mutilated before recognition becomes impossible. This makes the information very durable through subsequent storage and transfer processing, and (in theory, at least) it should be possible to make any number of duplicates over as many generations as one might need with no audible loss of quality.

The Philips/Sony (*et al*) Compact Disc system uses a high-speed disc record with information recorded in the form of pits arranged in a spiral in the reflective surface of the clear plastic-encapsulated material. The recording and manufacturing process is surprisingly similar to the one now used for conventional analogue discs, except that a laser-etching system replaces the more familiar electro-mechanical cutting head. What makes one cynical about this process is that it depends on the use of plastic mouldings for the finished product, and the accuracy of the moulds is far more critical than with conventional analogue records. It's not really surprising that MCA in the States was reputedly rejecting significantly more than 90 percent of its compact disc production because only the Japanese seem able to produce correctly the far less critical conventional LP. This also indicates that CD software production is a finicky and time-consuming process requiring expensive and sensitive plant and machinery, plus suitable, and costly, technical back-up. Whether the compact disc buyer pays, or whether CD record production remains subsidised for some time to come, is a debatable point. I envisage that initially only titles of high potential popularity will be released on CD, and that some subsidy will have to be made until the system achieves deep market penetration.

Before continuing with a description of CD, it's worthwhile to compare a new American system still under development by Soundstream, a company which has been active for some years on the digital audio front.

Soundstream calls its system AudioFile. The design is based on a rectangular record the size of a standard small index-card. Information is carried on either a transparency or reflective surface and is put there, *photographically*, not by relief moulding — a far simpler and therefore economic production process. This index-card type record doesn't go round and round. It's pressed hard against a flat transparent surface and is scanned, raster-fashion (like the lines on a TV picture), by a simple mechanism which is no more than a laser transmitting from the edge of a rapidly-revolving wheel. The light focuses on the pattern of pulses printed on the background and, if this is reflective, the reflection is extracted by means of a system of lenses and prisms and directed to a light-sensitive cell. There, the pulses of light are interpreted as pulses of volts and transferred via electronic circuitry for further processing. If the background medium of the AudioFile record is non-reflective and light now passes through, the light-sensitive detector is positioned behind the record, which will probably be the idea adopted if AudioFile takes off, as it will save a fortune in precision optics.

Conversely, CD is stuck with a complex and intricate mechanism. The laser source used to read the spiral of moulded pits in the high-speed record must maintain a correct distance or it won't keep in focus. This demands a fast-reacting servo to cope with the inevitable warps of a heat-stressed plastic disc — even if its diameter is only 12cm, as opposed to 12 inches. CD also needs a mandatory itinerary of expensive precision optics.

Pits moulded in relief in a plastic material are one storage medium; magnetic tape is another. Most digital recordings are taped in digital form by a recorder capable of handling high-speed information — in other words, an adaptation of current types of videotape recorders. Special purpose multi-track machines have been developed with fully digital mixers to enable studios to operate along the lines of conventional

In many ways, CD is vastly superior to analogue disc. The dynamics are magnificent and there are none of the speed vagaries of analogue recordings.

establishments which are still using only analogue gear.

Once the binary recording has been made, all that remains is to process it into CD or to analogue for eventual playback. If it's analogue, you get an LP and play it on your steam turntable; if it's CD, you get a beer mat-shaped and sized record that you place into the waiting jaw (alternatively known by Sony as a linear skate disc loading) of something like a Sony CDP101. The sound of this natty little machine is undeniably superb. The most obvious quality is its pitch stability. There's no wavering or quavering.

Exponents of the CD medium may have to learn the recording art all over again, because this mutinous-looking machine (it squeaks when you program it through its optional remote control box) and its funny little 12cm records reveal the nasty artistic techniques insensitive recording engineers feel necessary to employ: stretched pianos, tragically synthesised steam locomotives and orchestras where whole banks of instruments suddenly jump off the platform into your living room just in front of your speakers.

In many ways, CD is vastly superior to analogue disc. The dynamics are magnificent and there are none of the speed vagaries of analogue recordings which lead to uncertain pitch due to non-concentricity of LPs. But there is, nevertheless, something uneasy about the sound. Possibly the sheer clarity of it is embarrassing when you hear the dreadful blunders the engineers made during recording. Probably (though I've yet to identify or quantify its character), CD has a distinctive signature of its own. It has been unfairly knocked by critics the world over for its awfulness, but almost certainly they aren't able to handle its candidness. It *can* sound harsh, but not all the time.

The sequence of events when the stream of pulses emerges from the playback laser detector is superficially simple but, like so many simple ideas, has been hard to get working. The stream of words can, first of all, become shifted in time while maintaining sequence due to speed variations of the disc. The first stage, then, is to shove the information through another FIFO (first in, first out) memory which can handle as much information as is necessary to buffer against alternate overload when the record goes too fast, and starvation when it goes too slow. This memory, therefore, acts as a reservoir and the information is ordered out at precise intervals by an electronic clock circuit. If there should be any words missing, an error correction circuit replaces it and also "repairs" incomplete words. I'm not sure how sophisticated this error-correction system is, but I assume it checks the nearest clear information before and after the fault (and whole groups of words might be missing or mutilated) and replaces them with the most logical substitute. So, the CD player doesn't do raspberries like some of the first fully-digital tape systems reputedly did, and I imagine that if you try to play a faulty record on the CDP101, the machine would stubbornly refuse to have very much to do with it though it might play you odd snippets here and there. This would presumably be the case with a severely non-concentric spiral on the record, which the tracking servo would be unable to handle.

Finally all those numbers go to a digital-to-analogue converter which has, amid a host of innovative mechanical and electrical developments in the machine, been quite the hardest part of the system to perfect. In fact, I'm left wondering if this stage of the processing still needs a lot more attention, for despite CD's astounding clarity, it still sounds just a shade ragged round the edges. Of course this could be due, as many critics have pointed out, to inadequate quantising (ie not enough bits in each word to describe or code an event in sufficient detail) and too slow a sampling rate. In theory, the system looks only just often enough at the original waveform to resolve the highest audible frequencies, and allowing for mistakes, then it's probably not enough. Further, arising from this, the CD system was specified on the assumption that the highest audible frequency in music is 20,000 Hertz, and as a pure tone, this very high whistle is rarely audible except by children whose ears are more sensitive than adults. But there's ample circumstantial evidence to suggest that older people can hear supersonic vibrations as part of a larger-scale event, or at least are aware when they're absent.

Another relevant factor in this context is the use of a virtual "brickwall" filter at about 19,000Hz after the digits have been turned into analogue, and are needed to prevent unwanted interference by the digital circuits with the audio output. This filter acts as an impenetrable barrier and has a very steep slope for frequencies above 19,000Hz — hence the term "brickwall". Criticisms of CD have included fears for the phase integrity of the outcoming analogue signal as a result of this filter's operation. This, I feel, is a very valid fear and is really better ammunition in defence of the higher sampling rate than the need for improved resolution, as a higher sampling rate would allow a higher filter turnover frequency. The best conventional analogue systems use very extended high frequency responses. My own equipment responds more than three octaves into inaudibility, and this is typical rather than singular. Curtailing that response, even by one octave, has a tangible adverse effect on sound quality.

I would like to see technical improvements in CD, and that these will soon come is beyond doubt. For the moment, a greater problem with CD is its ability to tear studio techniques to shreds. You can't blame CD itself for this, but as I mentioned earlier on, recording engineers and all the studio staff involved in the art of music recording are going to have to buck up a few of their ideas. From the small selection of material supplied by Sony, there are several three-metre wide mouths, not to mention clashing perspectives of many of the instruments in the same recorded ensemble. This sort of thing can't prevail, especially as it's likely to be audible even on comparatively mediocre systems — provided, of course, they survive the onslaught of CD's dynamics.

As for CD's future: there's the possibility of alternatives, such as Soundstream's AudioFile, making an entry on the market. AudioFile, at least, has better potential for technical development and will probably be a lot cheaper for the consumer. A problem that must be plaguing the exponents of CD is expansion of the recorded catalogue, and, because of the high production cost of each title only material with good potential sales will be released. Audiophiles' musical tastes tend to be rather obscure and diverse, yet audiophiles are the people who are going to shell out for CD players because they have the most interest in high quality sound and are prepared to pay for it.

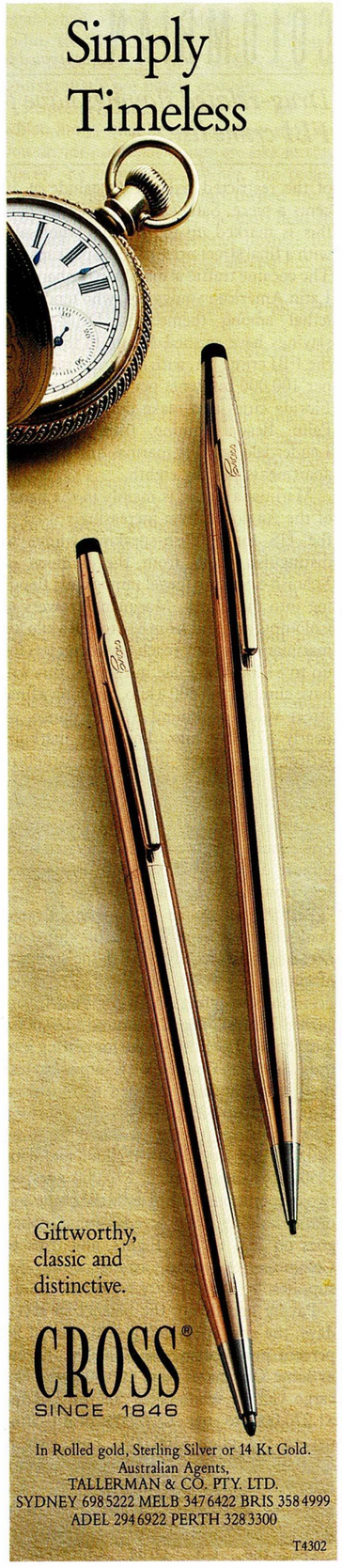
Before completing this article, I decided to contact Gary Beauchamp of Sony in Sydney to clarify a few matters. Apparently, selling price for the CDP101 still hasn't been fixed because, although Sony can now provide an ex-factory price (and the same applies to Philips and Marantz who now have production of players in hand), the hang-up is a decision from the Government about the duty rate to be applied. In fairness, the duty rate should be the low non-penalty one because no parallel product is manufactured locally. Beauchamp believes that the machine will retail at no more than $1000.

Polygram — the major European manufacturer of CD software — plans a selling price of $17.99 for the records. This is far more appealing than the price of audiophile analogue cuts at up to $35. Polygram intends to release a fairly good selection of programs although extreme minority tastes are likely to be poorly served at first. But, figures from Japan — where CD has already been on sale for some months — indicate that about 20 percent of the players were going to non-audiophile purchasers, an unexpected trend.

I still can't imagine a very rapid expansion of the CD catalogue, especially if prices are to be held below $20 per record. The software manufacturers have invested vast amounts of money in the process and running costs remain high, so any decision to release material is bound to reflect the desperate need for revenue. At the other end of the CD software economic spectrum are the performers who are being asked to accept smaller fees and royalty payments for their work in CD format. This is not such a bad thing, especially if it enables more work to be recorded and more records to be issued. Another probability is the establishment of record libraries where CD recordings can be hired at daily or weekly rates. Considering the durability of the Compact Disc, fewer of the problems involved in loaning or hiring delicate conventional albums should be encountered.

It's likely we'll also see CD players with built-in information displays designed to indicate the title of the album and the name of the track being played; maybe even with performance credits and information about the artists. There could be a resurrection of the juke-box in both commercial and domestic/ institutional forms — and these could use calculator-type or even alpha-numeric keyboards for programming and track selection. Instruments of this sort could carry an enormous repertoire because of the small space demands of CD, although AudioFile looks even more suitable for such an application. Such systems would develop into computer-access libraries with information piped into subscribers' premises via fibre-optic techniques.

Credit must be given to Philips, Sony and other participants in CD for having designed, developed and realised a significantly superior source of sound for the home listener. And although it has faults, CD comes closer than anything else to reproducing the power, tension, delicacy and subtlety of an original performance.



COLOMBIAN (continued from page 62)

Drug-related slayings have pushed Miami to the top of the FBI crime list.

of the restricted sedative Quaalude at 10 cents a piece. Safely across the Caribbean, this is marked up to 70 cents wholesale, with a final street price of $3.50 per capsule. The cocaine traffic is mainly in the hands of Latin American smugglers, who tend to be lethal among themselves. Drug-related slayings have pushed Miami to the top of the FBI crime list, with a murder rate of 70 per 100,000 residents per year. Two other Florida cities also make the top 10: West Palm Beach coming fifth, and Fort Lauderdale with its marinas and high rise apartments placing eighth.

Marijuana traffic is mainly in the hands of the Anglos, a term increasingly used in the US for English-speaking whites to distinguish them from the millions of Spanish-speaking illegal immigrants flooding into the States. Marijuana growers in Colombia are paid from $16 to $30 a kilo for marijuana that may reach the smugglers for up to $120. Wholesale in the US, this will have climbed to $600 a kilo, reaching a final street value of around $70 an ounce, or nearly $2500 a kilo. The huge markups reflect the elaborate distribution structure needed to move illegal drugs. Treasury accountants probably do occasional wistful sums on the back of envelopes to work out how much revenue could be generated from import duty, excise, sales tax and licence fees from legalised trade.

Because marijuana is less concentrated than cocaine, large aircraft or ships are needed to move really worthwhile amounts of cargo. It's worth the effort. The gross profit for smuggling a high grade marijuana such as Blue Sky Blond is around $480,000 a metric ton. The initial stake for getting into the Colombian Connection is somewhat less than it might take to open a franchised restaurant. For $250,000 plus $100,000 for a pilot, an aircraft can be leased for, say, $10,000 and fitted with bladder tanks for $2500 to increase range; $10,000 goes on two corporations, one to lease the plane and one to launder the proceeds. Some money goes on fuel for the flights, and trips to Colombia to make arrangements for supplies.

Paying half down, the balance in seven days, the smugglers can get 20 kilos of 98 percent pure cocaine for $200,000. Throw in some Quaaludes, say, 100,000, and the cargo can be wholesaled in the US for $1,270,000 to net $720,000 profit after paying the pilot $100,000. This year it might be $670,000 if the pilot wants an extra $50,000 compensation for risking the long-range naval radar aircraft, which is still a pretty good return.

On the US Drug Enforcement Administration's estimates, the annual US turnover in illegal drugs is $79 billion. It is just as well that the majority of this is in internal markups within the USA, otherwise the foreign exchange drain would make it a major economic problem, quite apart from any social aspects. It is the second biggest business in the USA after Exxon, coming in ahead of General Motors and Mobil.

Colombia alone gains $8 billion a year in foreign currency from the narcotics business (which puts a fresh complexion on the old Third World plea: Trade, Not Aid). The money flow contributes to the 40 percent annual inflation rate in Colombia. The overall trade in US narcotics includes home-grown and Mexican marijuana, heroin from Marseilles and Naples, or the Golden Triangle and other sources. But two-thirds of the drug smuggling is through South Florida — the closest point in the US to Colombia and the Caribbean — so that the Colombian Connection is arguably the most significant of the drug routes. It is suggested that seizures by enforcement agencies only take out about 20 percent of the flow.

Such large currency flows demand elaborate organisation. A typical outfit could handle $100 million a year in sales, and employs 25 to 30 people. This, by the way, is the classic size for a small to medium private business; it is about the maximum that a single small executive team can comfortably run without having to go to the divisional organisation and managerial hierarchies of the large business bureaucracies.

"It will have around five bosses," says US narcotics agent, Blue Logan, "major shareholders, and they'll call themselves president, vice-president, chief accountant, all that stuff. Half of them will be working on operations and sales and half on finance. The accounts department will have computers and high-speed cash counters. That's a lot of money they have to keep track of. They'll deal with re-investment, bond funds to bail out guys who get burned, retirement plans and pensions. In the field, you only bust the warehouseman, the pilots, the mules. The principals, they are insurance men, doctors, lawyers, guys in Bally shoes and Calvin Klein jeans. We've convicted Harvard Business School graduates. To get at them, you have to have the same systems you would use on a big multi-national that was on a complex tax caper."

With the huge cash flows, money management is a major problem for the organisers of the drug routes. To disguise the origins of the money, they need front companies, car dealerships, supermarkets, dress shops, apartment rentals and other businesses. To avoid tax, the money is transferred to other corporate accounts in the off-shore tax havens of the Caribbean, conveniently close to the movement lines of the Colombian Connection.

Billions of dollars are laundered through the Bahamas, where international banking accounts for a quarter of the gross national product. The Reagan task force attacking the drug routes meets a blank wall in getting any concessions on the veil of secrecy around Bahamian banking laws. Corporations in the Netherlands Antilles would hardly have any legitimate uses for North American businesses. Their attractions are tax-dodging and laundering. The Caymans has tougher bank secrecy laws than apply even in Switzerland, where agencies can at least ask for information on Swiss bank accounts if the individual is under investigation for a crime which is also an offence under Swiss law. In the Caymans, a bank official can be jailed for confirming that someone even has an account. "We don't allow fishing expeditions," a Caymans bank investigator confirms. Amounts of US currency leaving the country in cash can be confiscated if sums over $5000 are not reported on departure. But once the money is out, there is little more that can be done.

The laundering continues within the USA. In Florida's capital, Miami, the tourists in their leisure gear and beach hats wander past a considerable number of new banks, several of them drug-related finance houses intentionally profiting from the cocaine and marijuana traffic. US banks are supposed to record all cash transactions over $10,000, but this group managed to avoid reporting an estimated $3.2 billion worth of business.

Real estate is a favorite investment of drug smugglers (as it is of most citizens). Some 42 percent of property sales over $300,000 in South Florida are made to foreign-controlled corporations or foreign-based individuals. Of this grouping, 54 percent goes through anonymous off-shore corporate bodies, four-fifths of them considered "irregular". In other words, they are usually just name-plate operations for Americans; the essential structure being an off-shore agent to provide the business address and a name-plate on the door. Shopping malls, large office blocks and banks are run by drug smuggling corporations. "Florida crooks don't rob banks," says one local policeman. "They buy them."

Nonetheless, the chain of drug transactions generates cash, and sometimes this can be traced. The presidential task force has one section called Operation Greenback, with financial experts whose assignment is to try to audit the drug cash flows. The big traffickers use professional accountants, lawyers, banks and dummy corporations. These corporations are switched around to confuse the trail. It can be a long game with paperwork and printouts to catch the top dealers on the audit trail.

As in so many other areas of law enforcement, not to mention espionage, it pays to have a man inside. This is what busted one of the largest marijuana smuggling operations, the Black Tuna group. The investigators traced a record for one account for a dummy corporation called Viomar, which had received $10 million over a few months. This led to bookkeeper Howard Blumin, who paid amounts of up to $500,000 a time into accounts, wearing the unbuttoned shirt and gold chains which are the trademark of many drug smugglers.

Blumin, offered immunity from prosecution, turned over the books. The principals turned out to be two men called Bobby Platshorn and Robby Meinster. They had a permanent penthouse suite at the Fontainebleau Hotel on Miami Beach, with a Steinway grand and a pool table. More than $400 million was paid into accounts they controlled, from an operation with aircraft, mother ships, speedboats and helicopters, sophisticated radio and radar aids. Their main front was a car dealer, South Florida Auto Auction. Platshorn drew 64 years and Meinster 54 years.

An example of the role of the Caribbean principalities is that of the Turks and Caicos. The withdrawal of British colonial rule from the Caribbean has left a scatter of island groups divided into a number of small principalities with few resources, rapidly growing populations of Negro origin and a need for development money, usually for tourism (apart from a few natural advantages such as Jamaican bauxite). According to the government-approved Investor's Guide, strict secrecy laws are among the reasons why investors should consider the Turks and Caicos.

Another reason is that the Turks, together with the lower Bahamian islands such as Inagua, are logistically well placed, about half-way between Colombia and Florida, for the refuelling needed by drug smuggling aircraft. "The Turks became a problem in 1975," says Gene Francar, a criminal investigator of the Drug Enforcement Agency. "Until then, most of the planes used to come through Jamaica; but in 1975, Jamaica pretty well shut down on them.

"The American pilots who fly most of the drugs are a unique breed of animal. They are a throwback to the old freebooters. They will do whatever they have to do. When they began using the Turks, the pilots used to give their connections there little presents for refuelling — dresses, baby shoes, meat, dairy products, transistor radios, stuff like that. Then some more ambitious pilots moved in, with bigger, faster planes — Lear jets, for example — carrying more valuable cargoes, and upped the ante.

"By 1978 they were paying three to four thousand dollars in bribes each time a plane landed to refuel. It took a lot less than that to persuade the local officials to look the other way. Most of the money went to higher-ups. The price kept escalating — $5000 a time, $10,000. What's $10,000 to a guy with a plane-load of marijuana worth $260 a pound? Now the bribe is $25,000 for each refuelling stop. South Caicos Island is where most of the action is. There are people on South Caicos refuelling narcotics planes and taking in at least $250,000 a week.

"That kind of money is hard to beat.

"We know who the people are and who's in charge, but we can't take overt action in a foreign country. Those people down there have gone from extreme poverty to great, illegitimate affluence in a very short time. They see drugs as a US problem, not theirs. The drugs are getting heavier — more cocaine — but the people who live in the Turks do not use it, so they don't care. They say they're just skimming off some money from transient American crooks. What isn't generally realised, perhaps, is that the narcotics money is so influential that it is rapidly bringing about the creation of a completely new kind of power structure in the Turks, a whole new political system. They ought to think about that in London."

A few historians think Christopher Columbus made his first American landfall on East Caicos Island or Grand Turk, rather than the more generally accepted San Salvador Island in the Bahamas, in 1492. Ponce de Leon, who has always had a faintly derisory place in the history books because of his search for the Fountain of Youth, reached the islands in 1512, but continued on to the American mainland, where he named what he found, Florida.

The modern day drug smugglers follow Ponce de Leon's course. The planes vary from single-engined Piper Cubs and Cessnas, with payloads as small as 800 to 1000lbs of drugs, to twin-engined Beechcraft carrying 3000lbs. A Dakota can take 6500lbs, a four-engined DC4 carries 16,500lbs and there are even DC6 aircraft which can lift as much as 24,000lbs.

By June, 1980 the US authorities' criticism was strong enough to edge the local government into taking some action. This came in the form of veteran Scotland Yard detective inspector W. John Dagley, aged 49. His career record included 25 years in the West Midlands police, special branch, the prevention of terrorism unit and the central drug intelligence unit. In other words, he had already tangled with some tough operators.

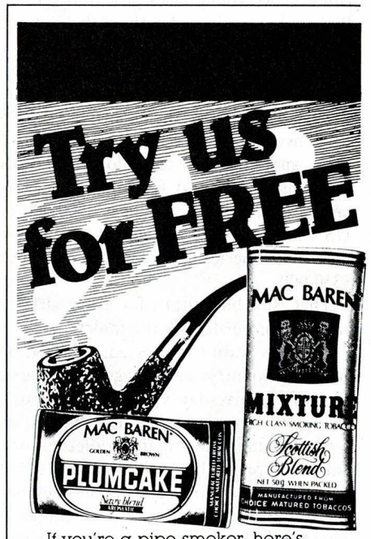
"When I came here two years ago to advise them, things were bad," he said. "The police had no drugs squad, no radio equipment and no transport. I sat on a wall with a can of beer, looking over the South Caicos airstrip in broad daylight, and counted 11 light aircraft so full of marijuana I could see the bales through the windows. Police and Customs officers were standing about doing nothing. In 1981, they established a four-man drugs squad with radio, five Land Rovers and a minibus. Now there are eight men in the squad. Of course, that's not nearly enough."

Inspector Dagley is only an adviser, which limits what he can do. "Let me give you an idea of what things are like in this place," he comments. "When the police dared to raid a night club owned by a previous Chief Minister, the club held an assistant police commissioner hostage for three days until the police agreed not to press charges."

For an honest policeman, it's all very frustrating.

"The police and Customs officers, the tower operators and the people who paid them to co-operate with the traffickers, have all got away with it. Their names are well known. The Americans have had the principal under surveillance for two years. He makes frequent trips to the US, where he has a large bank account. There have been no arrests of local people."

Inspector Dagley has had some impact, however. With government permission, in co-operation with liaison men from the American Drug Enforcement Agency, he organised Operation Antilles from mid-September, 1980 to January, 1981. The DEA sent down 18 agents with two aircraft, a helicopter and four US Coast Guard patrol boats. Thirty-two officers — about



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half the local police force — were added. For three-and-a-half months, they manned the airstrips on uninhabited islands. The smugglers soon found the islands were closed.

Refuelling resumed, though not on the same scale as before, after the operation ended. The drug smugglers had to take another break in mid-1982 when another denial exercise, Operation BAT (for Bahamas and Turks), was mounted. But when metropolitan British from the UK enforcement authorities are not around, it is clear that the local authorities will make little effort to choke off the routes.

Even if only temporarily, Inspector Dagley's two-year stint in the islands did cost some locals a lot of money, particularly on South Caicos. "I wouldn't stay overnight on South Caicos," commented the inspector. "There have been threats from unidentifiable local telephone callers, presumably hired thugs. I don't ordinarily carry a gun, but I do when I leave Grand Turk to go to any of the other islands. When I go to Miami for consultations with the DEA I always check into one hotel and stay in another. I'm looking forward to returning to Birmingham."

Apart from the private planes, two other smuggling techniques are couriers on commercial flights ("mules") and fast boats. An example of a small-time courier run was two young black girls from a Lima flight who tried to slip through Customs among a crowd of tourists from Heathrow and Frankfurt. Nervous, with new passports and no baggage, they were easy targets for the investigators (their controller should have invested in some Quaalude tablets for them, an hour before touchdown). The US Customs men found 8.2 kilos of cocaine taped to their bodies, almost $500,000 in US wholesale value, or a gross profit over the Latin American purchase price of about $330,000.

That isn't bad return for a few airfares and the courier fee for the mules.

Customs wasn't impressed. "First time out of the country, and they go to Bogota or Lima for a five-day vacation?" said one unamused agent. The tourist boards of Colombia and Chile might bridle, but one can see his point. The girls were on $10,000 each. With that gone and prison looming, one of them agreed to stand on the kerb outside. A Latin American in a yellow Cadillac circled twice in the rain, then pulled in to make contact. A rush of Customs men, and another small-time operator was out of circulation.

The presidential task force is using helicopter gunships, airborne radar, chase aircraft and patrol vessels to counter the boat traffic in the Caribbean. Relatively slow drug vessels coming around Cuba may find Coast Guard cutters patrolling the Windward and Yucatan Passages. The response is to use foreign-registered ships to bring the cargoes near the American coast, with transfers to fishing or speed boats off the Florida coast. A combination technique is to fly the drugs to islands in the Bahamas, for seaborne pickup. A new technique is simply to drop bales of marijuana in the sea for waiting boats to pick up.

In January, 1982, the patrollers seized 27 boats off the Florida coast with $117 million of marijuana. One day's trade brought in a 65ft lobster boat, a 62ft trawler and a 45ft cabin cruiser with 47 tons of marijuana and 12 illegal immigrants. But there are 200,000 registered private pleasure boats in Florida and 8426 miles of shoreline. It would take saturation manpower and equipment to seal that off.

For the high-speed drug runner, the top of the line option is a Cigarette boat, a line named after a famous rum-running boat during Prohibition. A Cigarette holds the off-shore racing record of 88.9mph for 150 miles. For $90,000, not including fitting out, you can get twin 400hp engines in a Cigarette 35 which will outrun most of the Customs and Coast Guard boats at almost 90mph. The authorities have nevertheless seized 20 Cigarettes. Once caught, they don't languish in forlorn rows like the seized smugglers' planes at Homestead civil airport. With law enforcement crews taking over, the Cigarettes are pressed into government service. They, or a tailing helicopter, are effectively the only craft fast enough to intercept the other Cigarettes still on the wrong side of the law. "It usually takes a Cigarette to catch a Cigarette," says designer Don Aronow.

A white-haired citizen held in Fort Pierce, Florida, with 100lbs of marijuana on his private aircraft, turned out to be a circuit judge.

The cocaine and marijuana money from all over the USA has pumped a lot of cash and corruption into the Florida economy. The lieutenant in charge of the Palm Beach sheriff's helicopter was arrested for bringing in marijuana in a helicopter. A white-haired citizen held in Fort Pierce, Florida, with 100lbs of marijuana on his private aircraft, turned out to be a circuit judge from Alabama.

A drug squad swooping on a gang at Pampano Beach found they'd nabbed another drug squad.

Key West is where the American island chain peters out into the Caribbean. In this holiday area of oleander and white frame houses, people arrested for alleged drug smuggling have included two senior firemen, a county commission candidate, the county attorney's brother, a head of the marine patrol, the son-in-law of a circuit judge, the stepson of the police chief and a former city building director. Of the small police force, three were under indictment for acting as lookouts during a smuggling operation. *The Miami Herald* reported Robert Ferrell, a State agent, as saying: "I'd go down there and stay in a motel and keep a gun with me. I'm more afraid of the police than anyone else."

The foreman of a grand jury looking into police corruption was tailed by the police he was investigating.

"A smuggler's son has the T-Bird and the pocketful of money and he's getting all the girls," comments one local. "Doesn't set a very good example to the other kids." Girls wear sweaters emblazoned with "The Biggest Bust in America" to commemorate one seized aircraft. Head shops openly merchandise the drug accessories, antique snuff boxes, gold razor blades, jade cutting stones. Almost one third of the US population between 18 and 25 has tried cocaine, according to the National Institute on Drug Abuse in March, 1982. In Harold Robbins' 1981 best seller, *Goodbye, Janette*, about the fashion scene in Paris, Janette's younger sister, Lauren, is barely off the plane from the USA before cocaine appears. Cocaine even featured in Coca-Cola, until banned as an ingredient in 1903.

So long as this huge demand continues, drug running will be an attractive proposition. While the heat is on in South Florida, one alternative is longer range aircraft. Three DC4 aircraft were auctioned off in one day at Davis Air Force base in Arizona. One was later seized in Alabama with 7.5 tons of marijuana aboard, a second was held in South Carolina with 6.5 tons and the third was taken after landing on a road improvement scheme in Louisiana with 7 tons of marijuana and 450,000 Quaaludes.

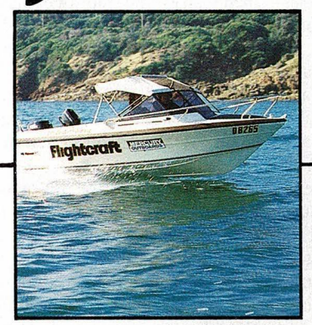
In a world where aviation generally is depressed, narcotics remains one lucrative disposal market for the merchandisers of second-hand aircraft.

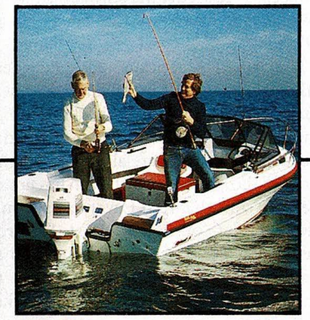
"The odds are all stacked in their favor," says a Customs patrol officer. "They've got the best boats, the best radar and there are so many of them. We've seized around 180 trawlers and shrimp boats but, hell, they just buy another. With the money they can pay, there's never going to be a shortage of crew."

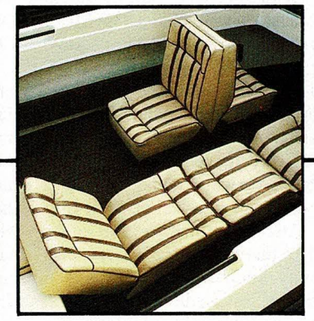
And indeed, despite the list of seizures, the record seems to show that you have to be unlucky or careless to be caught.

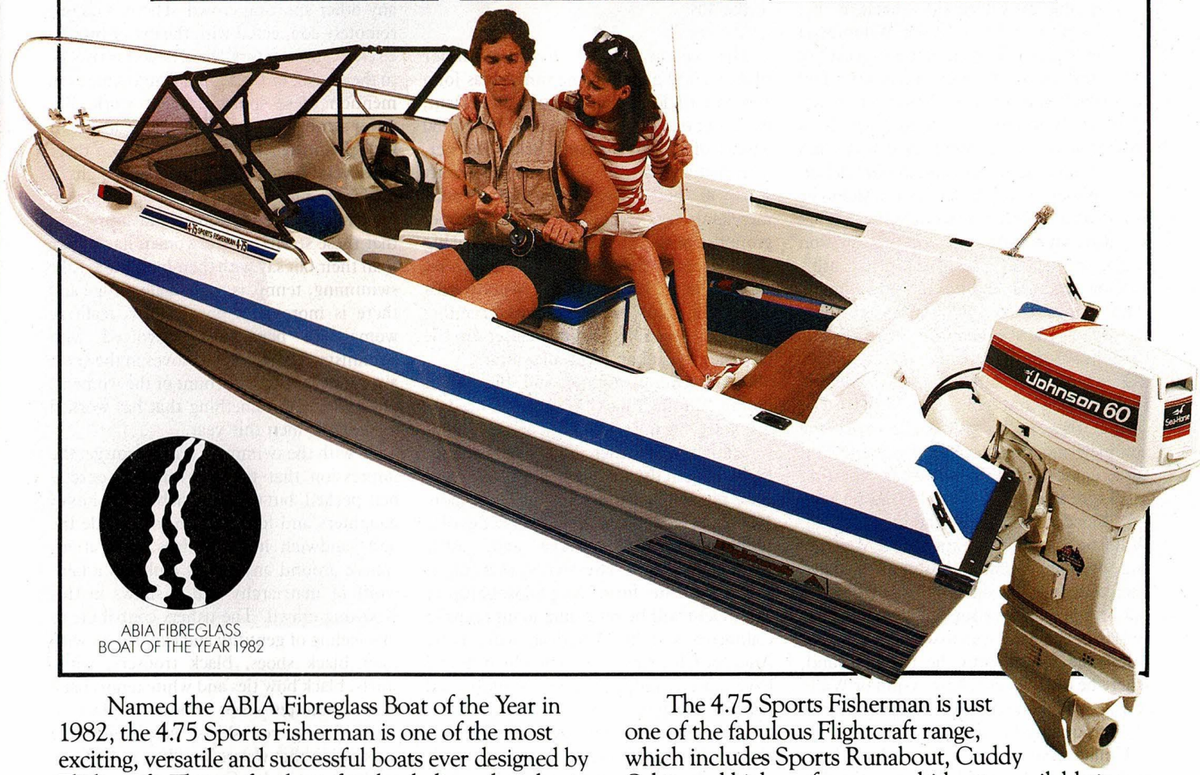
One crew of drug smugglers sailed their boat and its load of marijuana from the Bahamas to a Florida marina, put it on a trailer, hitched it to their car and were peacefully driving home. Hauling a trailer, you may be a little reluctant to pull up sharply if you can avoid it. On the Florida Turnpike, at SW 284 St in Miami, they were pulled up and caught — for jumping a red light.

For skiing, fishing, or just having fun...









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KOOYONG (continued from page 84)

Tennis is well patronised by teenage girls and there are several hectares of firm thighs in evidence.

breaks Fitzgerald's justifiably paranoiac serve to go one set up. "Come on John!" shouts an idiotic spectator. Oddly enough, it was two attacking backhands, one with unaccustomed topspin, that gave Alexander the break. In the second set, Fitzgerald staggers into the tie-break, having saved 18 break points. Playing another attacking backhand, JA gets a favorable netcord for 5-4 in the tie-break and then goes on to win it, demonstrating to all that he won't be knocked off his perch just yet. After the match, Alexander acknowledges that the Australian Open has lost credibility, but indicates that he will be trying to win it, lost credibility or not.

Snapping at Fitzgerald's heels is Pat Cash, 1982 winner of Junior Wimbledon and the Junior US Open. In his biggest test yet in the seniors, he comes up against Tim Wilkison, one of the American grass-courters. Wilkison wins the toss and elects to receive, correctly predicting that Cash will be nervous in his centre court debut. Soon Wilkison is up 2-0, but Cash shows he is no folder by breaking straight back. What you miss when you see a match on television is the speed and path of the ball. Cash's passing shots arc and dip like a swallow in flight and you can only appreciate them fully when you see them live. Wilkison sees them live as they fly past him to give Cash a 3-2 advantage. Although Cash double faults for 4-5 and looks gone, it is hard to pick a flaw in his game. He looks the complete modern player and rips the next three games off Wilkison to take the first set. Light rain starts to fall as Wilkison lets a full blooded return go and it dips in. Wilkison's shoulders slump a la Mayotte, and something seems to go out of his game. Increasingly, it becomes obvious that Cash has real possibilities for the top 10 and he rolls over the American to win 7-5, 6-1. As a result, he moves into the fourth round, where he overcomes fellow ex-junior Wally Masur to become the youngest player since 1933 to qualify for the quarter-finals.

Unlike Alexander, Cash has been launched into the world with the right style of play for his time. He faces a whole tribe of hungry and talented teenagers like Jimmy Arias, Mats Wilander and Guy Forget, and all the attendant pressure. When Laver and company were ruling the world as juniors, Americans were safely tucked away in "cahllege". When they emerged from this cocoon at about 21, they found themselves at the mercy of a gang of Australians who had left school at 14 (Rod Laver has no educational qualifications, not even an Intermediate Certificate) and were seasoned by years of tournament play. Not surprisingly, it took an exceptional American — like Tony Trabert or Alex Olmedo — to secure the only two American Davis Cup victories of the '50s (1954 and 1958).

But now, Americans and Europeans either do what the Australians have always done and start early, or they play in the much-improved American collegiate tournaments, which are almost as tough as those in the real world. Pat Cash has none of the head start that Rod Laver had and must win from here on to stay afloat. So far, he has shown every sign that he will go the limit and finished his year with the Victorian Open under his belt and a ranking in the 40s.

●

The sparse crowd huddles under blankets in the Melbourne summer as John Alexander's long-time partner, Phil Dent, walks out on to centre court to face the 1980 winner of this tournament, Brian Teacher. This match looks like being real grass court stuff, as both players are serve-volley merchants with correspondence school groundstrokes. With his rolling gait and big black beard, Dent looks like a pirate on shore leave. Like Joanne Woodward's Rachel, he is approaching his last ascending summer, probably brought closer by the fact that he had an ulcer all winter.

A tremendous fighter and big match player, "Philby" looks as if he will need all his assets against the impenetrable concentration of Teacher, who seems to feed everything in the stadium into his mind and then reassemble it after his own fashion. Nevertheless, Teacher wins despite problems with his serve and rather surprisingly says afterwards that he is happy with his form. As philosophical as ever, Dent will be returning to his home in California and his American wife, Betty Ann, for Christmas: an event which should have more atmosphere than the embattled Australian Open.

The cold and rainy day ends with the quarter-finalists decided and the tournament only one day behind schedule. The last eight at Kooyong will be Steve Denton, Sammy Giammalva, Patrick Cash, Paul McNamee, Johan Kriek, Drew Gitlin, Hank Pfister and Brian Teacher. This is a similar bunch to last year and the year before. Each year, the organisers of the tournament, the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia and Tennis Camps of Australia, promise stronger fields, but they obviously haven't got the necessary player contacts.

In contrast, the eight-man exhibition called the Mazda Super Challenge, organised by Kooyong renegade John Brown, has pretty well the top eight in the world. Paul Dainty's disarmingly spurious "Gold Challenge" attracted McEnroe, Lendl, Borg and Gerulaitis for a series of matches that were the stuff that exhibitions are made of. Yet here is the Australian Open with a final eight that is nowhere near the best in the world. By contrast, the women's Open, which overlapped the men's, had the top two players in the rankings — Chris Evert-Lloyd and Martina Navratilova — meeting in the final. Obviously the women care more about the health of their circuit. As the cold wet night closes in on Kooyong, the men's Open reaches a nadir of morale and verve.

●

The next day, the tournament moves into the quarter-final stage like a ship leaking from a thousand holes. Thankfully, though, it is Saturday and the sun shines on a far bigger crowd than the previous day. The tennis crowd is quite different from any other sporting crowd. There is no one remotely connected with theatre or literary circles. Some actors, writers and artists go to the cricket or the football, and some even mention these sports in their work. But never tennis. In compensation, tennis is well-patronised by teenage girls and there are several hectares of firm young thighs in evidence. There are also a lot of couples in early middle age and you get the impression that these strong-willed women have more than their fair say with their husbands. Like swimming, tennis is not a male refuge and there is more than one healthy, leathery woman in her forties involved with administration. Political moves in the sport always have to take account of the women's point of view, something that has worked against the men this year.

As with the swimming crowd, you get the impression that the men are not exactly hen-pecked, but they invariably have lots of daughters and look as if they've made the odd sandwich in their lives. The atmosphere around any tennis club has a faint whiff of matriarchy and it shows in this Kooyong crowd. The ushers contribute to this feeling of gentility and exclusivity with their black shoes, black trousers, white shirts, black bow ties and white tennis hats. The usherettes scoot about the place in short flaring red skirts, confirming the impression that we are a million miles from the Sydney Cricket Ground and its army of old lags in dust coats.

As the patient Melburnians settle in their seats, the first match gets under way. This pits the two tall American grass court specialists, Teacher and Pfister, together in a battle of serve and volley. Whatever the troubles of this Open, there is a real dogfight going on out on the court. After prevailing on the high wire of a tie-break, Teacher whips through the fourth set 6-1, and then after four hours, the two Americans go into a tie-break to decide the match. At 3-4, Teacher serves to the

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forehand. Pfister tees off with his return and it is 3-5. Teacher pauses again. He decides to go to the backhand with his next serve, but it is weaker and predictable. Pfister is ready for it and tees off again. Exit Teacher, the "Lonely Champ".

Meanwhile, in the Greek theatre of centre court, Steve Denton is relishing the opportunity to play five-setters again. As with nearly all his matches last year, the Bull goes to the limit against Sammy Giammalva, a sensitive touch player. This time, however, the matador gets killed and Denton wins the fifth set 6-3 after nearly four hours of charging. The five-set format makes for a more epic contest, as befits a Grand Slam tournament, albeit a tournament that is Grand Slam in name only. Denton has good reason to relish the atmosphere at Kooyong; it made his name last year when, as an unknown doubles specialist, he reached the final of the singles and shot up the ranking. He had to endure taunts of the "Steve who?" variety, and he had to billet with a Melbourne family rather than swan it at the Hilton, but he showed that whatever the limits of his power-serve-based game, he has the heart of a lion. After the match, he says he will go on and win this tournament, but he has to get over the awesome Pfister first.

In the other quarter finals, Johan Kriek, the defending champion, displays all his artistry in a routine execution of Drew Gitlin, while Paul McNamee is the surviving Australian when he ends Cash's promising run. McNamee has his own position to defend in the peculiar hierarchy of Australian tennis, and you wonder how many more wins he will have over Cash and company from the juniors. So the semi-finalists will be Pfister, Denton, Kriek and McNamee, and the press continues its grumble about the low status of the 1982 Open.

●

The president of the LTAA, Brian Tobin, is seen as the man most responsible for the shambles and he at last convenes a press conference in tandem with Marshall Happer, the president of the Men's International Professional Tennis Council. Happer, a beefy, unathletic man coated in Northern Hemisphere pallor, takes the stand to explain what has happened. He says, essentially, "Supportive hopefully guidelines involvement." Tobin then says, essentially, "Hopefully negotiate possibility future." Then Alan Clarkson of the *Sydney Morning Herald* (once praised by Rex Mossop for being a "factual authentic sports reporter"), puts the question: "Why can't we get top players here?" Happer pauses, realises that "hopefully guidelines" won't do, and says "Good question." He then says that the Australian Open is not a big world-wide media event watched by 70 million people as the other three Grand Slam events are. Endorsements count for much more in this 70 million customer arena. So the Australian Open is going to have to package itself much more and Kooyong will have to get in the same league as Wimbledon as an event and as a place and on television screens round the world.

Mike Hurst of the *Daily Telegraph* joins Clarkson in hammering away at Marshall Happer and it is great stuff. Why isn't the Australian Open shown on television overseas? Happer pauses again and the "hopefullys" drop away altogether. Because the entrepreneur, Donald Dell, bought the television rights to the Australian Open, sat on them, then staged an exhibition in Antwerp with Borg and company and got that on world television instead. But doesn't Dell work as a representative of Volvo, which is the overall promoter of the Grand Slam events? Yes, says Happer, Dell's behavior is "inexusable".

Brian Tobin then takes the stand and reveals himself more and more as the Neville Chamberlain of Australian sport. He has "asked" the Women's Tennis Association if they will agree to a fully integrated Open next year. He "hopes" that someone like Mark MacCormack will stage an exhibition just before the Open next year

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to attract the top players. But aren't Happer and his council opposed to exhibitions and for traditional tournament tennis? Yes, but we hope we can "overcome" that difficulty. By the time he has finished, Tobin has promised to appease almost everyone except the Red Army. Every year, some new scheme is proposed by the LTAA to improve the fields at Kooyong, and this year is no different. Happer is less inclined to "optimise" than Tobin and says it will take about three or four years to pull Kooyong around. The press isn't satisfied, however, and the "Grand Sham" headlines continue.

The LTAA has apparently never given any thought to putting Kooyong — and Australia — on the world television map. Why not promote the place, the name, the tournament, the poplars, the girls, the suntans, the grass, the marquees, the summer, the lot? For those who freeze in the Northern Hemisphere in December, good coverage of a top summer tournament in Australia would be just the shot. With some good players and some competitive tension, Kooyong could be a great place, and worthy of its Grand Slam status, which surely will be taken away if things don't improve soon. The name "Kooyong" should be up there with Wimbledon, Roland Garros, and, spare me days, Flushing Meadow but the LTAA is content to muddle along somewhere behind Bristol and maybe just ahead of the Shanghai Open, inviting the vigorous use of the chlorophyll end of a pineapple from just about everyone in the tennis world.

When it was announced that Denton would be playing Pfister in the first semi-final, there were some groans from the cognoscenti, as both are very slow players who take their full 30 seconds between points. A typical Denton point begins with the Bull carefully selecting which balls he will serve with. He then walks up to the mark as slowly as he would to a dentist's chair, bounces the ball up to six times, and then, as often as not, serves a fault. Pfister is no will-o'-the-wisp either, and the match is played at a very steady pace, as if two South American aristocrats were duelling at dawn with bazookas. In the fourth set, both players tire and there are service breaks all over the place. When Pfister wades out to a 4-1 lead, a senior pressman groans. "That's all we need — a five-setter" he says and idly counts the number of times Denton bounces the ball. In the fifth set, as Denton prepares to serve at 30-40 in the opening game, there is the first big Atmospheric Hush, a thrilling feeling that doesn't come through on television. Denton is standing there, bouncing the ball, and 10,000 people suddenly decide to go into a Hush. Despite what the senior pressman thinks, the crowd is right in there with the players and it is the fifth set of a semi-final at Kooyong.

●

At the press conference afterwards, Denton swills from a jug of cordial and says he will beat whoever he plays in the final. He says he is playing on a mixture of penicillin and glucose following a recent attack of tonsilitis, but that he will get there. Alan Clarkson asks Denton how he felt when he was down 4-5 and Pfister was serving for the match. The Bull gives a fairly long reply dealing mostly with the need to keep a positive mental attitude at such times of crisis. An idiotic radio reporter then asks Denton, "How did you feel when you were down 3-5 and serving for the match?" Clarkson and others groan audibly.

The second semi-final gets under way as Denton goes off for "about 14 hours 'sleep'". In this contest, we finally get to see the number one seed, Johan Kriek, on centre court. Kriek is a class player with all the shots and thrilling speed around the court. He is a real athlete and a real grouch, and he complains about everything. The net was manufactured by his mother-in-law; the linesmen have bad breath; the sky has turned blue in a bid to unsettle him.

On ability alone, Kriek is the best player in the Open. But he always seems tempted to beat himself. His opponent, Paul

On ability alone, Kriek is the best player in the Open. But he always seems tempted to beat himself. He is a real athlete and a real grouch.

McNamee, is a middle-range Australian who is having his best year as a singles player. Early on in the tournament, it seemed that John Alexander would be the Australian hope, but he trod on a rake in the fourth round in the form of the sensitive Giammalva. In the match between Alexander and Fitzgerald, the 10-year age difference was obvious: Fitzgerald threw his racquet and kicked it when he lost a vital point — something the Hopman-trained JA would never do. But McNamee is from the Lost Generation, who grew up in the '70s, went to university, were ignored by the LTAA, and have started to come good in their mid to late 20s. They have had to establish their values the hard way, and it shows. They argue a bit, they entertain a bit, they have a respect for money, and they have moved into the foothills of the rankings.

The LTAA had few junior programs before the days of Operation Tennis and the Institute of Sport. McNamee, Warwick, Edmondson, McNamara and Frawley are typical members of the Lost Generation who somehow got through the '70s without giving up or hitting the heights. Rod Frawley played club tennis in Germany; McNamara criss-crossed France, playing one satellite tournament after another; Kim Warwick told Tobin to go to hell in 1971 and has been on the road ever since.

Since the Long Sleep of the '70s ended, however, McNamara, Warwick and Edmondson have been ranked in the top 20, and Frawley has been a semi-finalist at Wimbledon, while McNamee won a rich World Championship Tennis title and twice annexed the Wimbledon doubles with McNamara. No one nurtured this brood, and they play in completely different styles, each designed to help their owner survive from day to day. Few are household names, and the days when we all gathered around the Stromberg-Carlson to hear Australia beat America seem distant when you contemplate the records of the current crop.

They are talented battlers, however, and McNamee is not at all overawed by the mercurial Kriek. Kriek has just a little edge in class and tips Mac out of the first two sets 7-6, 7-6. After the Goliaths of the first semi-final, it is good to see these two Davids burning the grass off the court with their speed and dexterity. Kriek beats himself in the next two sets and Supermac gets to match point in the fifth, but he can't convert a 5-3 lead into a victory and bows out 5-7. So it will be Kriek and Denton in the final, a repeat of 1981, and an indication of how hard the organisers have worked to attract a stronger field. The club-house at Kooyong is full of Harold Holt-Tamie Fraser types who don't really hold with professional sport at all, so it could be Kriek-Denton for a few years yet.

On the Monday, the finalists walk out on to the court together: Kriek a riot of blue and pink in sportswear by Ellesse, while Denton towers over him in sturdy old mainly-white Adidas. Kriek comes out blazing like a Real Man, while Denton double-faults so often it seems he must have been on a steady diet of quiche, pate and white wine. After 99 minutes, it is all over and the class of Kriek has prevailed. Guts alone can't do it, and Denton ruefully realises this as the passing shots fly about his head. Barring a miracle, Kriek has also leap-frogged over him for a place in the Masters in New York, so it is a sobering moment for the Bull.

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Brian Tobin presents the trophies and then the promises start for next year: Mark MacCormack will get the TV rights and will thus have the incentive to provide a few of the stars he manages — people like Bjorn Borg; the Women's Tennis Association has agreed to a fully integrated tournament from now on; Exhibition King John Brown has been invited back on the board to provide "entrepreneurial flair"; and the sleet goes on.

The 1982 Australian Open has been buried in an unmarked grave, and you get the feeling that neither Kooyong nor Australian tennis can afford too many more like it.

PULITZER (continued from page 41)

We had the top down, radio full blast, making enough noise to wake every drug-sodden gigolo in Palm Beach.

reluctant conclusion that we had no alternative but to expose our professional colleagues at the trial for the leeches and bounders they undoubtedly were.

One night, we found ourselves driving along the well-ordered, soothing streets of Palm Beach in Hunter's rented convertible. It was his fourth car in slightly more than a week. All of them had been convertibles, all were brand new, and the first had died horribly, spewing broken pieces of hot metal and tattered fan-belts. One of the cars, a red model, drowned after prolonged exposure to a South Florida monsoon. Another was towed away to a swamp on the edge of the Everglades. Hunter believed there were parallels between the behavior of his cars and the behavior of the people in the Pulitzer case; his theory revolved around shoddiness.

He was elaborating on this theme when the police car started to follow us. Hunter muttered something about degenerate swines and crammed his clinking glass of Chivas between the seats. Four in the morning, only a mile to go to The Abandoned Motel — his name for the spacious and oddly remote beachside digs he occupied — and suddenly, the new day had taken yet another ominous turn.

The police must have heard our tyres when we rounded the last bend, 90 degrees taken at about 50 miles an hour; rubber smoking, both of us leaning optimistically towards the centre of the road, all four wheels drifting into the wrong lane on a blind turn. We had the top down, radio full blast, making enough noise to wake every drug-sodden gigolo in Palm Beach. By the time we saw the patrol car facing outwards in a driveway, it was too late.

Hunter's head was bobbing up and down like some querulous species of bird; he was squinting in the rear-view mirror, cigarette holder clamped between his teeth. He was wearing his red hat, the one with the Royal Bangkok Yacht Club badge.

"Did they see us?"

"Looks like it, they're moving."

"Coming up behind us."

"Vicious bastards. What did you do with the, er?"

"Hid it."

"Christ! I hate this car. Goddamned useless piece of junk."

"He's put his roof lights on. Better pull over."

We stopped, the patrol car stopped, and Hunter got out, holding an arm over his eyes against the glare of the lights. I remembered that he hadn't slept in three days and was, I believed, irretrievably locked into a state of high-intensity brain jangle. He was trying to smile at the policeman, a young man in glasses, but the effect was that of a skull with a twisted leer. With any luck we would get only 10 years.

"What's the trouble?" Hunter said, lurching briskly towards the flashing lights. Another officer, a mournful woman with no chin and a large flashlight, got out of the police car and stood behind our rear fender, one hand on the butt of her gun.

Hunter explained that he had been driving well within the limit, that he was nearly home and that he had no *idea* why we should be pulled over and stopped. The young policeman listened with an amused grin on his face, then shook his head. "Ah, Hunter," he said, "You really ought to be more careful. I'm going to have to give you a warning."

Hunter, indeed! And in a friendly tone; no ticket, no handcuffs, no warning shots in the back of the head, just a tut-tut. The shock of being simultaneously recognised and exonerated appeared to be too much for the good doctor. He seemed to lose his memory of the English language.

"Farfl," he said. *"Plarggen kwarp,"* waving his arms about and grinning horribly at the chinless police lady. She stepped warily backwards. When excited, Hunter sometimes resembles a large, powerful stick insect. Now he was gesturing wildly up and down the empty road. *"Wawa. Gunga kooblegar."*

The policeman was still trying to smile. "Are you —*all right,* Hunter?"

"Brargle."

"Okay. Hey, tell you what, let the other guy drive. You just go on home. Good night."

"God!" Hunter said as we pulled off the verge and drove sedately towards his motel. "I couldn't get my throat to work. Guy must have thought I was having some deadly spasm. Babbling like a demented Arab. It was the shock of being recognised like that. . ."

I relate these details only in an attempt to convey the extent to which we were both preoccupied with *l'affaire* Pulitzer, which had been the topic of our conversation when we were interrupted. Hunter had formed the theory that "bestiality is the cutting edge of this trial". As the owner of six peacocks, he felt that he would be personally repelled by evidence of bestiality if it were presented in court, but he knew that as a professional, he would have to record the gruesome revelations. Fortunately for all animal lovers, no such evidence was offered. The Farish question to Pete about having sex with women and dogs in the same bed seems to have been prompted by unverifiable motives. Not that this necessarily weakens the Thompson theory about the legal profession in general.

●

Dr Jose Almeida, psychiatrist, former medical officer for the Bay of Pigs invasion, Castro's prisoner for two years and witness for Roxanne, was asked, "Are you married?" and he replied, "Yes, I do."

Judge Carl Harper, to the accountant for Roxanne's side, when he presented a bill in court for $17,868, for services rendered in the trial: "I bet they had to twist your arm to get that out of you."

Roxanne's parents divorced when she was three, and her mother married a policeman, moving to Cassadaga, New York, a town with a population of 900 and a long tradition of psychic and spiritualist activities. There Roxanne finished high school, earning money during vacations by picking grapes and cherries and graduating as a B-student.

At 19, she married the son of the president of the company where she worked as a secretary to the firm's attorney. The marriage lasted four years, half of which she spent at Palm Beach Junior College, where she got a degree in either liberal arts or physical education; she says now that she doesn't remember.

She was separated from her first husband during much of the marriage. She became pregnant in 1973 and had an abortion. When she met Pete, she was 24 and he was a 45-year-old divorced millionaire.

The wedding was in 1976. After the birth of the twins the following year, two nannies were employed so that Roxanne could be free to accompany her husband when he travelled. The nannies and the travel were his idea, she said; he wanted her to be available at all times.

"Our life was so good then," Pete said. "We would go to the ranch on the weekends. She would help me on my boat. I used to see her in blue jeans every day. She was happy; she was happy doing the things I was doing."

His lawyer asked: "Is there any circumstance under which you would ever live with her as husband and wife?"

"Never."

"When did you fall out of love?"

"I don't think it was any particular day. It was just bit by bit and now it's gone."

●

Every morning at the trial, the clerk of the court wheeled in a shopping cart full of evidence. Petitions, motions, affidavits, depositions, excerpts from the transcript, the seance trumpet, tax returns, financial records and statements, court orders, subpoenas. A color snapshot showing Roxanne and an alleged lover, a tall, good-looking young man with a pompadour of black hair. They were both dressed in velvet for a Palm Beach party. There was a grainy black-and-white photo of Roxanne's Porsche next to a BMW in a condo parking

lot. On the back, a date, February 7, 1982, and a note written by the private detective who had take the picture: "TIME OF PHOTO, 8.40 AM. NIGHT MOISTURE STILL ON BOTH CARS. CAR WAS THERE UNTIL APPROX. 11 AM." Pete had detectives working on the case for three months. This was the only piece of their evidence that was used; the company gave him a bill for $5000.

Dozens of witnesses testified for both sides. The ex-mate from Pete's boat said that three years ago, while still working on the boat, which was tied up at the dock behind the Pulitzer house, he had seen Roxanne, in a sheer nightgown, on her bed with Jackie Kimberly, who was naked. Roxanne's mother flew in from Cassadaga to say that Pete and Liza, his daughter from his first marriage, would lie on a couch, kissing. A nanny who testified that she had seen Roxanne in bed with the racing driver, said that one of the Pulitzer twins had asked her, "Is that guy still here?"

A procession of Roxanne's alleged lovers and drug dealers appeared. They denied everything: no sex, no drugs.

Pete's attorneys called Janis Nelson to testify for their side. She had once been a "friend" of Roxanne's, billing her regularly for psychic readings, and art lessons and teaching her how to make juices.

Roxanne was asked, "Is Janis Nelson a psychic?"

"She says she is, yes. It's on her business card."

Nelson testified about Roxanne's love life after the separation from Pete in September, 1981. She said she had gone over to Pete's side of the case after meditating with friends at a religious retreat in New Jersey. She went on to tell the court that Roxanne bought cocaine and slept with the dealer. Farish had to be restrained from referring to the witness as Janis the Swami. "The Florida Gators have got a seven-point spread against LSU," he said. "Do you think that's a good spread?"

"Objection," said Pete's lawyer.

"Sustained," sighed Judge Harper.

●

There's no doubt that Roxanne Pulitzer has lied in this trial. We've counted them up. There's a hundred lies. — PETE'S ATTORNEY, SUMMING UP.

The much-maligned Jackie Kimberly was never questioned about threesomes with the Pulitzers — neither was Roxanne — but she was called to testify about her relationship with Mrs Pulitzer.

"Have you ever been in bed naked when Roxanne Pulitzer was naked?" Pete's lawyer asked.

"You're disgusting," she snapped, closing the discussion. To reporters afterwards, she said, "It's ludicrous. Pulitzer is definitely deranged and desperate for the almighty buck."

She is a radiantly beautiful young woman of 32, a former fashion model and now the wife of James Kimberly of Palm Beach, a 76-year-old heir to the Kimberly Clark holdings. He and Pete were once friends. Kimberly came to court, one of the last witnesses to appear, a trim, elegant, white-haired man with an incongruous gold earring. He was asked if he knew Pete and the old man glanced at him for a long moment, looked away and said, "Yes, we have met."

His wife was supposed to testify at the end of the trial but she didn't make it. In her place went a doctor, a stooped, cadaverous man with sunken cheeks and grey hair plastered to his skull. The doctor told the court that Mrs Kimberly hadn't eaten or slept in four days and was completely exhausted. She needed intravenous feeding, she was nervous and upset, she was having trouble completing a train of thought, she was worn out after campaigning for her husband, who had just unexpectedly been voted out of office as port commissioner for Palm Beach.

"She's not emotionally capable of testifying," the doctor said. "She's not competent to stand in front of a judge or jury or anyone else." Yes, it was true, he

The question of whether or not Pete had slept with his daughter hung over the trial like a dirty black cloud and in the end just drifted away.

admitted under questioning by an irate Robert Scott, her pulse and blood pressure were normal; he had checked them that morning. He had prescribed cough medicine for Jackie and he was going directly from the courtroom to the hospital to give her an injection. "Something to alter the mind and its cognitive ability," the doctor said, blandly, adding that his patient would probably be in bed for a week, maybe two.

Scott jumped to his feet and denounced the proceedings as a joke, a hoax and a travesty and demanded that the court rush to the hospital forthwith to take a bedside statement from Mrs Kimberly about her relationship with Roxanne — now, before she was put to sleep. Judge Harper declined. "I'm not about to jump into my car and try to beat her to the hospital," he said. "Besides, she won't be in there forever."

This was a keen disappointment to the press corps, especially as Nelson had told the court earlier that she'd once had a two-hour telephone conversation with Mrs Kimberly about the trial and Mrs Kimberly had said something to the effect that she dreaded going to court because she had too much to lose.

"Didn't she refer to part of her anatomy?" Pete's lawyer asked. "Yes," replied Nelson, "She said, 'I have to save my ass.'"

●

You didn't see Jim and Jackie Kimberly? They're here somewhere. — FARISH AT HIS FIRM'S ANNUAL BARBECUE, LESS THAN A WEEK AFTER MRS KIMBERLY'S DOCTOR SAID SHE WOULD BE IN THE HOSPITAL FOR AT LEAST A WEEK.

The question of whether or not Pete had slept with his daughter, Liza, hung over the trial like a dirty black cloud and in the end just drifted away, uncorroborated, unproven. It was Roxanne who raised the issue. She said Pete had told her about it, that it had happened when Liza was much younger, and that the relationship had lasted a couple of years.

"They would lie on the bed together, drinking champagne," she said. "She would sit on his lap, talking and kissing for hours. On the boat, she would sunbathe without a top. Then they would lie together while she was naked from the waist up. That's not normal."

Liza burst into tears in court. "Roxanne said this to hurt my father. It's a disgusting lie. She tried to turn a wholesome father-daughter relationship into something dirty and disgusting." She admitted to having shared cocaine with Roxanne, then added, "She said that if I ever felt I wanted a lesbian relationship, to please let her know, because she wanted to be the one I got involved with."

Pete was brought back to the witness chair for his last word on the subject. "It's a lie, it's the cruellest accusation my wife could have made." He said he had often visited his daughter's home recently and had found her crying. "I don't know the damage that lie has done to my daughter, to her kids or her husband." He levelled a shaking finger at Roxanne, who was wooden-faced. "If she has a conscience, I don't know how she can live with that for the rest of her life."

The skipper of Pete's boat was called. He rose from his chair as if to lunge at Farish when he was asked if it were true that Pete had fondled and cuddled the skipper's 14-year-old daughter. "I do not appreciate that type of questioning," he said. "There's no truth whatsoever."

●

At the close of the trial, three divorce lawyers were called by Farish to testify to his reputation as a divorce lawyer and to tell the court why, in their opinion, he deserved to be paid rather a lot of money. Farish said that to date, his firm had logged 836 hours and 40 minutes on the case, but there was still much more to be done and many more hours to count before it would be settled.

The three lawyers, testifying separately, explained to a fascinated courtroom that there were eight factors to consider when assessing the value of a lawyer's services and that when all of these were added up it should mean that in the Pulitzer case, Farish's firm would be looking at a cheque for a figure somewhere between $250,000 and $325,000.

For *their* services as expert witnesses, the three lawyers charged between $1000 and $1250. One of them was in the court-room for almost half an hour. Scott called in an expert-witness divorce lawyer of his own who said the other side should get no more than $135,000.

Judge Harper rumbled something about having charged a flat rate of $300 for a divorce when he was a lawyer. "I just don't want to make this issue the highlight of the trial," he said, starting to look agitated. "I can see it's a major issue in the minds of the lawyers, but it's not in mine."

●

The Palm Beach press corps held a Pulitzer costume party after the trial. There were two or three Petes and Roxannes, a spurious drug dealer who gave away sugar in plastic wrap and a man who came as James Kimberly, with Kleenex stuffed in his ears and pinned to his clothing. A scandalous incident was alleged to have occurred in a car parked at the front door, but those accused boldly denied everything.

Before everyone went home, the veterans of the trial debated the probable verdict that Judge Harper would deliver; without exception, they believed the result would favor Pete. I disagreed. His confession of adultery with Jackie Kimberly and the consequent betrayal of her husband, Pete's friend, would, I thought, weigh heavily in Harper's deliberations. I was wrong; the judge didn't mention it.

The final judgement was a curious mixture of bad spelling — laudible, credance, affectionally and copius — and moral stricture. Judge Harper described Pete as a sportsman, "a man's man" who had throughout the marriage been faithful and loyal to his wife, while her "gross moral misconduct involved more than isolated discreet acts of adultery".

As to the value of the Pulitzer assets, Harper said a fair estimate would be in the neighborhood of $12,500,000 — "a nice neighborhood, to say the least" — but that since Roxanne had destroyed the marriage, she could hardly expect to profit. Accordingly, he ordered her out of the house but allowed her to keep about $60,000 in jewellery and the Porsche. Pete would repay $7000 that Roxanne had invested in his boat. She would receive $48,000 in alimony, spread over two years. After that, nothing. She was young and attractive, she should go out and get a job, make an honest woman of herself. The twins would go to Pete.

The homespun judge invoked many precedents in his 18-page order and may have established one of his own when he wrote, "The wife's exorbitant demands shock the conscience of this court, putting the court in mind of the hit record by country music singer Jerry Reed, that laments, 'She got the gold mine, I got the shaft'."

Farish filed a petition for a rehearing, saying that Harper's ruling constituted "a deterrent upon the lifestyles and conduct" of the wives and mothers of Florida, and that it not only was contrary to the evidence and the law but also "ignored completely Pete's devious immoral conduct throughout his entire life." Furthermore, there was a surprise, though unnamed, witness who would testify to Pete's unsuitability as a father. Farish was also a little upset because his fee had been "grossly devaluated" in the Harper order to $102,500. He then withdrew from the case and on his way out, cited his own country music statute to counter the judge's, from the legal brain of Kenny Rogers: "You've got to know when to hold 'em. Know when to fold 'em."

Enter Marvin Mitchelson, Hollywood divorce lawyer, who told *People* magazine, "First I dump the lawyer, then I dump the judge." Roxanne, he said, had been branded as the Scarlet Woman of the South. Old Joe Farish didn't buy that one. "She's a pawn again," he said. "Mitchelson is just using her to hype himself."

And in Palm Beach, those who know about this sort of thing said they wouldn't be in the least surprised if Pete and Roxanne were reconciled. He was still madly in love with her. Hadn't they been seen holding hands at the twins' school, and weren't they, several weeks later, kissing under a Christmas tree?

●

I believe that every accusation made on both sides in the Pulitzer case is the literal truth. He did it, she did it. They should give the money to charity and sell the kids to the Arabs. — DR THOMPSON, RENDERING HIS FINAL JUDGEMENT ON THE TRIAL.

Thompson celebrated the end of the trial by setting fire to me in the dining room of The Abandoned Motel. It's an old trick he has, filling his mouth with lighter fluid and igniting the jet when he forces it out. I was drinking coffee at the time and had seen him approach the table in the mirror on the wall, his mouth suspiciously and uncharacteristically shut. As the ball of flame lapped around my ears, I carried on drinking the coffee, a little embarrassed, as if I had drawn the kind of attention to myself that another diner might have created by throwing a plate of spaghetti across the room. An elderly couple at a nearby table broke and ran for the door, their meals unfinished.

Hunter was, by this time, in the latter stages of a week, or perhaps it was 10 days, without any appreciable amount of sleep. Earlier, he had focused the beam of his Taser gun between my eyes, but since he lacked the wire-guided steel darts and the violent electrical charge the Taser needs for maximum effect, I had felt nothing but a strong sense of discomfort when it was aimed in my direction.

Now he sat at the table and ordered something nourishing: a Bloody Mary, black coffee, and a large glass filled with Chivas and ice. "You know what this trial reminds me of?" he said.

"No, what?"

"*The Great Gatsby.*"

"Oh."

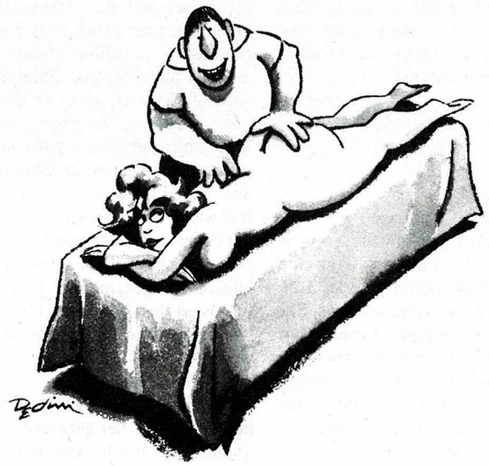
"That *was* the great American novel, you know."

"Yes, you may be right about that."

"Tom and Daisy. The carelessness of the rich. All that wreckage they left behind them. These are people who don't care. They don't know how to behave, because they've never learned how to behave. They don't *have* to know how to behave."

"What would you call it?"

"*Swines at Bay.* It would need dogs and cocaine. Voodoo potions and human sacrifices. A musical with geeks and lawyers falling out of planes. Something for the family. I think I'll have the poached eggs and corned-beef hash."



"I get so engrossed in my work, that the world of nuclear madness seems very, very remote."

EVENINGS

(continued from page 100)

"We could be killed together." She said this calmly, even as we lay side by side in her bed.

names of the serpents, but was familiar with the apes and crocodiles on the banks of the Duad, and her Ka had spoken to lions with teeth of flame, as well as to lynxes with claws like swords. She could use the words of power to take you past lakes of burning oil and had learned the herbs to eat when travelling through the quicksand in the darkness beyond each gate.

"You're equal to the Royal Library of Usermare," I said.

"I would do all of this for you," she told me. I could hear how much love was in her voice. She would, indeed, take true care of me in the Land of the Dead. She wished me to have no fear of that place. That way, I would have less terror in her ceremonies.

I was now altogether confused. With it all, Fekh-Futi had been given one little piece of papyrus full of lies, blessed by who knew which drunken priests fondling one another through the night, yet he was safe? He was forgiven?

"Oh," she said, "the thrice-blessed Negative Confession was not written for Fekh-Futi alone. It is also for the Ka of my little toe."

"Can you say that you have committed none of those 42 sins?"

"The virtue of the papyrus is not to be found in its truth but in the power of the family that purchases it," she admitted at last.

Her words sat heavily on me. Ma-Khrut might claim to be able to do much for me, but the more likely truth was that we were both in peril.

I told her this. I hardly had to. She knew my thoughts.

"We could be killed together." She said this calmly, even as we lay side by side in her bed. "Usermare could come through that door while I am listening to your heart."

"Why do you tell me this?"

"I want," she said, "that you commit some prayers to memory for use in the Land of the Dead."

"Can I do it?"

"It can be done."

"You have done it," I agreed.

Ma-Khrut might know how to memorise all the prayers she would need, but her memory was mightier than my muscles. I did not even feel the desire to try such feats. She might be as wise as the Royal Library, but she was also so stupid as not to know there was going to be no bath of natron for me. If He found me here, Usermare would cut my body into 42 pieces, and strew the parts.

●

As soon as I left her side and was back in my own house, I began to drink from a jar of *kolobi* and soon swallowed most of it. The sad truth was that I did not even know if I wished to end in the Land of the Dead with her. Did I desire to be the eternal companion of a woman who had tasted the leaving of another man?

It was then I knew how much I was married to Honey-Ball, and how much I was oppressed by her. Even in my own room, I did not dare to have any thoughts. Saying this to myself, the near-empty jar of *kolobi* in my hands, feeling as drunk as the Good and Great God Usermare, I made the circle 42 times about my head and fell away from vertigo. The trials and ambushes of the Land of the Dead had become as twisted in my mind as the entrails on the battlefield of Kadesh.

When I awoke next morning in the stupors of *kolobi*, I turned over on my bed and said to myself, "The evil spirits of the night are abroad." For behind the protection of my 42 circles, I still hated Honey-Ball and was most happy with the few thoughts she could not reach. My mood was as sour as the taste of blood in the mouth.

Still, that was not all of what I said to myself. Aware of all the thought that she could certainly hear, I took pains to tell her of the love I held. Nor did I lie altogether. The recollection of what she had done with Usermare was like a fire in my groin, but not all of the heat was evil.

All this while, the cries of children playing outside my house were in my ears. How many there were! Retching over the ghost of the *kolobi*, I could hear (as I had never before) the sound of their games through the morning, larger even than the cries of the birds. These children's shouts flew in all directions. Now I heard them as they bathed in the pools and chased the geese, or climbed high in the trees to talk to the birds. Over my head came a gabble of nurses scolding, mothers scolding, long whimpers and every kind of laughter, all these children, every one, sons and daughters of Usermare. Watching, there were tears in my eyes as strange and sweet as a fall of rain in a desert. I was moved by the observation that Honey-Ball was one of the few little queens who had not borne any of Usermare's children. Could it be that she was one who did not love His loins, and might, in truth, prefer mine? I felt so close at this instant that I could hate her no longer. She had been ready, after all, to die with me.

So, if I had awakened with every oppression, now I could breathe again. My heart stirred at her generosity. It was as if I understood, and for the first time, how no one could provide for my future travels so well as this woman. It brought me to understand the true power of a family. As Ra had His godly boat for travel through the dark river of the Duad, so were a wife and children our own golden vessel on such a trip. Honey-Ball and I had been wed by the secret ceremony of marriage — knowing each other's buttocks, we shared the property of our flesh. Now, I would have children with her. Yes, I told myself, we must escape from these Gardens. I would flee with her to the Eastern Desert. From there, we might travel to New Tyre. How could we fail to prosper in such a curious city with her great knowledge?

It was then I remembered the story Heqat told of the ugly woman who kept her husband free of every disease, and I laughed aloud. Honey-Ball's face could be beautiful, and her body was as great as the wealth of Usermare, yet I knew she must be the ugly woman of whom Heqat had spoken. I would never suffer any ill while living with her, nor would our children. She would protect them all. So I loved her for these riches and could not sleep for the clarity of the sentiments I felt. I could smell the keen air of every morning we would know in the mountains on the long road from Megiddo to Tyre, and even the perils appealed to me as pleasures. I could show Ma-Khrut the resources of my knowledge once we were in the forests. More than ever before, I felt bold as a god.

On the next night, therefore, in the sweet silence that followed love, full of honor, and most content that we had embraced for once without any ceremony of magic, but had come forth in all the quiet yearning of a brother and sister, I held her face between my hands, much aware of the great sky above where the gods might be listening, and whispered of how we would yet be wed and live with many children. But as I spoke, I knew the perils of the journey, for I perceived how much we would need her magic to reach any other land.

She answered, "It is better here."

I had a clear view through her eyes of all she would give up: the jars and boxes that held her amulets, her powders and her animal skins. She saw them as equal to a city, even as the fortress of her powers, but so soon as I was ready to tell her that she would have all of that again in another place, she asked, "How dear will children be to you?"

"We must have many."

"Then you do not want to run away with me," she said. Her eye had no tears and her voice no sorrow as she told the story, yet when she finished, she began to weep. The child of Usermare had been in her belly, she said. And she had lost that child, her first child, on the night Usermare cut off her toe.

"I do not believe that," I said.

"It is true. I lost the child, and I lost what was in me to make other children." Her voice was as firm as the roots of the largest tree in the Gardens of the Secluded. "That," she said, "is the true reason I grew fat."

In the pain of listening to her, my thoughts ran past like riderless horses.

She got up from the bed and lit a pot of incense. With every smoke I took into my

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throat, I had the certainty that my life was shorter by each one of these scents, and the hour of my most unlucky hour was coming in, even as my breath was going out. On the inside of her belly would my last seed expire.

Unable to bear the misery of our silence, I began to make love to her again, but felt thick with stupor, and I came forth into the muddy banks of the Duad and lay beside her, wondering whether the power of the circle drawn 42 times around my head might keep her from knowing how foul were the pits of my mood.

She did not speak, but upon us, sour as the odor of old blood, was the weight of her purposes. No love would ever be so near as the triumph of her craft. Lying silently by her side, I spent the night waiting for that hour before the dawn when I must leave. I did not wish to stay, but the depth of her thoughts (which I could not enter) lay upon me like the carcass of a beast, and indeed we passed the night like two much-wounded animals.

Yet, in this last interval before I left, she allowed me to come close once more to her thoughts. As a traveller on a barge can listen to the murmurings of the Nile and know the spirit of the water, so did I perceive that she was searching through her wisdom for a ritual that could strike Usermare with force.

Now was I surprised in the morning when I returned to her house and the eunuchs were busy cleaning her altar. This gave me so much uneasiness that I visited her again despite any attention this might cause and by the nature of her preparations, I saw that she was preparing an Address to Isis.

Honey-Ball had spoken of how solemn was this invocation of the Great Goddess and now I was moved by the seriousness of her choice. The decision was as bold as my own plan to escape, and a breath of love returned. My daring might have inspired hers. So I passed over all food offered to me this day, touching neither melon nor beans nor goose, and went early to the house of Honey-Ball. It was common to take my dinner with one or another little queen, even a good omen. The appearance of the Governor might induce a visit by Usermare Himself. On this evening, however, neither I nor Honey-Ball took more than a dish of cooked wheat on a plate made of papyrus. Then, in full view of her eunuchs, and of any little queens strolling by the house, I left, even lingering in the lane outside her walls while I spoke to other little queens and waited for the darkness. There would be no moon, and a visit by the Pharaoh was unlikely. As soon as the eunuchs of Honey-Ball were dismissed, I came back over the wall.

Honey-Ball was wearing white sandals and a gown of transparent linen. Her perfume spoke of white roses and her breath was sweeter than her perfume. I wondered if it was the presence of Isis rising from the wheat we had eaten. Honey-Ball had a breath that could come forth like a blossom, or reek of foul curses, and on many a night, I knew the stench of the Duad. On this evening, however, her breath was calm, and the red amulet of Isis she wore about her waist gave her composure.

Soon, she entered upon the invocation. Honey-Ball would call upon Isis in the voice of Usermare's father, the Pharaoh Seti the First. Ma-Khrut might be esteemed by many powers and spirits, but only a Pharaoh would be admitted to those elevations where Isis dwelled and, indeed, Honey-Ball had found a spell in the Royal Library of Usermare that would call forth the full powers of the Goddess if spoken by a King. So she must summon the Ka of a dead Pharaoh. Enveloped in His presence, she could speak to Isis.

She stepped outside the circle, therefore, to remove her gown, opened a chest, and took out a white skirt appropriate to a Pharaoh as well as golden sandals, and a golden chest plate large enough to cover her breasts. Then, to my astonishment, she opened another chest and withdrew a Double Crown of fine stiff linen made, I realised, by her own hands, and it was more than a cubit in height. She placed this upon her head, with a chin beard to her mouth, and by the time she stepped back into the circle and installed the red amulet on the altar, her face had transformed itself as well. The shape of her full mouth had altered into the stern lips of Seti — at least as I knew him by many a temple drawing.

While I lay on my back, head against the altar and her foot upon my chest (so that I looked up at a body and face as fierce and as massive as the great Pharaoh who had been the Father of Usermare) Honey-Ball began to recite a poem:

"Four elements
In their scattered parts,
Will bring their hearts
To these events.
May the Ka of Seti come to birth,
May the Ka of Seti know our earth.

Air, water, earth, fire,
Seed, root, tree, fruit,
Breathe, drown, bury, birth,
Air, water, fire, earth,
O Seti, come to me."

She said it, and lying beneath her, I repeated each word, our voices in unison, and the lines were said many times. As she spoke, she took pinches of incense from a bowl on the altar, and laid them on the pots so that the room was heavy with smoke, and the heat of her heart rose higher, and the weight of her foot was greater. Her voice moved through air so thick her breath shifted the smoke like clouds.

"O, You," she said, "Who were the greatest of Pharaohs and sit at the feet of Osiris with Khufu and Thutmose, You Who are the Father of the Great Usermare, know, then, the sound of this voice that calls to You, for I am Ma-Khrut of Sais, who was born in Your Reign.

"I never thought the human body was obscene until my folks started going naked in front of me."

"Great Seti, Greatest of all Pharaohs, let Yourself be known by Your Power, by Your Rage, and by the Glories of Your Reign. For Your Son, Usermare, has torn down Your Temple in Thebes. He has turned all the great words to the wall that are spoken of His Father Seti. In these Temples, praise for His Father is silent. The stones have been choked. If You hear me, may Your Ka descend upon me like a tent." She was silent. Then she aid, "Oh, Seti, come to me."

She spoke in the clear and perfect tongue of a Pharaoh, her left hand pointing out before her North to the altar, North to the lands of Sais on the Delta, and I felt the Ka of the dead Monarch descend upon her like a tent of the lightest linen. I saw how the green circle on the floor burned with the red of the amulet on the altar. The cries of birds came across the silence of the sky from the time of Seti, and I sat up so that the hand of the Father of Usermare could grasp my hair and indeed my hair was seized, and I felt the great force of the Father of Usermare in the hand that was on my hair, and it lay like the weight of a bronze statue upon me. Then I heard the voice of the Ka of Seti. He spoke to Isis: "Oh, Great Goddess," said this voice, "You are the Mother of our grain, and the Lady of our bread. You are the Goddess of all that is Green. You are stronger than all the Temples of Amon." Now a mist arose from the altar, and a smell of the sweetness of the fields was in the air.

"The Moon," said the voice of the Ka of Seti, "is Your Temple. All mountains come down to You. The swamps flow at Your command."

High above the hand that gripped my head, I could hear Ma-Khrut speak in the voice of the Ka of Seti:

"Great Goddess, hear the shame of Seti the First. For His Son shifts the stones of His Temple. The blocks of marble are turned. The glories that have been written of Seti are turned to the wall. What has been to the front is now to the back."

"It is true," I said aloud.

"Old odors stir from these stones. They speak from the earth that has buried them. Let these stones fall upon Ramses. Let His Heart be crushed by the stones of Seti."

Waves went out from the Ka of Seti and passed through me, and great contortions of the flesh.

"Your mouth commands Ra. The Moon is Your Temple. All mountains come down to You."

On the altar, the amulet was glowing with a molten light white as the fires of metal. Now, I could not breathe. The altar trembled and tottered and crashed like the stones of the Temple of Seti. The cry of a captured bird shrieked in my ears and I was shaken by a great fury. I felt the Ka of Seti pass from her to me, even as the altar had toppled, and though I had been told by every one of her instructions that I must remain motionless at the end (and thereby assist the departure of Isis) and then must thank the Ka of Seti, I made a sound instead like a beast, and the Ka of Seti that was in me became as fierce as a wild boar. There, beside the shattered altar, I mounted Honey-Ball and made love as never before, and she was as sweet beneath me as a young girl of the fields, and even as I came forth in a great voice (so that in the morning, more than one little queen would say the serpent of all evil must have traversed the Gardens last night), still, I knew that the hands of the thousand and one gods who surrounded Usermare were no longer joined. For in the sound of my own great roar was the voice of Seti thundering in wrath at the overturning of the stones in His Temple, and I made love in a fury to Ma-Khrut, and turned her about so as to know each mouth, the Mouth of her Flower, the Mouth of her Fish, the Mouth of the Seat, and gave both of my two mouths to her so that she knew me well. Beyond the walls of the Secluded, in the great plazas and gardens of the High Palace and the Little Palace, out to the city of Thebes itself, and down to the river, I could feel the wrath of Seti enter the mutilated stones of the new temples, and Usermare was disturbed in His calm, like the water of the sea before a storm.

Yet when all was done, Honey-Ball said, "I do not know what happened. The Ka of Seti the First was not supposed to pass from me to you."

●

By the next evening, however, there was no one in the Gardens who had not heard what had come upon the Pharaoh. Visiting the Palace of Nefertiri in the middle of the day, He had been eating with His Queen when a butler spilled on Him a bowl of steaming soup. The servant fled to the kitchen pursued by the King's Guard who, hearing the Pharaoh's roars of pain, proceeded to beat the poor steward so brutally that he died before the sun went down. Among the Secluded, there was no end of talking on this matter, and Honey-Ball laughed with the sweetest gaiety I had heard in her voice for many weeks. "The powers of Isis work directly," she said.

HACKWORTH (continued from page 37)

I scooped her up in my 'chopper and took her into the war zone, where she watched the war in her sexy tiger suits.

daily risked their lives in savage combat enjoy the same comforts as all the rear echelon command and the fat cat brass who, for many, made Vietnam into a dry martini and dinner war. We were known as "Team 50". We were right out of *Catch-22* because we were the *wildest* bunch of mavericks to ever assemble under one tent in the history of the US Army.

PLAYBOY: Is there any truth in the rumor that an Australian girl was part of your command?

HACKWORTH: She wasn't a pistol-packing momma — but wow, what a lady. And she took her annual holiday in Saigon, since she was an airline hostess and could fly in and out of 'Nam. I scooped her up in my 'chopper at Tan San Nuet and took her into the war zone, where she watched the war in her sexy tiger suits.

PLAYBOY: Didn't the army try to nail you to a cross for adultery?

HACKWORTH: Yes, even though my first wife and I were legally separated at the time. The agents even tried to break down my chief interpreter and friend, who was half French, half Vietnamese. But they couldn't break her. She thought she was doing me a favor when she said, "I never sleep under his bed. Only in his bed."

PLAYBOY: Do you think you were setting a good example for your troops by bringing a civilian girlfriend into the battle zone?

HACKWORTH: It certainly was against regulations — but great fun. Besides, all my guys knew my lady. We were a small special forces team. She was their Sydney dating connection. My guys came right off the battlefield and went on R&R into the arms of a beautiful, tanned lady. No Kings Cross trip for them. Six marriages came from that connection. Good American - Australian integration.

PLAYBOY: How did the army deal with you?

PLAYBOY: How does the old saying go about people living in glass houses? The army catapulted a gravel truck. It hurt at first, until I read an old Chinese proverb that said, ". . .Slander is the helper of the toad. Smear, the weapon of cowards since ancient times. . ." Besides, a lot of what they were saying was partially true, anyway. Westmoreland put the word out that I was crazy — you know, anyone who says Vietnam was a bad war would just have to be nuts.

PLAYBOY: How long did the harassment continue against you?

HACKWORTH: At least two years after I left the service. And the smear program continues to this day. You don't bite the army without the army biting you. The troops used to say, sometimes you get the bear, and sometimes the bear gets you.

PLAYBOY: Did ABC, who won an Emmy for your interview, leave you high and dry too?

HACKWORTH: Absolutely not. I owe my life to ABC. The Saigon bureau chief assigned a camera news team to cover me on a 24-hour basis. Wherever I went, they went. The army knew if I got wasted it would be seen by millions of people around the world. So they let me go home after I initialled everything I said to the press nine times in triplicate.

PLAYBOY: Are there any lessons for some other guys that might blow the whistle on another bad war?

HACKWORTH: Yes. To all future Paul Reveres: clean out your closet with extreme care or you might find yourself in prejudicial circumstances. Where I made my mistake was that I sounded off to the press before I cleaned up my own act first. I'm sure that without intervention by the Secretary of Defense and ABC TV I would have found myself at Walter Reed with a frontal lobotomy or in a military prison making licence plates or under a neat grave marker inscribed: "Killed by the Viet Cong".

PLAYBOY: Were there any other repercussions from above?

HACKWORTH: Enough to fill up your rucksack. Once I "escaped" from Vietnam, where I was greatly concerned about becoming a terrorist activity statistic, and got back to what was then called "the world". I had a high James Bond experience.

PLAYBOY: Is it true you were assisted by Joe Califano, the former Secretary for Health and Welfare?

HACKWORTH: Ward Just, the journalist, linked me up with Joe who was always on to good causes, especially where he could stick it up a Republican nose. So Califano leaned on [Secretary of Defense] Vance, and Vance leaned on Westmoreland and they gave me a gold watch instead of court martialling me. But Westy would have preferred the latter.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by that?

HACKWORTH: Take the time those agents followed me in Arlington. I take off in my Cutlass and floor it: they cough and splutter in their agent green Ford. Within a block, I'm dust. I circle back to the gas station across the street and ring on a corner pay phone to the motel. I say to the switchboard operator, "This is Colonel Swift at the Pentagon. Is my man still monitoring all the phone calls of guest Hackworth?" "Yessir," comes the reply from the cheerful telephone operator, "do you want to talk to him?" "Yes, thank you," I reply. So there I was, talking on the phone to agent 00007 or something, and I said: "Hey, look out the window. You see that smiling face and that guy waving?" "Yup," he said. "Well, that's me, Colonel Hackworth." And he *froze*, finger in the cookie jar.

Next, I said to the operator, "Would you please give me a deposition that that agent was monitoring my phone?" and the kid replied with a rich southern drawl, "Right on, suh, anything for freedom!"

PLAYBOY: Did the campaign of terror against you stop abruptly?

HACKWORTH: No. The hits became less frequent, but badder.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by that?

HACKWORTH: My first present was a seven year tax audit. Somehow I came out clean. Next, my bank accounts, in America and in Australia, were reviewed by agents looking for large money movements. I received a written apology from the president of a Virginia bank for allowing this inspection. "An error by a new teller," I was informed.

The list of allegations was as long as your arm. Did my men steal Jeeps from the US Air Force? Imagine that. Or did I smoke dope? Gosh, who'd be crazy enough to smoke dope on the battlefield? I took enough bugs off my Washington phone to open a used bug department. Almost daily, when I left the apartment, it would be searched by agents. After a while, it became a joke.

PLAYBOY: It's been said you are the model for the three main characters in *Apocalypse Now*. Was your Vietnam career like the movie?

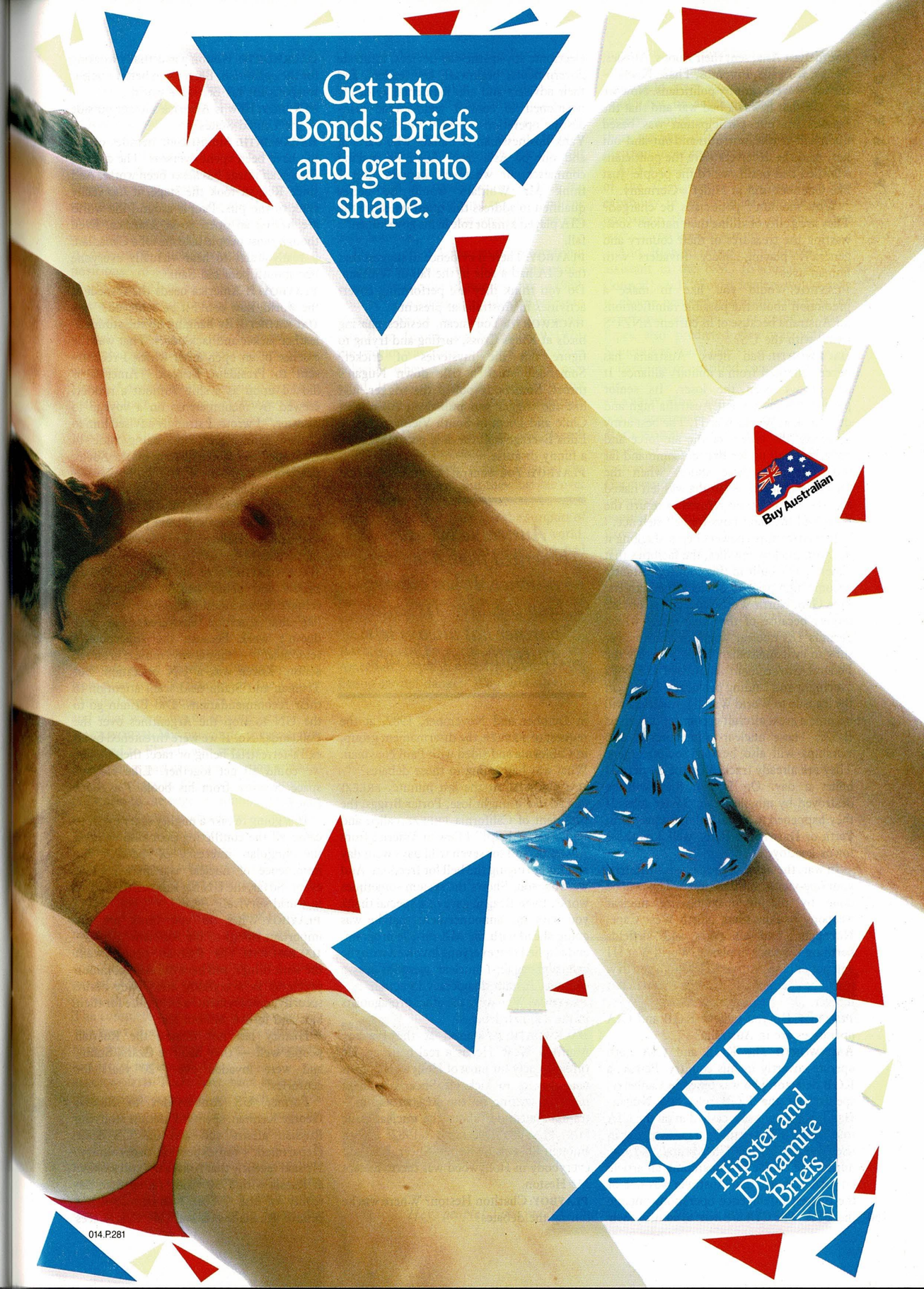
HACKWORTH: To be a good commander, you must love your troops, and they have to dig you. You must be a showman, like Montgomery with his act or Patton with his act. You also have to be on the battlefield mixing it up. I think the Kurtz character was moulded after the way I ran my command — not me as an individual. I was simply the symbol for a renegade commander. Brando played the role of a boy-wonder army officer who walked on water and ran a separate Special Forces Command down in the Delta along the Cambodian border. And finally, because of the horror of it all, he went bananas.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you have that command? And weren't you a water-walker?

HACKWORTH: According to retired Army Colonel Dennis Foley, who was a Hollywood military technical adviser, Kurtz was modelled after me. Kurtz, on the other hand, flips out and goes bananas. I moved to Australia and made banana sundaes in a snack bar. But that would not have made a fitting ending to a $30 million flick. But honestly, the only water I ever walked on was frozen in Korea.

PLAYBOY: Should Australian politicians bear any blame for the disaster of Vietnam?

HACKWORTH: Australian politicians, just like the politicians of all the other so-called "Free World" countries that fought in



South-East Asia, sent their troops. Aussies, Yanks, Koreans, Filipinos, Thais, Kiwis — the lot — were sent by politicians. Now we are told that it was a bad war and that the reasons for our participation was based upon half-truths, untruths and out-and-out lies. And the deceivers were the politicians who lied and brainwashed the people. Just like Goebbels did in Hitler's Germany.

Why shouldn't politicians be charged? They are guilty of killing their nations' sons, wasting the treasures of their country and generally playing Space Invaders with human lives.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to make a prediction about the possible ramifications for Australia because of its current ANZUS treaty with the US?

HACKWORTH: Bad news. Australia has never benefited from a military alliance. It has always been the loser. Its senior partner has always left Australia high and dry. Look at World War II. The best army divisions, the cream of the air force and navy, were all under British Command far removed from these shores when the Japanese attacked. Australia was left naked and the Empire even refused to return the borrowed toys and boys for self-defence.

If the two superpowers begin slugging it out with nuclear missiles, the facilities that America has built in this country instantly become high priority Soviet Union targets. Pine Gap, North West Cape, and so on, are targets because of the same treaty which permits US nuclear warships and nuclear subs to visit Australian ports. Recently the Federal Government authorised US B-52 overflight and landing privileges. Surely, in the lead-up to World War III, Australia will become a great aircraft carrier for dispersed B-52s. These nuclear-toting aircraft and warships will also be top Soviet targets. They are already tracked by the Soviets 24 hours a day. On D-day, they will be destroyed by missiles from Soviet subs. If they happened to be parked in Sydney or in Perth or Darwin for R&R, well, kiss those towns goodbye.

In war, the name of the game is to destroy your opponents' military force. This will be done by placing megaton-size nuclear weapons *on* Pine Gap, North West Cape, Nurrangar and all ports and airfields berthing US ships or planes. World War III will not only see Australia left high and dry, it will be a radioactive drought that will last forever.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe KGB and CIA operatives are in Australia?

HACKWORTH: The KGB and CIA both operate covertly in this country. Petrov, a KGB defector who was based in Canberra, spelled out the KGB role, and Nugan-Hand, you might say, cashed in on the CIA role. The CIA is virtually a government in itself. A top former US admiral told me, during the course of researching an article on CIA activity, that Australia was one of the biggest intelligence operations outside the USA. The CIA are here to control their electronic spy-in-the-sky devices, infiltrate governments, brainwash key leaders, and their advisers and are, incidentally, ideally positioned to control wide-spread clandestine operations in Asia. You know, the Yank businessman or banker who darts in and out of Asia from Australia making commerce, or whatever, happen. But I think Mr Whitlam would be better qualified to address this question, since the CIA played a major role in his government's fall.

PLAYBOY: There *is* evidence to suggest that the CIA had a role in the fall of Whitlam. Do you think they are performing covert activities in Australia at present?

HACKWORTH: You mean, besides chasing birds at Kings Cross, surfing and trying to figure out the mysteries of cricket? Somebody stuck a rifle down Nugan's throat. Somebody pulled the trigger, just like the trigger was pulled on Allende of Chile and Diem in South Vietnam. Dame Edna Everage isn't the only person wearing a funny disguise.

PLAYBOY: You went on radio and television

Australia has never benefited from a military alliance. It has always been the loser. Its senior partner has always left Australia high and dry.

in October and November, 1982, at the request of FREEZE, the disarmament group, in California and sided with Paul Newman. What was happening in those debates?

HACKWORTH: At the last minute, FREEZE looked like it might lose. Porter Briggs, the president of California FREEZE, called and said, "Come help!" I flew to America from Australia, and for seven wild days went day and night ringing the bell for freedom. And we won, too. Shows the system sometimes works. Even Reagan gave us a special thank you with the announcement that he was going ahead with the MX missile program, and implied that everyone involved with the campaign against nuclear weapons was a commie. Instant democracy in action. . .

PLAYBOY: Who were the other protagonists in the FREEZE debates?

HACKWORTH: It started at the Playboy Mansion West. Hef is a real believer. He threw a party for most of Hollywood's fast-lane drivers to kick off Sheer's brilliant piece of writing on the Reagan administration's attitudes about the nuclear issue (US PLAYBOY, December 1982: With Enough Shovels by Robert Sheer, Ed.) and everybody in Hollywood was there. Except Mr Heston.

PLAYBOY: Charlton Heston? Where was he during the debates?

HACKWORTH: Heston was actually working for the *opposition.* Bigger and better nuclear weapons for his Ben-Hur world.

PLAYBOY: How is America's image outside of the United States?

HACKWORTH: Almost four decades of my life have been spent overseas. The current American image has *never* been worse. And since Reagan took the stage, it has really sunk to the pits. People around the world are having an open go at America. Even though most people take me for a Canadian, it really hurts to hear virtually everyone bad-mouth poor old Sam.

PLAYBOY: If America needs the respect of the world, how could it be achieved?

HACKWORTH: By hanging up the studded-leather jacket and jack boots. That was the essence of an open letter which I recently sent to President Reagan. "America is looked upon as a ship without a rudder, crewed by incompetents on a voyage to disaster," I wrote. I strongly advised him to change course and stop being rude to Andropov and stop brushing off the Soviet peace offers.

PLAYBOY: There would be some professional soldiers who would tell you to mind your business and leave peace work to the United Nations. Why don't you take that advice?

HACKWORTH: There are 25 million dead people and about half that number in refugee camps around the world who would like that question answered. The UN doesn't work because the superpowers seldom let it — they always muscle in on the action. Korea was a UN operation, but Truman and Stalin paid scant attention to their recommendations. Did Britain go to the UN to stop the Argentines over the Falklands? No. If we were threatened by an extra-terrestrial being or race, then maybe we could all get together. Like Hoyle's space creature from his book, *The Black Cloud.*

It is going to take a mighty scary event to cause all the conflicting people to work in the singular interests of peace. The imminence of nuclear war may be that event. So far, the UN has flunked the course in world survival.

PLAYBOY: What do you think are the important things to the Russians?

HACKWORTH: The Russian people want the same things, and have the same common problems as everybody else. They desire security, employment, a better life for their kids and to live without fear.

History has not treated the Russian people well — they had the Czars, Stalin, and were invaded every 20 years for centuries.

Former US Ambassador to Russia, George Kennan, spent his lifetime studying Russian affairs and was the US State Department's top expert on that country. He said recently that America is still looking at Russia with 1930 vision rather than the reality of the 1980s. Kennan does not believe Russia wants war. He clearly sees future nuclear warfare between the USA and USSR, but said in that regard, ". . .there is no issue at stake in our political relations with the Soviet Union — no hope, no fear, nothing to which we aspire, nothing we would like to avoid — which could conceivably be worth a nuclear war."

PLAYBOY: When you were stationed in Germany, you were a front line unit commander with your finger on the nuclear button, so to speak. What dangers are there with nukes in the field?

HACKWORTH: Nuclear weapons in forward positions in West Germany consign World War III to be a nuclear shoot-out. There are 9000 odd tactical warheads alone in that theatre. Besides, if the highly unlikely scenario of the Warsaw Pact slamming across the border occurs, those warheads would be in danger of capture. Hence, America would have *no other option* than to have a nuclear exchange at the Deutschland corral.

PLAYBOY: That was a war scenario. At least the military has assured the people that an accident will never be the cause of starting World War III.

HACKWORTH: Sure — we've all heard that soothing remark from some Pentagon propaganda poet. But there isn't much truth in it. In 1961, an air force plane with a 24-megaton bomb crashed in North Carolina. The bomb still hasn't been found, and the Defense Department had to buy the land, fence it, and now it's a nuclear safety area.

PLAYBOY: Historians now say that John F. Kennedy acted unwisely during his confrontation with Krushchev in the Cuban Missile Crisis. Where were you at that time and what was going on in your head?

HACKWORTH: My parachute division was deployed to Florida and prepared to jump into Cuba as part of a huge invasion armada. Those 13 days in October, 1962, brought the world to the edge of annihilation. I saw nuclear weapons everywhere — missiles, bombs, ships, submarines — all poised and waiting for Kennedy's orders. JFK should have remembered what he said to the UN, a year earlier: "Mankind must put an end to war, or war will put an end to mankind."

It was a poker bluff and Krushchev narrowly backed down in the end. He obviously heard and understood JFK's speech. The Cuban Crisis was the scariest period of my army career. That would have given the universe a new word: *holocide.* The complete destruction of a planet.

PLAYBOY: Both protagonists reputedly have built-in safety factors to prevent accidental nuclear warfare.

HACKWORTH: There have been at least 20 documented occasions on which the US came close to holocide: five times by accident, when Pentagon technicians misread radar; seven times when the US military establishment contemplated limited nuclear war [three times during the Vietnam War, once each as a result of the war in Korea, the fighting in Laos, the Quemoy-Matsu dispute, the Berlin crisis] and three times in direct confrontations with the Soviet Union. Once when Harry Truman issued a 48-hour ultimatum to the Russians over Trieste way back in 1946. Again, I was there, on the hill at Opicina, Italy, overlooking the disputed ground. But as a kid of 15, and a private, I did not understand the consequences. It took the '62 Cuban Crisis to wise me up. And the Yom Kippur War was another close call with holocide.

The fail-proof American missile warning system falsely reported 151 indications of a Soviet attack in the 18 months prior to 1980. Four of these warnings resulted in orders to strategic forces to prepare for nuclear retaliation. In one case, November 9, 1979, the world was three minutes away from holocide when a 48 cent computer part erred. It was hushed up. Thatcher wasn't notified, and I doubt if Fraser was informed of the incident.

PLAYBOY: Do you support the Israeli situation in the Lebanon?

HACKWORTH: I have always admired the Jews' fighting spirit. But they lost me over their insane conduct in that war-ravaged country. And they have lost the support of most fair-minded people around the world. Again, it is a case of good people with bad leaders.

PLAYBOY: Isn't much of the nuclear fear based on paranoia? After all, most people accept that the US leadership understands the issues.

HACKWORTH: President Reagan told the American people in a speech recently, "We live in mortal danger. We could survive a nuclear war. It would be a survival of some of our people and some of our facilities but you could start again. It [nuclear war] would not be anything that I think our society would consider acceptable, but then, we have different regard for human life than those monsters do."

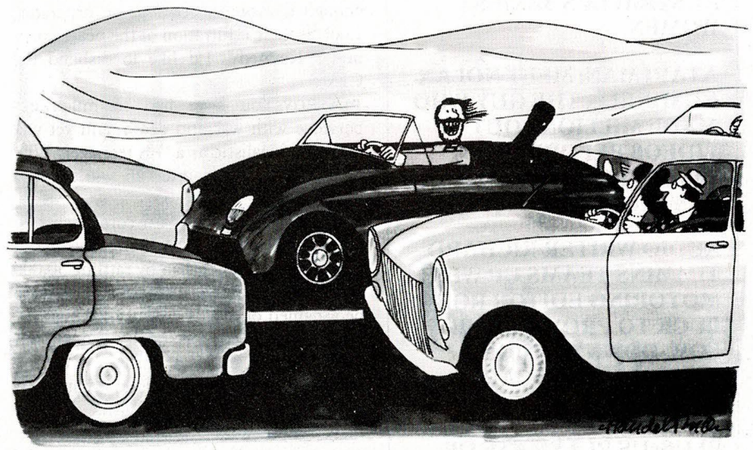
And Vice-President Bush, past director of the CIA, said: ". . . you have the capability to inflict more damage on the opposition than it inflicts on you. That way. . . you are the winner. . ."

And Richard Pipes, until recently an assistant in the NSC [National Security Council] said: "Soviet leaders would have to choose between peacefully changing the communist system . . . or going to war." Pipes also predicted that war with the Soviets was *inevitable.*

Paranoia or justified concern? You tell me.

PLAYBOY: How can you say that nuclear war is unwinnable?

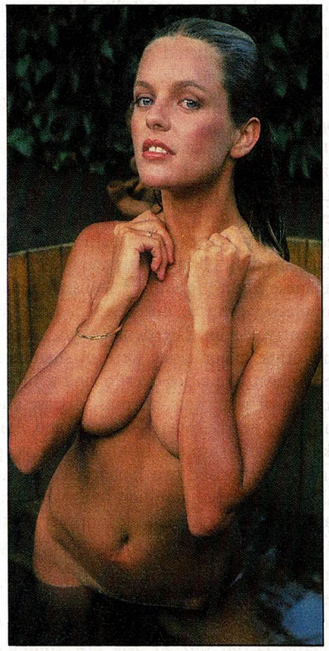
HACKWORTH: First, let me give you a quick review of modern warfare. It has become increasingly more violent. In 1940, the Germans didn't bomb Paris and in 1941 the Japanese didn't bomb Hawaiian civilian population centres. But in 1945, London, Coventry, Berlin, Dresden, Tokyo, Manila and other major cities were in shambles; eerie ghost-like cities overflowing with the flotsam of war. Rats, corpses, disease and suffering nearly covered Europe and Asia like a death shroud. In that same year. America vaporised two Japanese cities and killed a quarter of a million souls while the Japanese leaders tried to sue for peace. In all of World War II only three megatons of



"Hey, people! Turn on 2FQ, quick! They're playing my single!"

NEXT MONTH

R.J. HAWKE ACCORDING TO THE WORLD — CHRIS PRITCHARD COLLATES GLOBAL OPINIONS OF AUSTRALIA'S PM.



GOLD COAST GIRLS — PLAYBOY PAYS TRIBUTE TO THE MAGIC OF QUEENSLAND'S SUNNY BEACHES AND SOME OF AUSTRALIA'S SEXIEST WOMEN.

ATARI MAN: MEET NOLAN BUSHNELL, THE GUY WHO MADE MILLIONS OUT OF VIDEOS BEFORE HE DISCOVERED ROBOTS AND FAST FOOD.

AUDIO WRITER RICHARD TIMMINS TEAMS UP WITH MOTORING EDITOR ROB LUCK TO PROVIDE THE LOW-DOWN ON HIGH PERFORMANCE CAR STEREOS.

PLUS: US PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR.

TNT were used to kill 50,000,000 people. Today, in the two superpowers' nuclear arsenal, there are 11,373 megatons of highly radioactive TNT. Between Russia and the US, there are more than 50,000 nuclear warheads.

The nuclear sledgehammer has gotten so big that if it doesn't break the world into little pieces, it will leave only a radiated ping pong ball in the galaxy. Radiation will mutate anything that survives the first blasts. Eventually, only the cockroach will be able to lay claim to world domination. In real terms, "unwinnable" means that there are already three tons of TNT per person.

PLAYBOY: What does that mean to the individual?

HACKWORTH: If you took one small handful of TNT — less than half a pound — that would be sufficient fire power to blow the average *house* away. Imagine a small matchbox. Fill it with TNT — less than one ounce — and that is sufficient explosive force to blow off your head. Now, divide the megatons by ounces and you come up with the following fact: every living person on this earth has *96,000 little matchboxes filled with TNT pointing at his head.* That is what military planners call "overkill".

PLAYBOY: What would you do with the billions of dollars of prime real estate that the military owns?

HACKWORTH: Sell it at a public auction. Then with the money from that, and the money saved from unifying the services, I would convert many of the military ships into ships for peace. I'd put positive-thinking people on them, unarmed, and go out in the world with good ideas and good vibes to trade and create peace. I'd send musicians overseas on these ships as ambassadors for peace, because people everywhere can relate to good music. I'd take our country's best things and best people and promote them into roving ambassadors for peace.

PLAYBOY: Does the CIA have a role to play in your scheme?

HACKWORTH: No. The CIA has done enough damage to other peace programs. Look at their infiltration of the peace corps under Kennedy. I'd like to disband the CIA.

PLAYBOY: You have had so much experience with war and death, and yet you sound as idealistic as a '70s teenager. Why aren't you a cynic after all you've been through?

HACKWORTH: I'm a hard-core realist. I know that there has to be a better way to run this beautiful planet than by rattling 50,000 atomic warheads. Idealism isn't anything to be ashamed of, nor is it a survival instinct. Now it isn't just personal survival, but world survival that is at stake.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you afraid that your enemies will try to get at you for posing a threat to the West's defence policy?

HACKWORTH: I'm not afraid because I know I am right. The time before, when I said Vietnam was a bad war, agents who were assigned to follow me ended as my friends and gave me information that allowed me to out-guerrilla Nixon's evil machine.

PLAYBOY: How has your military service helped you as a civilian?

HACKWORTH: I think that I was always a natural leader, but the military polished my leadership abilities. And leadership is what it's all about. If you can lead soldiers on the battlefield in life and death situations, then civilian life is a snap.

PLAYBOY: Would you let your son fight in a war?

HACKWORTH: No. War accomplishes nothing. War is an insane garbage disposal that churns out little white crosses. Nobody wins today. Not even the fat cats. How did that saying go in the '60s? Suppose they had a war and nobody came? I can assure you that neither of my two sons will ever march to the tune of Over There. I would be heartbroken if my fine boys chose the military as a career.

PLAYBOY: Most people would be sceptical about your claims of wiping out your past conditioning. Do you have a bad temper?

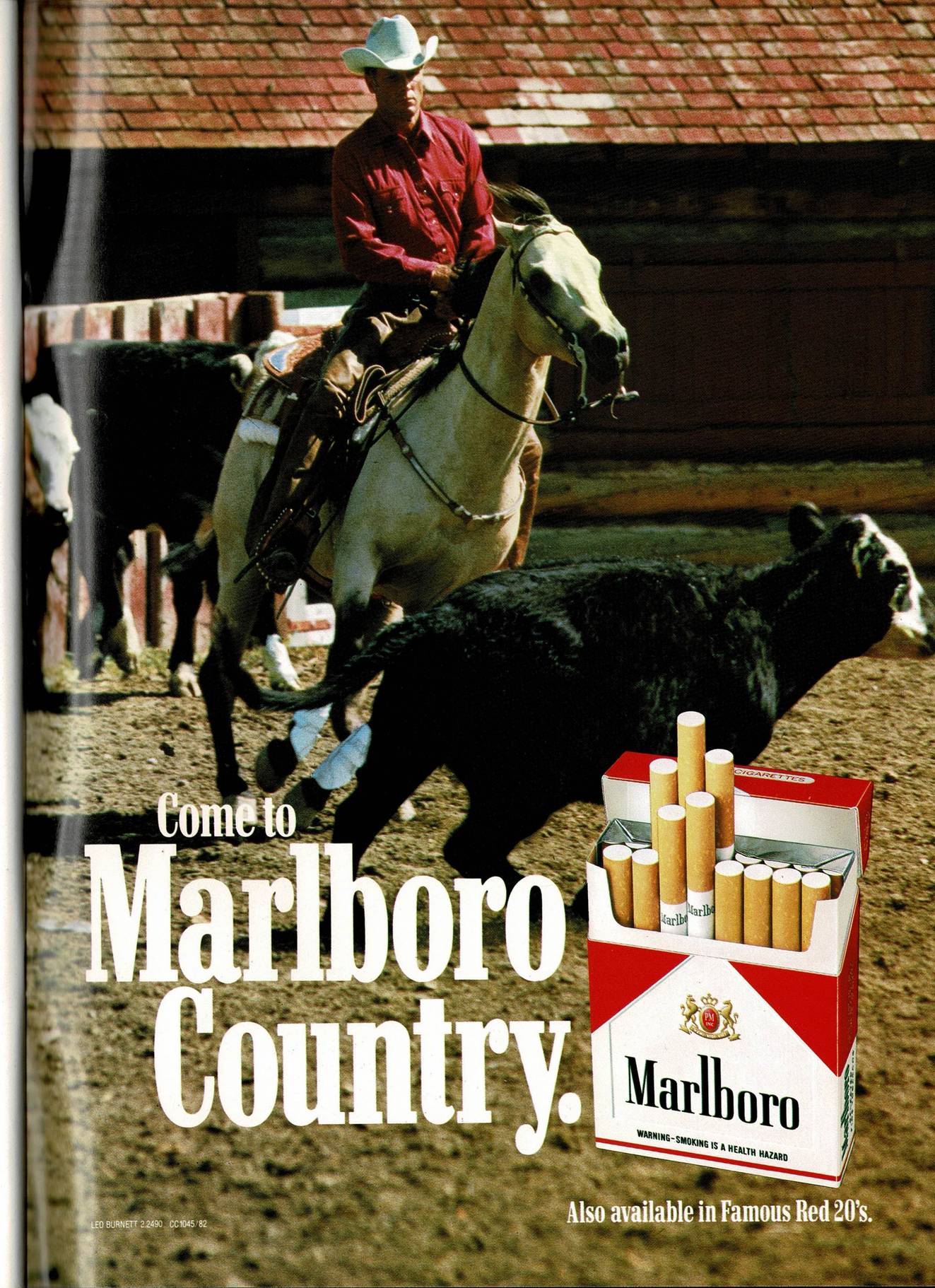
HACKWORTH: Not any more. But when I was a warrior and a big meat eater, I had a raging temper that, when at its zenith, was as close to madness as a sane man could be without being locked up. This temper is a legacy of an Irish mother. My temper caused me to attack machine guns, rip into blinkered senior generals and dumb politicians and rave with the enthusiasm of the irrational. But who can be rational on a battlefield, anyway? War is a mad game played out by mad people. So my temper always insured that there would always be plenty of excitement. But life has taught me that anger is as destructive as war.

PLAYBOY: Under what conditions — if any — would you be prepared to fight again?

HACKWORTH: I'd fight like a tiger to protect my family. I would defend myself if I stumbled into some madman — and there are a lot of crazies around. But I don't think I'd ever suit up again as a soldier unless another Hitler came goose-stepping along. Then I would check out the facts myself to insure that I was not being bullshitted. No more Gulfs of Tonkin for me.

PLAYBOY: Under what conditions would you consider returning to America?

HACKWORTH: I left America — the term is 'expatriate' by the way — for the same reasons Willy Brandt left Nazi Germany. I would only return when the little Himmlers who control the government, the defence industry and the military, are gently locked up in a house for the mentally disturbed. And when the Bill of Rights is dusted off and really put to use. Ask American blacks, Hispanics, and most other minority groups if "All men are created equal" is true. America would have to do a 180-degree turn to get me back, and I can't see that happening just yet.



John Player Special

Some things in life have a special quality

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